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# HAMPTON COURT;

OR,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

VOL. I.



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# HAMPTON COURT;

OR,

# THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Let any wight, (if such a wight there be,)
To whom thy lofty towers unknown remain,
Direct his steps, fair Hampton Court, to thee,
And view thy splendid halls: then turn again
To visit each proud dome by science praised—
"For the kings the rest," (he 'd say,) 'but thou for gods wert raised.""

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

### LONDON:

BICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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### PREFACE.

MUCH attached to Hampton Court and its neighbourhood, Richmond, Twickenham, and the vale of Thames, where some of the happiest portion of my life has been spent, and frequently indulging myself with linking with its towers, courts, and apartments, the exciting events that have transpired amongst them; I have, in the following pages, ventured the attempt of reviving some of those pictures, in the hopes of finding some readers of congenial dispositions and sympathies. I wish to add to the interest of the stranger who repairs hither from London, and have humbly endeavoured, by bringing together the most striking vicissitudes in the history of this palace, to enable him most completely to conceive, and most deeply and permanently to feel what this regal mansion is, not only as a public promenade, and a gallery of art and curiosity, but as a deeply and variously interesting

feature, local and historical, of that glorious vale, matchless for culture and historic interest combined, "of the royal towered Thame." Hampton Court, it is well known, has of late years become the most popular holiday resort of the inhabitants of the Metropolis; the almost incredible number of a thousand a day of both sexes passing, during the summer months, through the suite of twenty-four royal apartments open to public inspection; yet few of these are conscious that they tread upon ground hallowed to the historian for their association with the most stirring events in the chronicles of our country. They are not aware that, within the short space of eleven years, an agitated period, that this vast palace saw five changes of ownership. What a field for imagination do such vicissitudes open! To follow these, then, to the fulfilment of an augury cannot be a tiresome task, even with the very inefficient attendant imparting to them the information I have gathered. If they regard this old place as admiringly as I do, his employment will be a work of love.

Since the commencement of this romance I have purposely abstained from reading works of fiction that have lately appeared, where the plots

have been laid at the same period, and wherein the same characters might be introduced. Some accidental collision may possibly be found to have arisen; and if such has occurred, I shall be the sufferer. I am not aware that the Duke of Albemarle, who played so important a part at a critical period, becoming the arbitrator of the monarchy; or that his wife, -a no less extraordinary person in her way, have been introduced directly or indirectly into any work of fiction; yet their course of life was remarkable, and affords a tempting scope for the novelist. In the picture I have essayed to draw of them both,-truth, where materials exist, and characteristic probability in their absence, have been my object—save with the immediate circumstances which led to their marriage, wherein distasteful revelations have been avoided, and the cause of morality not, I trust, disserved.

With the character of Sir John Denham I have dealt freely; but it was desirable to present some contrasts which led to its necessity. With this exception, all the characters are strictly in accordance with the memoirs handed down to us; and to add to their value, I have not hesitated to adopt from those sources, ancient or mo-

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dern, what appeared to be better language than my own, as well as to make these persons utter their own chronicled expressions wherever available.

Of the historical characters, my object has been to bring forward those points only which have been little dwelt upon, or have escaped the notice of abler novelists, with whose portraitures I would not risk a comparison. I must not conclude without returning my acknowledgment to the Earl of Lincoln, chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, to Mr. Jesse, Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces; to Mr. Craib, the Clerk of the Works; and to Mr. Grundy, the Keeper of the Royal Apartments, for the facilities they have afforded me in my researches into the history of the Palace of Hampton Court!

Hampton Court, November 22, 1844.

# HAMPTON COURT;

OR,

## THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

#### CHAPTER I.

Preparations for Royal Christmas-keeping in Ancient Splendour.—The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.—The Knights of the Hall Kitchen.—The Prior of Esher's Prophecy.—The Merits of Metheglin, Wassail, and Lamb's-wool.

"The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of the British isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,
Damsels, and waiting maids and waiting women."

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"To the memory of the Knights-Hospitallers of Saint John!—a morning cup, my masters; a midwife for the wassail bowl to-night. Its savour shall make athirst their old bones 'neath the palace chapel. Heigh-ho! worse times than those. Drink! drink to the old coffined boys!" exclaimed a ruddy, black-bearded, bald-headed, broad-shouldered verderer of Hampton Court, clad in the royal forester's uniform,—a jerkin and trunk hose of Lincoln green, edged with silver, the royal badge embroidered on his left arm,—to four hale, bony men, clothed in the same livery as their leader, each having a buck's tail in the silver band of his black velvet hat.

"An excellent toast, Master Sawyer!"—for that was the name of the King's head verderer; "and we would drink it betimes," said his comrades, filling their cups from a black-jack of ale on the dresser of the hall-kitchen of the palace, a loftier and more spacious apartment than the town-halls of many of our borough towns—that of premier-represented, happy Tamworth inclusive; wherein the author hath oftentime sat reverentially at the feet of the ruler of these realms. The verderer and under-keepers, being just come in from the deer-park, their whiskers

and beards silvered with the frost, were equally prompt to honour a toast for the benefit of the living or the memory of the dead.

"Thank Heaven! a light has dawned upon the land since those benighted times," uttered a tall gentleman, with an up-turned look of thankfulness, followed by a glance of commiseration at the last speaker. "Thy soul is more benumbed than thy limbs; alas! the sun of the East cannot thaw it."

"Nor the sun of the South either," replied the verderer; "when Geneva spirits and Geneva reforms like the throats and consciences of Englishmen, this time of year will be no Christmas for the poor: bareback and pinchbelly are hard to bear. Master Windemall may denounce me for a heathen or a papist to the wheezing burghers of Kingston, an' he pleases. In his and their despite, on a day like this, I'll to the top of my bent; give father's toast,—'The merry monks of Saint John of Jerusalem, all the world over—peace and jollity be with them!"

The keepers were quickly joined in these pious reminiscences by several from the multitude of officials engaged in hospitable preparations, who throughed this, and the privy kitchen,

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the new kitchens, "the keychens near the mount, the spysary, confectionarie," and other apartments of unctuous nomenclature.

"Bless their old hearts!" said the head verderer. "My grandfather was head-keeper to Sir Thomas Docwra, the prior of the reverend revellers and conventual bow-bearer, with a green gown and pair of galligaskins every Pentecost, afore the Cardinal bargained them out of their hunting-grounds, manor-house, and fishery. I wish my stock no better inheritance \* than to stick to the soil, and bear my baudrick and cross-bow until every fourmert, stoat, stunkard, brock, and weasel give up the ghost: 't will be a beneficial lease for lives renewable for ever without fine, methinks."

"Let not the cup halt to the cheery ghosts of former masters, I praise your pious duty; and drink with you," exclaimed a voice from the upper end of the kitchen, where sat enthroned, like the Grand Lama of Tartary, the master cook, in a black velvet suit, puffed with white

<sup>\*</sup> The verderer's wish is fulfilled; a successor in direct line to his name and honours, is now head keeper of Bushy Park, his brother being keeper of Richmond Park. The family have been in the service of the Crown for three centuries.

satin, a gold chain round his stiff double-frilled, double-chinned throat, and a short sword in black velvet scabbard by his side, inspecting a muster of dishes drawn up before him in review order, their services awaiting his approbation before they were borne away to the king's hall, to be dealt with according to their merits by the palates of all the royal family, and a larger assembly of guests than had been entertained by Charles I. since his accession to the throne.

- "You're latish in for your morning dram to-day," observed the cook slily to the head verderer.
- "We have been collecting materials for hubbubs, explosions, wars, and rumours of wars," maid Sawyer; "that's what we've been about."
- "Then you've been robbing Peter Pipe's book-shelves of his pamphlets and sermons against prelacy and papacy," said the cook; "and the sooner you pitch them into the wood-basket the better. What a blaze there "ll be!"
  - "Guess again," said Sawyer.
- "Plague on 't! breaking into Lilly's laboratory at Walton, may be," suggested Caleb.
- "We've stripped every tree in the Home Park, the Middle Park, and Bushy Park, and

the King's Mead of misletoe, for to-night's roisterings," replied Sawyer.

- "Not from the old horse-chesnut in Bushy, I hope," said Dr. Blagrave, the King's apothecary, who, allured by the savoury smell of the preparations, came snuffling into the kitchen with his hands in his pockets.
  - "Yes, I have," said Sawyer: "why?"
- "Because you'll never find another horsechesnut in England, friends, with the sap-sucking creeper. You should have, at least, cut it down with a golden sickle, as the Druids did," replied the botanical doctor.
- "I cut a lot from a mountain ash and a wychelm—and that's not what every man can say," rejoined Sawyer; "but the better part of it we stripped from limes, maples, oaks, white poplars, black poplars, laburnums, and acacias."
- "You never saw misletoe on a white beam, I think?" said one of the verderers to his chief.
  - " May be not," replied Sawyer.
- "But I have, at Cobham, near the churchyard," said the other.
- "And I," said a youth just entered the kitchen to warm himself, after accompanying the Countess of Kent on horseback from Rochester to

Hampton, "have seen it on an elm but once in my life."

- "Where, Sam?" said Sawyer; "elms are monstrous shy of such over-sociable cheek-by-jowl blood-suckers at Hampton."
- "In my parish," replied Sam Butler, who acted as clerk to the learned Selden, steward of the Countess; "Strencham, in Worcestershire; and the seed passed through a bird, or it had not rooted itself."
- "Stuff!" replied Sawyer; "I've rubbed misletoe berries on the branches of trees in April, and quickly covered those of apple, pear, and whitethorn, though they fail on all but their old foster-nurses."
  - "You're a dendrologist," said Sam solemnly.
- "Don't call me names; I'm a verderer," replied Sawyer sharply.
- "I shall give myself two days to sober after to-night's revel, and then make pilgrimage to the kings of your parks, master verderer," said Sam Butler; "I must note them for my Master Selden."
- "Don't miss the great oak by the ranger's stables in the Home Park; at five feet from the ground it measures thirty-six feet round its

waist; it's six hundred years old, and will last as many more; and you must see the elm that Prince Henry christened his brother's swing."

"What! his gracious Majesty?" said Sam Butler. "I must have that story for my master."

"The Prince,—sad was the day for England when he died,—was a noble, dashing youth, would play four hours in his shirt at tennis in the court here, and hunt six days a-week with the fleetest: well, he lifted his brother, (our King that is,) a more timorsome youth by far, into this elm, which spreads out like a hay-fork, and left him there to get down how he could. The King sat in the fork, like a child in a swing, and cried. Prince Henry called it 'Brother Charles's Swing.'\* It was planted by Sir Thomas Docwra himself."

"I must sit in it myself," observed the young clerk of the learned Selden.

"Had that young prince lived, Master Butler," remarked Sawyer, in an under tone, "the wood craft would not have been so low as it is; things look confounded ugly all around us. Formerly, at Christmas, the head keeper had an ox-hide for galligaskins."

 This remarkable tree is called "King Charles's Swing" to this day. "And the Abbot of Wolmar's tenants kept my grandfather's pins unscratched by the same tenure, before the Reformation: small grist that twist to the greenwood, boys; eh, brother Sawyer?" uttered Adams, the head keeper of Wolmar forest, in a melancholy sympathising tone, softened by his affectionate attentions to the black-jack.

"Worse than small, is none at all," replied the verderer. "Gunpowder and reformation came by the same wind; long-bows are gone clean; and this," handling his crossbow with a loving clutch, "waits his turn for the bills of mortality, and what's to become of the bandelier match-makers, if a bit of flint's to do the business, as some say it will?" Where's this arsie-varsie work to end, I say?"

"In bringing the day o' judgment upon us some thousands of years too soon," was the comfortable explanation of this query, propounded emphatically by the grandson of the keeper of the Abbot of Wolmar. "End—the King will not be able to hunt twenty miles on an end;

<sup>\*</sup> Flint and steel were but partially introduced as a means of ignition to firelocks. What would the old cross-bowmen say to percussion caps?

-destruction, I say. Before then, Master Adams," he continued, "our chase included the manors of Walton-on-Thames, Walton, Legh Blyflete, Weybridge, West and East Moulsey, Sandon, Weston, Imworth, and Esher: all these on the Surrey side the river, mind, together with the manors of Hampton, Hanworth, Kennington, Feetham, and Teddington, on this side: a stout wood paling enclosed this brave huntingground; but swap it all went to the ground, and the deer driven off to Windsor, in the baby King Edward the Sixth's days. What cared he, poor little king, for hunting? his uncle Somerset only wanted popularity with the rubbishing sort, who have no heart for a chevy after a stag, or sinews to draw a crossbow at a wild boar. God save us from the last prior of Esher's prophecy!"

"Keep your croakings for the keeper's lodge; sour not the King's Christmas wassail," interrupted the clerk-comptroller of the kitchen, who with linen cap and apron was marching down the line of spits, like an inspecting field-officer, and switching with a holly-branch the small turnspits who lagged at the wheels."

"Repeat it, Master Sawyer." "Hard words break no bones." "Let's hear it," exclaimed

several perspiring yeomen of the kitchen, attracted from the dresser by the love of gossip and the glow of the blazing logs to the ingle comer, the retreat of these sorrowing foresters.

"God save us! I pray,—but the prior was a holy man and a sage," returned the verderer, gravely, "and he spoke these words just as the Cardinal left the great gateway at Esher for York, the last journey his reverence took there:

- 'From Christ ere seventeen hundred years be sped,
  White-hall shall see her monarch lose his head;
  And Cardinal, thy own Hampton's royal towers
  Shall pass three times to three usurping powers,
  Well ruled by fate, thy five broad courts were planned,\*
  Five types of five sad changes of command.'"
- "But you forget the other prophecy," said the cook.
- "Another?" said the verderer; "I never heard it."
- "That ballad," replied Caleb, "by the last Catholic chaplain here, Father Prout, Queen
- \* The Green Court (the great western entrance court), the Chapel Court, the Clock Court, the Kitchen Court, the Fauntain Court; these are thus denoted in the Parliamentary Survey, 1655, Harl. MS. 599.—Outer greene courte, Base courte, Second greene courte, Stone courte with a fountayne, Cloyster greene courte, Back courte.

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Mary's confessor, whom Elizabeth her sister dismissed, when she inherited the crown. I forget all the rhymes, save the last verse:—

'From th' Hospitaller's stone-cased cell, Prayers rose to Heaven 'gainst Satan's spell, And Heaven approving loved them well. But priory down, and knights o'erthrown, This gorgeous palace still shall own A monk to raise the shattered throne.'"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Peter Pipe; "this palace filled by an usurper, and the crown restored to its sovereign by a monk, a cowl-capped friar! Monstrous! such blasphemy uttered in the palace is enough to draw down upon us the ire of Heaven!"

"If thou art so shocked, Peter, command Master Bastwicke, Master Prynne, as well as some of thy roaring friends in Kingston conventicle, to bridle their tongues; they are not far short of treason, at times," replied Caleb "The names of those fellows give me a creeping all over my limbs;—another stoup of that Solmon's sea of double beer, to cut the rising phlegm of the morning," said the verderer, haping himself to a canful of ale.

"Just to keep the fog out; 'tis but a butter-

cup full," repeated his followers, who followed his example.

"Archee, our old jester, used to sing the father's ballad. Poor Archee! he was sent to the wall for saying grace one day, 'much honour to the king, and small laud to the devil;' so the archbishop took it to himself, and had him sent off to Westmoreland, from whence he came: his reverence little thinking to be laid up in lavender so soon himself," said the cook, quaffing a cup of braggart. "Thy toast," added he, "'Rest the souls of the fathers of the soil,' George!" and, nodding to his companion, satisfactorily accounted for a full horn of the Christmas tap.

"Heed thy words, or thou wilt be banished beyond seas for thy prelatical profanity," ventured their former interrupter, a wiry-built, rusty-suited person, purring like an asthmatic cat, whilst he lazily brushed the sawdust from two magnums of wine, the beauties of whose portly plenitude seemed lost upon the corkscrew frame of their ill-conditioned guardian, who happened to be the newest caught disciple of the Reverend Watergrass Windemall, an independent preacher at Kingston.

"Saint George for merry England!" exclaimed

Anthony Gravymeat, the clerk-comptroller of the kitchen, and son of Caleb the chief cook. "Master clerk of the spicery, pray let one of your assistants bring hither his clove-box and be alive with the nutmegs; thy muscadine lacks flavour, and I tell it to thy shame, Peter Pipe; yeoman of the cellar thou wert born, but yeoman of the cellar thou canst not remain, man, nor page of the cellar either, Peter; thou growest yellow and peevish."

"The times may be as unkind for thee, Tom, before the year be out," rejoined Peter sullenly, but with more resolution than he had been ever known to display.

"Since yeoman Pipe has shirked Doctor Hammond's sack-posset, in the chaplain's lodgings, after communion service, and sneaked over the water to Kingston conventicle, he is as like to what he was when he inherited his high estate in the royal cellars on the death of his father; him who was born the day Protector Somerset was shortened a head,—as like, I say, as Teddington burley beetroot is to Ditton clay soil parsnips," rejoined the clerk-comptroller of the kitchen.

"Dr. Hammond should be one of the old church, by rights," said the cook; "but it's

not a meaty bone to pick between one of your Bishop Laud's friends and our priest's."

"Who's to dine in the hall?" said the verderer; "all London's on the road."

"Those who have never broken bread before together," replied the master cook; but it shall not be my fault, if the feast I provide do not make them desire each other's company much oftener."

"'T will be the first time and the last that some will meet, after all," said the cynical yeoman of the cellar.

"Would that the King would command me to prepare dinners for all the suitors in his Majesty's courts, and compel them to eat together, plaintiffs and defendants, side by side, with a flagon of hot spiced claret between them! Before the day set down for hearing of their law-suits, half of them would withdraw the record, and thank me for saving them costs," said the cook.

"But digestion is as much an auxiliary to the pacificatory triumphs of your dinners, as appetite, master cook," observed Sam Butler; "the same platter will scarcely serve both lion and lamb; one has an awkwardly large swallow. If no blood be drawn ere dawn, between Lord Warwick's

tawny coats, Lord Newcastle's dark blues, and Lord Essex's buffs, I shall believe that the millennium is really at hand. I am mistaken, if old wine will not revive old feuds amongst the men, even if the masters dissemble."

"Such forebodings would scare the appetite of a fasting man. There 'll be jollity to-night worth talking about: we'll put the ghosts out of countenance who, they say, come uninvited here on Christmas night. Remember, those who have slept themselves sober meet here i' the morning for a dumpling and a gill of Lisbon," said Caleb, waving his hand amid the steam of the kitchen.

"Who deep and late sips,
Will wake with parched lips,
Till into a flagon of sherry he dips,

the only fine physic for a feverish tongue," observed the queen's apothecary, who, with every purveyor of bane and antidote, necessaries and superfluities to the King's palaces of Whitehall, Theobalds, Oatlands, Richmond, Windsor, Nonsuch, St. James's, Eltham, and Greenwich, were invited this day to Hampton Court, and failed not to come betimes.

"'T would become a learned doctor, like you,

to quote us the Latin of your doggrel. At midnight, I left Doctor Hammond, our grog-blossomed chaplain, quavering to the old hundredth,

'Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini, Hora matutina rebibas, et erit medecina,'

rejoined a gentleman cupbearer, who never failed to repeat the jovial royal chaplain's apophthegms to such as inhaled Latin on the omne ignotum pro magnifico basis, and who had picked up some strange scraps of such like literature, as king's and university cupbearers need never fail to do in reverend society; Greek and gormandising being, time out of mind, the Castor and Pollux of the children of Alma Mater.

"You've had a holiday since the last king's days, and you grow rusty, Peter. Those were times! Do you remember his Majesty being carried to bed dead drunk — and his companion, brother-in-law, the King of Denmark, being so disguised as he would have lain with the Countess of Nottingham, making horns in derision at her husband, the High Admiral of England? What a night that was!" exclaimed Anthony.

"His Majesty's taste was all for sweet rich wines, strong Greek wines, and not a drop of

French or Spanish would he sip,—save Frontigniac; but he soaked, till he fell from his chair, in Canary, high country wine, tent wine, and not forgetting to have his silver night-beaker full of Scotch ale," observed his father.

"Cockolorum Phosphoro Lucifer et harumscarum!" vibrated from the lanthorn jaws of a tall, lath-like, frost-bitten strip of humanity, wrapped tightly in a brown waistcoat, or doublet, buttoned from his hips to his chin, tight breeches of the same colour, fastened with huge yellow roses at the knees, a short cloak hanging from his shoulders; his shining sandy hair, parted over his slip of a forehead, fell like a bunch of rushlights adown his shoulders; and his complexion was of the shade of a very skimmy cheese. The apparition had been standing unnoticed in an angle of the kitchen for some minutes, and the steam of the dishes might have longer concealed his almost invisible leanness, but for the unearthly key to which this chromatic passage of incomprehensible jargon was set.

- "Jonah, is it you? come forward," cried one.
- "A missal to you from my master, the lord-keeper of the key of wisdom, Master Pipe,"

said the figure, the cabalistic invocation he had before uttered being an involuntary cadence to the Latin of the cupbearer,—mystical verbiage undeniably, nor strictly classical.

The bearer of this letter to the chief of the cellar was servant, clerk, substitute, and decoy of the renowned astral professor of Walton-upon-Thames, William Lilly; who was a kinsman and intimate of Peter Pipe, and with whom relations had long existed of a very satisfactory nature to the better half of the former, she being a practical connoisseur in the objects of taste under the immediate care of her relative. Jonah frequently did duty for his master with the lower class of customers, whose purses could not purchase the precious time of the principal; and his erudition was nearly upon as economical a scale as that held in fee by the "assistants" of other professional gentry, who impart their wisdom ministerially in the absence of their mester.

By this time, the clerk-comptroller of the kitchen, who was a lover of practical jokes, had, by out-flanking the astrologer's factorum, pushed him into the kitchen, where he was surrounded by the officials, and a wallet, which he wore at

his back under his cloak, was snatched from him. It was in vain that the affrighted emissary cried out that he should be discharged, if the correspondence with his master was known, or that Master Pipe interceded for his cousin's persecuted steward; it was opened, and six packets taken therefrom, addressed to as many parties of high degree, at this moment in the palace.

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!—was there ever such a sacrilegious exposure?—such a babblement of secrets? I shall lose my place!—I shall lose my place!" cried he, and then sat himself on a stool, crying like a child.

"Be comforted, brother Jonah," said one of the servants; "take this, get up your voice again, and give 'em a touch of the lingo you raise the devil with over at Walton."

Jonah imbibed some cordial, casting all the while an agonised eye at the merciless irruption into the wallet, from which was drawn every packet in its turn, and its superscription read aloud to the entire kitchen; even the lordly cook, who, by reason of his high dignity, was conversable but with few, screwed up his little eyes—a sign that he was highly delighted—

and listened with all his ears. The merciless clerk of the kitchen read the names, with comments on the horoscopes of the astrologer's customers.

"Sir John Denham, the poet, must needs know his fate," said he, unfolding that gentleman's nativity, just cast by Lilly. "Could not he turn his fancies to some purpose, and save his purse? 'Jupiter and Venus in the eighth house, and combust, and Aquarius lord of the secendant. He will not be drowned, though he be periled by water.' Let him keep to his own side of the river, then."

"Had he been born when the moon was in Virgo, opposite the sun, he had not been so lucky," muttered Jonah on the stool.

"Our great Lord Chamberlain Essex," continued the clerk; "'Saturn and Venus in a barren sign, with Saturn in the ascendant, eclipsed. His lordship has been twice put out of countenance — this promises him the eclipse of his rival.' — Twenty pounds in gold for that, Jonah, eh?"

Jonah shook his head, and groaned.

"Here's one," continued the other, "for a lady of her Majesty's bedchamber—but that is

sealed; so is this for the Prince of Wales, and this for the Duke of Buckingham. Lord Holland's is half open; we may as well see to what the great Lord Treasurer will rise. I should not cry were he out of his office to-morrow. He is out of favour with the Queen already; petticoats govern the land; so go he must.—'The lord of the ascendant combust in the twelfth house, where he was born—captivity and death.'—Plain speaking, Master Jonah; little reward will you have for that. Here's to thee and thy promotion! Thy wife weareth the termagant bridle \* this season—curb her up close to the cheek."

Jonah sat down to a flagon, into which his sharp proboscis was entombed; and shivered.

"Be not shamed for thy wife's distinction,"

<sup>\*</sup> There still exists at Walton-upon-Thames, near Hampton Court, one of those remains of ancient usages which exhibit the manners of rustics in earlier days. It is the termagant's bridle, a punishment to which the scold and the brawler were subjected at this season of the year. It is a species of iron mask so constructed as to pass over the face, and prevent speaking; this was carefully adjusted upon the delinquent, who was compelled to walk through the village attended by the beadle, amidst the scoffs and derision of her attendant neighbours, who had passed judgment upon her.

said the cook soothingly; "the order of the bridle may be every bit as noble as that of the garter, for which our King's countrymen, who never wear breeches, scramble with hose-dad Englishmen. Queen Elizabeth might have had a chapter for her own benefit at Walton as at Windsor."

"Had you said out at once 'Queen Harry, marry, you'd not been far wrong!" cried a voice from the crowd; a daring allusion to the Queen's (Henrietta) well-known influence with the King, causing some dutiful servants to look exceedingly shocked, but the countenances of the majority displayed no disturbance of spleen.

"Here, take thy wallet, and make the best of thy way to thy master's clients," said the clerkcomptroller; and he threw to Jonah his dispatchcase, with which the latter, after re-opening it to count the packets, and finding them correct, stalked away into the palace, and took back two hundred pounds in gold to Walton, with a more than ordinary string of fresh commissions for exploring the heavens.

The largest of the three immense kitchens (now sub-divided into laundries, coal-cellars, and bake-houses) which lie towards the tennis-court

walk, was thronged at this moment with numerous officials of the household, in various court liveries, all energetically occupied in their several departments, preparatory to this grand entertainment, busy with boiled, baked, and roast, in this noble saloon of Epicurus, which had been a robingroom of viands since the days of Wolsey. Within three huge fire-places, each twenty feet in span, and of size sufficient to roast an ox whole, roared log-fires; in front of which revolved proudly, on spits turned by twelve active youths, sides of red deer, sirloins of Herefordshire oxbeef, New Forest boars' heads,\* legs and quarters of Epsom Down mutton, Dorking poultry, heath-cock,+ or black game, from the New Forest, and turkeys bred and fed on the royal domain. Like that Turk of a planet rejoicing in a plurality of lunar spouses, his never absent companions in his journey through the universe;

- \* German boars and sows were turned out by Charles the First, in the New Forest, which breed increased. Their stock is supposed to exist now, remarkable for the smallness of their hind-quarters.
- + This noble species of game abounded in the forest: now extinct. The last pack remembered was a hundred years ago. A solitary grey hen, sprung by some beagles, was the last seen: the country people attribute their extinction to the introduction of shooting flying.

rolled consequentially round his orbit a fat, fullgirthed haunch of buck venison, with six plumpbreasted partridges piroueting round him pendantly. Beside each fire stood the wood baskets,
as capacious as London dustmen's carts, from
which it was the duty of three grooms of the
wood-yard to hurl fagots unceasingly on the
burning piles during the hours of high-cooking,
which were at this epoch, from eight o'clock
till twelve in the forenoon.

Twelve o'clock was considered a late hour, for dining, and supper was seldom later than six. But forty years previous to this period, over the dining-room of Secretary Pacca was written this inscription, Pransurus ante X ne venito, post X ne maneto, " Come not to dine either before or after ten." In 1627, the Counts of Erbach dined at nine in the morning; and in 1648, the time of this meal in the establishment of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, (ancestor of Prince Albert,) was at a quarter before eleven in the morning, summer and winter, and supper at a quarter before six; and, in more recent times, the grandfather of our gracious Queen (George III.) dined at one and supped at ten. The dishes were being arrayed before

the chief cook, composed with art that was not wrapped in the narrow limits we are led to suppose. Caleb's culinary library contained, amongst many unctuous volumes, a copy, in manuscript, of rare recipes handed down from the time of Henry III. On these Christmas celebrations, he would place on the table more of these old dishes than was agreeable to the taste of the times. It was his humour; and for this day, viands voted Gothic and barbarous by the nobles and gentry were served.

Even as early as 1250, most of our favourite dishes were of French origin. There was a tureen of the old "potage de frumenty," made of bruised wheat, broth, milk coloured with eggs and saffron. "Blanche-porre," a soup of leeks and onions, "Corance to potage," made of the nombles of a calf. "Browett of Almayne," made of rabbits, and pork, and spices. "Capons in Confy," made of capons partially roasted, and then stewed in rice, milk, broth, cloves, and eggs. "Goos in hochepot," a half-roasted goose, served the same way, only indulged with a little wine "Egurdonce to potage," a rich and raisins. hodgepodge, made of rabbit, capons, and kid, boiled with broth, wine, and ginger. "Felettes in gelartyne," of pork, stewed in spices and rich gavy. Rabbits, under the names of "Conynges in cyne," "Conynges in turbatur," and "Viaunde de Cypres." Then the wild boar from the New Forest was served, as "Bor in counfett," and "Boor in brasey."

That the guests might see that their ancestors were not behind them in poultry, he had prepared, from these recipes, "Chekyns in muse," "Checones in citrone," and "Chekyns in sauge," with "Frasure for checkyns," made of pork, eggs, mace, and ginger.

There were "Mallardes in cyne," and "Leche lardys." Larded meat, in the French fashion of the present day, was a frequent dish with our ancestors. There were cranes and herons from Windsor, "well-armed with larde and rosted to be eten withe pouder of ginger," and on each table were "Pecokkes and parteriches parboyled and larded," which our ancestors ate with ginger powdered, and at the royal table were three peacocks drest according to Caleb's recipe, which for five centuries has been designated "A feeste roialle of pecokkes." The peacock was stripped of his skin, roasted, sewed up in his skin, and served as

<sup>\*</sup> Arundel MS. 344. p. 275-445.

the last course. I have given enough to show the character of these ancient delicacies, of which there were two hundred in fish, flesh, and fowl. Eels from the Mole were honoured with antique accoutrements, as "Eles in surre," "Eles in brasyl," and "Congour in pyde;" nor was pike, tench, perch, lamprey, or plaice forgotten. each of the six tables laid down the hall was a peacock pie, magnificently canopied with the feathers of the bird itself, moulded to its shape, from which the head gracefully rose, the beak richly gilt. Peacock pies were formerly only served up at banquets of chivalry, where knights errant pledged themselves to undertake any perilous enterprise, whence came the ancient oath, "by cock and pie."

There were also pies of carps' tongues, and pheasants drenched in ambergris.

## CHAPTER II.

A great Character at Court.—Sir Jeffery Hudson and Will Evans.—Duel in the Oven at Hampton Court.—The Prince of Wales the Umpire, and the Marmoset Monkey the Queen of Beauty.—Arrival of the Corporation of the City of London at the Palace.

Instructions had been authoritatively promulgated amongst the royal purveyors and officers of all degrees in the household, by the High Steward for a feast far beyond any Christmas entertainment since the Cardinal's days, both in the quality and quantity of the viands and wines, in honour of the members of both houses of parliament, and of the City of London, in return for the greetings and feast recently given by the latter on the King's return from Scotland. Popular discontent had begun to show itself openly; and this banquet was a peace-offering to the leaders of the popular party. The King, the Queen, and the whole Court

had been two days at Hampton Court, having quitted Whitehall, for fear of the violence of the London mob, just commencing their lessons in law-making conjointly with the legislature; a co-operation then entirely novel, but which, under the modern quasi partnership of "pressure from without," there is now small fear of it neglecting; especially since subsequent ministers of the Crown have, to the utter confusion of inductive philosophy, voluntarily assumed professorships in the normal schools of democratic agitation. From the result of this feast, the holy season, its occasion, and the influence of royal courtesy, the King, who ever relied much on his personal popularity, hoped great thingsthe Queen less; and the Prince of Wales, a youth of high spirit, rapid perception, and ready wit, least of all: but the wishes of the latter were fathers to his thoughts, and his young spirit ill brooked a compromise with people he had been accustomed to hear covered with ridicule by his companions.

The grooms of the chambers had been busily engaged since daylight hanging with arras and silk the apartments in which the guests were to repose after the festivities of Christmas—the

rooms where Wolsey was accustomed to lodge three hundred visitors in silken beds.

The great hall was decorated with holly, ivy, holm, and misletoe; a huge fire blazed in the centre, throwing up tall wreaths of flame to the lanthorned roof, and radiating cheerfully on the rich stained windows and the bright encaustic tiles that covered the sloping floor.\* Bustle and excitement were on every countenance. The young courtiers and companions of the Prince of Wales anticipated rich fun in quizxing the city kings and burgesses of parliament, little heedful of the consequences of this dangerous mirth; whilst the ministry and their supporters felt that their places and their fortunes depended upon the favourable or unfavourable impression to be made on the hated guests. These had not yet arrived. The King, Queen, and great officers of state were still at divine service in the chapel of the palace; and these two kitchens, each large enough to hold five hundred men, and lofty in proportion, became throughout the morning with the

<sup>\*</sup> The present substitute of flagging is much to be regretted. The account books of this palace shew "paynted tyle ypaved with poynttyl ich point after other."

idle gentry of those invaluable branches of the public service, ministered by chamberlains, stewards, butlers, marshals, ushers, and pages. Whilst small talk was developing itself thus edifyingly in the idlers grouped round the verderer and master cook, under one of the high windows in this hall-kitchen facing the centre fire-place, the Queen's porter, William Evans, a gentleman of seven feet stature and bulky in proportion, was swinging to and fro on a rocking-chair, surrounded by a circle of pages and cupbearers, who were listening to a story which that janitor was reading from a little book in his hand to their great delight, of which volume Sir Jeffery Hudson, the Queen's dwarf, was the hero. That little personage, who happened to be squatting in a punch-bowl of yesternight's regale, licking the lemon-peel, of which he was particularly fond, construed the relation into an insult to his dignity. No sooner were the offending words uttered than, springing like a monkey into the circle round the porter, he climbed upon a table, and demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman from his gigantic slanderer.

"What's the offence, my little man?" inquired the good-natured clerk-comptroller of

the kitchen; "let me see the book, Master Erans."

The porter gave him the book, laughing heartily.

"Read! read!" cried many voices behind Jeffery; "read how the knight fought the turkey-cock, and who ran away."

In vain did the offended knight wheel from side to side, all mouths were shut the instant his piercing grey eyes were upon them.

The clerk-comptroller, taking up the book, said, "This little book appears to be called 'Jeffereidos; or, Little Things better than Great," written by Microphilus, who is Sir William Davenant, the poet laureate, who will recite in the hall to-night. To you, Master Evans, he says,

'Well, be not angry this small book to read, In praise of one no bigger than your head."

"Can flesh and blood endure that?" exclaimed the little knight; "I, an ambassador from the King of England to the Court of his most Christian Majesty, and he there, great overgrown hulk! swears that it is true. The book is libellous. I will move the Star Chamber to declare it seditious. Prynne and Bast-

wicke were pilloried, and their ears slit, for less inflammatory matter."

"Nay, Sir Jeffery Hudson, thou oughtest to be pleased with the compliment paid thee in the dedication," said the clerk-comptroller; "let me read on. 'To the most exquisite epitome of nature, and the completest compendium of a courtier, the Lady Parvula wisheth health and happiness. Goe, goe on, therefore, diminutive sir, with the guide of honour and the service of fortune; your levelinesse being such, as no man can disdain to serve you; your littlenesse such, as no man can need to fear you: so the first puts you without hatred, the latter below envye. Minde not - minde not, most perfect abridgment of nature, the great neglect that the ignorant vulgar cast upon littlenesse, since it hath made you attendant upon royaltye." " \*

At this moment three young gentlemen, richly

\* A bas-relief of this dwarf and giant is to be seen in the front of a house near the end of Bagnio Court on the east side of Newgate Street. Probably it was a sign. Oliver Cromwell, too, had a porter of an enormous height, whose standard is recorded by a large O, on the back of the terrace at Windsor, almost under the windows of the gallery. This man went mad and prophesied. In Whitechapel was a sign of him taken from a print of Saint Peter.

stired for the approaching banquet, attracted by the laughter echoing down the corridor, and reverberated from the chaundry, wafery, and confectionary, entering the hall kitchen, moved up to one end of the long table; upon which, as on a stage, the fiery, incensed little knight was vainly endeavouring to stimulate the inert combativeness of the porter, and urge him to rise and prove himself a man. The immediate relatives of two of the three held office near the person of the sovereign; and the third, Sir John Denham, who inherited large estates on the banks of the Thames about Egham and Farnham, was spending Christmas at the palace by royal invitation.

The gentlemen of the kitchen gave way, as the gentlemen of the bedchamber advanced to the table; and the latter were just the parties for extracting sport from a combat between a giant and a dwarf, and delighted to divert the canni of a morning, with whose holy rites their tastes coldly accorded.

"As the porter was the aggressor, the challenger, who seeks but to redeem his honour, shall have the choice of weapons," said Lord Wilmot.

"And choice of place of meeting, too," said

Denham; "if there be strife, there must be no odds between the combatants—such is the code of gentlemen."

"I seek no more," said Jeffery emphatically, and greatly elated by the encouragement of his new patrons, "than when Mr. Crofts met me in mortal combat. He scoffed at me; but God protects the small against the violence of the great."

"Sir Jeffery has been in the King's service—is a gentleman, and must have the amende honorable, as the Frenchmen say," observed Denham. "Porter, thou must answer the knight's call."

The gentlemen of the kitchen looked astonished; even Denham hesitated, as he cast his eyes upon the fine proportions of the Queen's favourite porter: but the affronted knight was inexorable, and stamped his little feet with fury, indignant at delay. His keen gimlet eyes, serviceable to his dwarfish pranks in the dark passages of the palace, and of a tint confirmatory of the truth that

"Dark grey's the best hue all experience teaches,
If not for hair, for horses, eyes, and ———,"

spied, at this moment of a dreaded disappoint-

ment to his little murderous mind, through the partially closed sliding-door of a large square sperture in the wall opening into the wide corridor, which is lighted from the base court, the slender figure of the youthful Prince of Wales, who was ascending the broad flight of stairs, up which the riches of the kitchen at the hour of feast were wont to be conveyed to the great hall from the aperture above named. The plumes of the Prince caught his eye as they danced over his purple velvet jewel-clasped hat.

The dwarf sheathed his little sword, slapped his hat upon his head, let himself drop from the table, and disappeared in the direction of the door.\*

"Jeffery a craven!" exclaimed a page with uplifted hands; "I thought he had not a white feather in his tail."

In about five minutes, another page, in attendance upon the young Prince, entered the kitchen, and desired that the porter should attend his Royal Highness immediately in the clock-court.

<sup>\*</sup> This door through which many, many thousand dishes of old English cheer have disappeared, is now closed. It is under the "Tapestre of the seven deadlie synnes," beauth the music gallery.

The porter, who had from the first treated the matter as a joke, wondered what honour was in store for him, and why, for the first time in his life, he was bid into the royal presence. He strode off to the clock-court.

- "You have insulted Sir Jeffery Hudson, my mother's dwarf," said the Prince to the porter with mock gravity; "and, having demanded to be met as a gentleman, you refuse him the duello or apology, he tells me—"
- "Your Highness," uttered the porter, dropping upon one knee-
- "Tut, tut, man; bend your knee to my royal father's late negociator in France, a minister of the Crown and the pleasures thereof,—to say nothing of Jeffery's being served up in a pie at Burleigh to thy sovereign, an honour which thou need'st never think to obtain. The gentlemen about my person must maintain the honour of theirs, or leave me."
- "I humbly beg to state, I meant no wrong," said the porter; "but what I narrated about Sir Jeffery's fall before a gander's hard beak at the Wick, is a fact."
- "Facts, facts!" cried the Prince, in a tone of displeasure; "such logic is a traitorous con-

travention to the code of honour; gentlemen do not allow of disagreeable facts to be named in their presence. Jeffery shall have his time and place, and I will see fair, with Denham and Tom Killegrew."

Great was the delight of the gentlemen of that portion of the royal household who devoted their cares to the department in which the fray took place. The little fellow left them not long in suspense, but declared "that, since he had his royal Highness's sanction to choose a place of combat, the kitchen oven should be the field."

"The kitchen oven! the kitchen oven!" burst from the greater portion of the officials, and, in a very disorderly manner, they made off from the royal presence to the scene of action.

"Is the great oven clean, good master cook?" inquired Sir Jeffery, solemnly.

"As trim as a lady's cabinet; saving his Highness's presence, as the Queen's his royal mother's," quoth the cook; "but we light the fire incontinently."

"Then stay to do so," said the Prince. "Swords and the oven!"

"Take your ground, master porter," said the little knight, in a brave bustle.

The officials shuddered; the oven would scarcely contain the Queen's porter doubled up, and, perchance, the dwarf might be shoved in to fill up a corner, but as to using his limbs, the former certainly could not, either for offence or defence.

"The Prince says he will move his father to knight you," whispered a yeoman of the bakery, shoving the porter coaxingly towards the wide door of the oven.

"Make my dame her ladyship!" quickly replied the bulky porter, in a chuckling, comforted chirp, quite reconciled by this vision of glory to be baked alive, if it were necessary; for bouncing Will was uxorious, and the sighs of porters' wives to be "my lady" are as deep-drawn as those of their betters.

The porter, who seemed in a dream, and gazed wildly around him, was now seized by a score of hands; no one would allow him to leave a field indicated by royal authority. So, making a virtue of necessity, which forms brave men of cowards, becoming as squeezible as other great men under unavoidable circumstances, he suffered himself to be thrust into the deep bakery of the palace.

"Give him his sword," cried Sir Jeffery.

"Sword!" uttered dolefully the half-smothered porter; "I have no room to stir my limbs an inch."

"Let us be equally armed, at least," said the dwarf, who, scrambling into the oven, shoved the porter's sword-handle towards his hand, as a salvo to his conscience, though it is doubtful if the little gentleman need have found room for one, consistently with his scale of moral chanities.

"Am I to be murdered?" growled the porter, who, however anxious to please a prince, was alarmed at the rapid progress of the joke, already, in his opinion, carried quite far enough. The Prince and most of the royal household thought so too, but Jeffery, viewing the matter in a different light, with the help of a stool scrambled into the oven,\* and, calling upon his victim to defend himself, actually stabbed the roaring astonished porter several times in his arms and legs, with whose useless sword, snatched from where he had himself laid it, he dropped into the kitchen, and endeavoured thrice vainly to wave it over his head; then looked up into the Prince's face,

<sup>\*</sup> The great oven in which this combat actually took place is still in existence.

fully expecting praise for the merciful magnanimity he had shown to his vanquished foe.

The Prince burst into a fit of laughter, so, of course, every one else laughed too, save the wounded, groaning tenant of the oven, who was forgotten in the honours paid to the pugnacity of Sir Jeffery.

"We cannot see the conqueror; raise him on the table," cried those of the outer circle, for this little pet of the palace stood barely up to the knee of a full-grown man.\*

"Let him have the honours of a triumph. Marcus Aurelius and his frowning imperial brethren over the gates, never deserved theirs so well. Exalt the Queen's dwarf!" exclaimed the young Prince.

The surveyor of the dresser had a small circular trencher in his hand, which the clerkcomptroller snatched from him, then, with small

\* Sir Jeffery Hudson's picture painted by Mytens is in the Mantegna gallery, No. 814, of the catalogue. He was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire in 1619. From seven years of age till thirty, he was not taller than eighteen inches, but after thirty, he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. The Duchess of Buckingham, at whose table at Burleigh-on-the-Hill Jeffery was served in a pie to their Majesties, presented him to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf, and he contributed much to the entertainment of the Court. He was sent to France to fetch

trouble, fixed the knight upon it, and both upon his own hand, and marched round the kitchen, smidst the shouts and laughter of the culinary magnates, which broke forth in such echoing peals, that the coppers hanging on the kitchen valls danced again, when Jeffery's private secretary, as he termed him,—a marmoset monkey, who had, during his master's attack on the porter, been engaged in entomological researches, to which his species industriously devote themselves,—leapt to the trencher upon which his liege was borne, as it passed the shelf upon which he had been squatting in great alarm at the uproar around; squealing, grinning, and chattering, he clung to his master, and shared his triumphant elevation.

a midwife for the Queen, and on his return with this gentlewoman, and her Majesty's dancing-master, with many rich presents to the Queen from her mother Mary de Medici, he was taken by the Dunkirkers, and lost two thousand five hundred pounds of his own money.

The picture at Hampton Court is a copy of one at Holyrood House. His portrait is also in one at Wentworth
Castle, and in a large picture of Queen Henrietta Maria
copied from Vandyke at Petworth, where he has his marmoset monkey on his shoulders. Mytens introduces him
into another very large picture of Charles I. and his Queen,
in the possession of the Earl of Dunmore. Being made so
important a personage his conceit became insufferable.

During this ovation, the poor porter, who had had practical experience of the taxes expected in person and in purse from relative positions in society, scrambled from his straitened apartment, when a good-natured groom of the larder bound napkins round his bleeding arms and punctured thighs.

- "Get healing dressings for the porter's wound,
  —our royal father's chirurgeon shall patch him
  up again," said the Prince.
- "A little aurum potabile would work the cure, I fancy, faster than all the plaisters, black, yellow, and white, from Apothecaries' Hall," observed Lord Bernard Stuart.
- "Say, rather, portabile, and as much as his poke will hold," suggested Sam Butler.
- "It were truly worth five angels to behold this spitting forth of Jeffery's bile. Let the porter have no cause to be discontented with his day's combat; and now, let us greet the city folk bravely. Gentlemen, compose yourselves—for my father's sake, gentlemen;" adding, with an unprincely chuckle, "as we tickle trout in the Mole, grave faces—grave faces. Denham, and you Wilmot, Killegrew, and Goring, look at me."

"We shall endeavour to imitate your Royal Highness in all things," exclaimed Lord Wilmot, a chubby, fat-faced young noble, through whose shiny visage was bursting ill-suppressed merriment; "even to fulfil the wish that lurks in your royal bosom to kick Aldermen Whitmore, Cordall, Pennington, and Phelps, not forgetting your faithful Commons, down the King's staircase into the vestibule, with orders to the guard to cool their courage with a bathe in the moat. I wish your royal father had chosen some fitter day for caressing the snarlers; but I'll be revenged upon them if our Christmas sports be spoiled."

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed the Prince, with something like sincerity in the tones of this admonition; for he desired not to incur his father's displeasure by seeming to sanction slights or affronts by his followers upon the guests of the day.

With great difficulty, however, the party preserved a decency of port while traversing the long corridors and galleries, which formed the route from the kitchen court to the royal apartments of reception; which laudable resolution was not strengthened by encountering, at the

foot of the great staircase, no less a personage than the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Richard Gurney, with his lady, preceded by the Macebearer and Sword-bearer, the former carrying the silver mace presented by Queen Elizabeth, and the latter the sword then recently presented by King Charles.

"God bless your Royal Highness!" exclaimed the Lord Mayor, with fervid loyalty and emphasis, turning at the same time round to some of his brethren of the Corporation, in the civic train, who were distinguished by their anti-monarchical predilections, — Aldermen Cordall, Soame, Gayer, Garrad, Willaston, and Sir G. Whitmore.

The Prince and the lords, touched with compunction by the bonhommic and honest beaming countenance of the monarch of the first city in the world, aided, perhaps, by the remembrance of the previous day's Guildhall entertainment, forewent their promised sport, and returned the salutations of the Mayor, and with every feature and muscle drilled into respectful seeming.

The Lord Mayor, a determined Royalist, came from his house in the Old Jewry, attired in a gown of crimson velvet with a collar, having the Sword-bearer, with footmen in black velvet

coats on each side; then the aldermen in their scarlet gowns, each attended by two footmen suited in the city colours, with a truncheon in their hands. Then the knights of the grey doak, master recorder, town clerk, remembrancer, and common sergeant. Also the sheriffs of London, with twelve of their seventy-two javelin men in scarlet cloaks, trimmed with silver lace, (the colours of the city,) with six trumpeters, who blew as strong as if their lungs had been new lined at Leathersellers' Hall, during the whole length of the passage to Putney. These trumpeters, then, taking a respite, shook the proud embattled parapets of Hampton Court Palace ss they marched in the procession formed, as above, from the stairs, through the line of elm trees to the most bridge; and broke out again into ear-piercing blasts through the great entrance court, clock and fountain courts, to the foot of the great staircase leading to the state spartments. They then filed off by the cloister court through the long wide corridor, to the kitchens and confectionary, where they partook of a hearty dinner, and cups of spiced ale, to toughen their windpipes for the ringing welcomes to be given from the music gallery in the

hall during the banquet. The trumpeters, kettle-drummers of the carabineers, and the King's guard were similarly fortified within; for no unrefined ear disdained the crash of their hard struggles and noisy competition. Old Hentzer says, in his "Journey through England in 1597," that "The English are so fond of noisy music and peals of bells, that, in their cups, they ascend belfries, and ring with all their might." Only fancy, with thy Rosini-attenuated auriculars, sweet opera-stall-tenanting reader, all the steeples and towers of London city's multitudinous churches racking off in double chorus the exuberation of a Guildhall or London Tavern libation; and imagine thyself in the great hall at Hampton Court two hundred years ago! living just this period too late, thou hast missed many a soul-stirring spectacle.

## CHAPTER III.

Arrival of concealed Enemies and false Friends.—Cooling influence of a Snowball to hot Politicians. - Moulsey Choristers .- Taylor the Water Poet .- Boats versus Coaches.

During these preparations, the guests continued to arrive in quick succession; some came in carriages, drawn by four and six horses, but most on horseback, or in barges by the Thames. This latter route to all places accessible by the river, was the most popular, as far preferable to the jolting, rutty roads of that day. bulwarks of private barges were painted in lively colours, carved and gilt, sheltered with canopies of strong canvas, and lined with silk, having curtains and every protection against the weather. The direct way to the principal or western entrance of the palace was across the centre of the present line of elm trees, where a space may be observed to be left midway, and this led directly from a flight of steps into the river. This is clear, from the aspect of the building, and is proved by plans still existing. large open boat, moored in the centre of the river, opposite the stairs where the guests landed from the barges, were forty choristers from the royal chapels, whose clear brassy voices rung through the thin cold air of a sunshiny December morning. These voices heralded the joyous advent of Christmas, and greeted the heads of the state, the holy hierarchy of our church, the proud nobles, and the leaders of the fierce democracy, as they severally stepped from their barges with their sovereign's welcoming salutation, in the words of the blessed author of peace and lover of concord,-" Peace and good-will towards men."

A close file of musketeers lined each side of the path from the river stairs across the outer green court, to the arched bridge over the most that surrounded the entire palace.\* These were

<sup>\*</sup> Neither most, bridge, nor court longer exists. The road from the gates at the foot of the Hampton bridge (not then in existence) is very unfavourably laid out for affording a true impression of the original character of the palace. Mr. H. Cole, in his useful "Hand-book to Hampton Court," correctly observes, "Behind the row of

equipped in new uniforms, which, to the wearers, was so grateful an improvement to the old half-. mail accourrements, that with much difficulty their officers could keep them in line, and from facing alternately about, admiring each other. dress was a short jacket and cloak, suspended from the left shoulder, wide breeches, stockings, and shoes with large rosettes. They wore no defensive armour, and sloped their long muskets with perfect case over the left shoulder, leaning, nther than supporting their right on the fourquette and match; their hats were narrowbrimmed and high-crowned. On the whole, there was a dashing independent air in these musketeers; though their costume might be held, by over-grand classical virtuosi to be inferior to the martial elegance of ancient Greece, it was as

venerable elms which somewhat conceals the front view, the palace appears like a little town; and well it may, for its buildings are calculated to cover eight acres. After passing through the gates, the long line of low brick barracks on the left, nearly adjoining the palace; the heavy shapeless masses of brick, on the right; the road placed, not in front, but at an angle of the palace gateway; the incongruous and shabby modern window frames,—impertinent substitutions for ancient mullions and lattice, afford evidence of the cruel neglect to which the place has been subjected."

superior in point of look to the bolstered and iron-loaded knight and arquebusier of the middle ages, as to the stiff-padded and pipe-clayed soldiers of our own time.

Both Parliament and the King, in subsequent hostilities, only contracted with captains and colonels to furnish companies and regiments, and left all arrangements about clothing to be settled between the officers and men. A horseman was expected to bring his own cuirass, skull-cap, buff coat, and cloak; the infantry soldier brought what he could find.

I may remark here, that it is only in late years since the States of Europe took to raising troops themselves, and keeping them permanently together, that they gradually introduced a uniform system of dress into their standing armies; such dress being invariably calculated to cost as little and to look as fine as possible, leaving all considerations as to health, comfort, and convenience of the soldiers entirely out of the question. Frederick William of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great, led the way in this new career of ambition; and was so particular about dress, that he certainly would have put himself under arrest, had he discovered that his own dress

deviated in the slightest degree from the established regulation. The King's guards, in buff and bandilier, having steel caps, armed with pikes and halberds, lined the path from the most through the gate, the wide green court, and the clock court; and the gentlemen pensioners, mounted, with pistols at their saddles, armed with poll-axes, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, their captain, were drawn up in front of the palace.

Four pieces of ordnance were discharged steadily and solemnly, in a manner that excited encomiums from the general officers who passed into the palace under their salute; most of whom had recently returned from the Scotch expedition, and compared the rapidity and regular discharge of these long-nosed cannon to the salute of culverins and sakers, which greeted the King's entry into Edinburgh. One of these portentons thunderers was placed on each side of the water-stairs; each overwhelming to such a degree with thick sulphureous clouds the arriving guests, that their deafening noise and obscuring pother startled several young ladies and old gentlemen even to repulsion into their boats, and, in more than one instance, into the stream.

The villagers of Thames Ditton, and East and West Moulsey, had all turned out, on the opposite bank, in holiday clothes, and cheered, to the stretch of their lungs, the barges, skiffs, punts, and ferry-boats, most flauntingly decorated with banners and streamers; and children,—the girls in blue and white caps, the boys in gown and belt (as we now view the Christchurch boys), were lustily singing the old Christmas-eve chant,

"Ule! Ule!
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry Ule!"

The children of the miller, at the embouchure of the river Mole, paddled their father's punt towards the barges arriving with ladies, singing,

"Hurl after an old shoe
I'll be merry, whatever I do,
Though I keep no time,
My words shall chime;
I'll overtake the sense with a rhyme.
Face of a rose,

I pray thee dispose
Some small piece of silver; it shall be no loss,
But only to make the sign of the cross."

And, wherever lustrous eyes and smile-wreathed countenances offered encouragement to the children, an old shoe was thrown under the tilt of the barge, for luck; in return for which, small pieces of money were cast into the punt. The cheerings from the banks below were by no means so indiscriminately nor deferentially bestowed; though a mob, if unpoisoned, has ever aristocratical predilections.

Whenever a barge appeared, conveying peers or members of parliament who supported "The Grand Remonstrance," the motions against the bishops, the pending impeachment of the Archbishop, or who had voted for the attainder of him whom they had hunted to death,—the basely-used Strafford,—the crowds assembled at Chelsea, Hammersmith, Putney, and Kingston, broke out into acclamations and cheers; whilst discordant noises,—a practical "hailstone chorus,"—assailed the external as well as the internal auriculars of those whom their leaders and preachers denounced as their enemies.

Neighbour frost's fleecy distillations had fallen on the ground pretty thickly during the night: what patriot can resist applying the unanswerable argument of a snowball to a dissenter from his dogmas, when nature has made it to his hand for discussions, carried on al fresco at this season of the year? Not to throw away a chance of con-

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verting one sinner from his ways, and that sinner a prelatist, a Kingston patriot threw a snowball of considerable size upon the barge of the Marquis of Hertford, the moment his cognizance (the phænix blazing in a crown) shot through the bridge,—broke in the awning, and elicited appalling screams of dismay from the ladies Seymour, the daughters of that noble peer, who, with his family, was proceeding to the royal Christmas keeping.

"By the Holy Trinity, that wanton, wilful outrage shall be rewarded!" exclaimed the Marquis, breaking from under the shattered awning, his jewel-clasped, purple velvet cap being crushed over his eyes by the weight of the hand-avalanche aimed at his boat; but, whether it was that his eyes had not the power of looking through one layer of felt and two of velvet, or that his impetuosity or the cold unsteadied his hand; the cross-bow bolt meant for the snow-propelling tailor of Kingston struck a milk-can, full of the lacteal product of a leash of Teddington cudchewers, which a milkmaid of that ilk had placed upon the rail of the bridge, whilst she shouter "No Bishops!" with the vehemence she had been told was proper for ladies of her class

Sing MarMar(the the pul-

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on a question appointed shortly to be set at rest by mob law.\* The can, on its milky way, encountered an uncanopied boat, in which sat six black-habited sectarian ministers of sects, who were moving uninvited to Hampton Court; their boat laden with a bale of copies of the City of London petitions, which the House of Commons had adopted as the basis of "The Grand Remonstrance," and their grievances against the government. These groaners were quickly disguised by the contents of the milk-can in speckled sables, like as many magpies; and, ashamed to show themselves, fell behind the barges, and finally put about for refuge amid some genial creakers at Kingston, finding what comfort they could in Isaiah's song under the walls of Judah, to whom one among them compared himself; for crocked he in a strain of mournful mizzle, "We have been with child, we have been in pain, we

<sup>\*</sup> A contemporary satirist, Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, referring to the deputation of oyster ladies who went in a body from Billingsgate to Westminster to petition the Houses against the Bishops' votes in parliament, says,

<sup>&</sup>quot;When oyster women lock'd their fish up,
And trudged to Westminster, to cry No Bishop."

have, as it were, brought forth wind; we have not wrought any deliverance on the earth."

On the topmost step of the water stairs with low-crowned hat, broad gold band, short thick serge coat, blue hose, and shoes with enormous rosettes, stood John Taylor, the jolly waterman of Bankside, who formerly kept the sign of the Crown, at Oxford, where he was most popular with the junior members of the University, and was now master of the Crown, in Phœnix Alley, near Long Acre. He had brought Sir William Davenant and Sir Richard Lovelace from their town residence in Whitefriars. Honest Johnny was a great favourite amongst the wits and beaux of that period. His incorrigible habit of rhyming and punning was his fortune; he never wanted a fare, and was paid generally more than he asked, his rhyming keeping pace with his rowing all the way from stairs to stairs. years previously to this visit to Hampton Court, he had published a volume of poems, called "All the Works of John Taylor, the Water-poet, being Sixty-three in Number;" nor was Sir William himself, his precursor in the laureateship-Ben Jonson, Sir John Denham, Abraham Cowley, Suckling, or any of the professed poets

of the day, more tenacious of their niche in the temple of the muses than was this Thames waterman. Taylor was never ashamed of his trade, nor could he endure that his occupation was incompatible with the sturdiest assertion of his rights to poetical dignity. This wherryman's verses are not so ambitious as those of the Venetian gondolier Antonio Bianchi, who wrote a poem in twelve cantos, but they possess rough vigour, and paint curious views of London manners in the early part of the seventeenth century. What could be better assumed as a maxim, by the remnant of his craft yet suffered by those noisy, smoky, alien invaders, "Moonlight," "Daylight," "Starlight," "Bridesmaid," and Co., to exist in the nineteenth century, than Johnny's

"I have a trade much like an alchemist,
That oft times by extraction if I list
With sweating labour at a wooden oar,
I'll get the coined refined silver ore,
Which I count better than the sharping tricks
Of cozening tradesmen or rich politics,
Or any proud fool, ne'er so proud or wise,
That does my needful honest trade despise?"

Will Fennor, who called himself, on account of some slight patronage from the court, "the

King's rhyming poet," was amongst the crowd near the stairs. Johnny Taylor was in the midst of a couplet when his boat touched one of the steps, his oars keeping time to the cadence of his lines, and against it went his craft with such force, that Davenant and Lovelace were thrown forward upon their rhyming rower, their weight only saving him from a somerset over its head into the stream.

- "Confound your metres, Taylor!—can't you shape your staves to the stroke of your oars, instead of your oars to your head-breaking dactyls?" ejaculated Sir William Davenant, scrambling from the boat amid the laughter of the spectators at the maladroitness of the water-poet.
- "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," said Jack Buckle,\*
  the ex-officio jester of the court, poking his
  round, red-whiskered, rosy face amongst the disputants.
- "Empty belies and transparent doublets permit offensive evaporation, that a well-conditioned, goodly-ported gentleman would curb," said Fennor, sneeringy, glancing at his new handsome
- \* John Buckle had recently succeeded Archibald Armstrong,—Archee as he was wont to be called, as King's Jester. Archee retired to Cumberland with a good fortune.

suit, the gift of the Duke of Buckingham for some fulsome adulatory verses.

Taylor waited until his fare had landed, which they gladly did after the unexpected winding up of the ferryman's inspiration, both gentlemen shaking their heads at him as they handsomely rewarded him; then gravely replied to his rival,

> "Thou say'st that poetry descended is From poverty: thou tak'st thy mark amiss; In spite of weal or woe, or want of pelf, It is a kingdom of content itself.

Now what say'st thou that I am?"

Seeing the laugh against him, Fennor replied, "Thou art the most gentleman-like sculler at the Hope, on the Bankside."

"Am I not a poet likewise? I ferry noble ladies and gentlemen from St. Katherine's, Lambeth Marsh, Westminster, Whitefriars, Coldharbour, to Paris Garden, the Rose and Hope play-house, and to the Bear-house:—

But, noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen I will divulge thy glory unto men; Thou in the morning, when my coin is scant, Before the evening dost supply my want."

Taylor had now moored his boat, and joined

the throng of noblemen's servants and military in the great court before described. and then, "way for my lord" this or that, in the fashion so punctiliously handed down to their successors by the knights of the rainbow, was called out, and the crowd had to give back before some ponderous family carriage, like exactly to the state-coach of my lord mayor in its straggling machinery, and in like utter defiance of the economy of motive power, having on each side, projecting between the wheels, a box, or cupboard, able to accommodate a person, the said wheels being scarcely within shouting distance of each other, as a sailor would in all probability observe. Taylor, like all watermen, hated the innovation of carriages. He muttered between his teeth.

"When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown A coach in England was scarcely known."

"Room for the sheriff! room for the sheriff!"
was cried, and Taylor, with the rank in which
he stood, was thrust back. The sheriff of London, his lady, and a complement of city aristocracy, enough to fill an omnibus, were the contents of the grand caravan that rolled gravely

along, craunching the hard frosty gravel, drawn by four huge Flemish mares, whose bodies seemed good-humouredly swollen to keep in countenance the breadth of the machine behind them. cosches of the aldermen followed, taking up each s much space with their steeds as a railway train. A particularly vulgar, pompous cockney, his wife, and family, occupied one of flaming scarlet and The four horses were superb; vivid green. their housings, bridles and traces were studded with silver ornaments and shells in incomprehensible confusion. The equipage belonged to a very wealthy, purse-proud merchant named Phelps, a member of the Commons House; and this worthy having protruded his gross features before the window for gratuitous exhibition, from the moment he had entered on Hampton Court green, a young rogue of a chorister, in Queen Henrietta Maria's chapel, had pitched a small snow-ball instinctively into his expansive visage, whose heated hue invited a cooling salute.

The laugh raised by this Christmas-box excited greatly the anger of the wealthy citizen, who was, in fact, invited to Court on the strength of a loan made to the King some years back, the repayment of which, save in royal smiles, the

King saw less chance of, every day. Phelps had become an elder of a Presbyterian Church: but the leaven of church latitudinarianism was strong within him; and a full-blossomed oath rose to his lips, and was audible to his mate, hopeful son, and daughter within the coach.

"Curse that imp of the scarlet w---!" was bursting forth, when the rustling satin within reminded him then that females were within earshot. So he mildly made his wishes a prophecy, and observed, "The temple of Belial wherein he serves, and the idols thereof, shall not stand one stone upon another before I die;" and he looked a gale of fire and brimstone upon the roof of the chapel, now visible from the coach. He must have received an effective damper to his wrath from within; for, sitting down, he drew in his long curled wig, and threw over his pock-marked, bloated face the blandest expression he could remember, as having been most successful at common halls and bishopgate wardmotes.

This energetic off-hand coup of bewitchery, which ought to have raised admiration amongst the lovers of art, only roused the bile of the water poet; who, instead of shouting like the

rest in wonderment at the city equipages, and the glory thereof, silently regarded them with that benevolent sociable kindliness which we remember, some twenty years ago, mantling the cheeks of Greenwich watermen, when the first steamer, struggling against the discouragement of pity for its profitless folly, and denunciation of its sacrilegious assumption of the attributes of the elements, and jeered at for its hopeless, foolbardy perseverance, made its earliest trip from somewhere near St. Catherine's. How the stokers and engineer ventured to land was always a wonder to me. In prose, he bestowed little criticism; but was soon caught rhyming, that it was not fit that

"Fulsome madams, and new country squires
Should jolt the streets in pomp at their desires,
Like great triumphant Tamberlaines each day,
Drawn with the pampered jades of Belgia,
That almost all the streets are choked outright,
When men can hardly pass from morn till night,
Whilst watermen want work."

"So thou continuest to think that all mankind will keep to the water like ducks, because thou art, belike, web-footed," said John Muckle.

Taylor, looking contemptuously at the speaker, aid, "I'do not inveigh against any coaches that

belong to persons of worth and quality, but only against the caterpillar swarm of hirelings. They have undone my trade, whereof I am a poor member; and, though I look for no reformation, yet I expect the benefit of an old proverb, 'Give the losers leave to speak.'"

"Fight for thy boat, old friend," said Lord Wilmot, laughing, who had overheard the complaining waterman, whom he patronised always to the theatres on Bankside, Southwark.

"I maintain, my lord," went on the old waterman, encouraged by his patron's sympathy with his disgust at the introduction of coaches, "this infernal swarm of trade-spoilers have so overrun the land, that we can get no living upon the water; for I do truly affirm that, every day in any term, especially if the Court be at Whitehall, they do rob us of our livings, and carry five hundred and sixty fares daily from us."

This exact computation Taylor had formed from actual observation of the number of hired coaches, passing to Westminster at this period (1640).

## CHAPTER IV.

Beauty narrowly escapes being a Regicide.—The Prince of Wales saved by the Unknown.—First appearance of an important Character in the Story.—Crimination and Recrimination.—Danger of random Charges.

"I AM a false knight, Denham," said the Prince of Wales on entering his apartment, "but can regain my honour; we must all three descend these stairs again."

Sir John Denham and Lord Wilmot looked inquiringly into the royal countenance.

"Nay, I am in earnest, gentlemen, and beg your company—perhaps, even to Westminster," mid the Prince, with a profound look at the mystified courtiers.

"The Lord forbid! Too great a concession has already been made to unruly subjects. I—" aid Sir John Denham haughtily.

"No more; but, follow me, as you love me and hope my favour Ah, Denham! we'll have

an adventure for one of your dramas—I will be the hero," said the Prince, interrupting him.

- "And who the heroine?" inquired Sir John.
- "That magnificent creature, the Lady Miranda Seymour," replied the Prince.
- "Her ladyship is fortunate in finding favour in royal eyes," said Denham.
  - "I've plighted my troth and I fly from you both,"

hummed Prince Charles gaily, stepping down the stairs with great alacrity.

"Time enough yet," said Sir John Denham,

for his Royal Highness to be sighing with

Petrarch for

'Le crespi chiome d' or puro lucente E'l lampeggiar de l' angelico riso Che soleam far in terra un paradiso.'

But, I hear, there is a magnetism in that lady's eyes, and a basilisk attraction in her manner, which draw high and low, rich and poor, the boy at school and the man of sixty, within the vortex of her influence. I never cared to see her until this moment; have shunned introduction, and am proud to hear I have thus piqued the beautiful despot. I will follow the Prince," added. Sir John carelessly.

Which you are doing, Denham, though you not aware of it. We are in the cloisters; s Highness has crossed the green court by me. I shall leave you to your musings;" ng, Lord Wilmot hastened away to join rince, who, with John Youlding, his fapage, who never quitted his side, had the gateway of the western, or principal e.\* They passed under its groined roof, ssed the bridge over the most into the outer ourt. The guards saluted by raising their ises breast-high, the trumpets from the of the gateway blew a long and loud , the poll-axes of the gentlemen pensionre raised, whilst their kettledrums were ically beaten. Lord Salisbury, their com-, surprised to perceive the Prince on foot ling to the water stairs, when, by all the of etiquette, his Royal Highness should een in the audience chamber, pricked his towards him. The Prince perceived his on, waved him back with his hand, and

ecentre of this western façade is a modern restorad would be commendable but for the flat whiteceiling which looks down on the spring of the goining, of which only two corbels remain.

quickened his pace to the stairs. Aide-de-camps, pages, guards, and watermen, were thrown into confusion by this visit of the heir-apparent; and none more so than the guests, who were met in their progress across the outer green court by the Prince, whose quickened movements, and eyes glistening with expectant pleasure, excited their lively curiosity.

"His Royal Highness will take water!" cried Youlding; "bargemen, ahoy!" The Prince's own barge was brought from its house; the watermen were at their oars, and the Prince and Lord Wilmot stepping into it, when Sir John Denham joined them. He had been receiving congratulations on the success of his drama, from the Countess of Carlisle, and the Countess of Newport, the lady dilettanti of dramatic entertainments, who had taken characters in the masque of "Love's Triumph through Callipolis," written expressly a short time previous by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones for representation by the lords and ladies of the Court.

The Prince being popular with all ranks, cheers burst from every spectator as his watermen pushed down the stream; but greatly did they wonder what his Royal Highness was after.

Lord Wilmot had embarked to please the Prince; Sir John Denham to please himself. But the purport of their trip was not disclosed until off Thames Ditton; when, amongst the barges palling up the stream to Hampton Court, was discovered that of the Marquis of Hertford, the wyagers within it still laughing at their adventure at Kingston.

"Gentlemen," said the Prince, "you have bone with my humour patiently; and, did you understand it, you would right joyfully."

"Delighted to follow the Prince's plume to the four corners of the earth," exclaimed Lord Wilmot.

"Which is more than the English Apollo will do for me; see how he sits with arms folded. He is composing a ballad, or ode, perhaps, for the revels to-night. We will have a masque in all its bravery, as in the Cardinal's time, before the Lutherans spoilt our sports," said the Prince.

The wind now unfolded gorgeously the broad banner of the noble house of Seymour aloft, the tilt of Lord Hertford's barge displaying its shield of honour, topaz, on a pile, ruby, between the fleur-de-lis, the lions of England sapphire,

the augmentation from Henry VIII. upon his marriage with Jane Seymour, ruby, the wings impaled, topaz, with the demi-lions rampant, pearl, and the roses counter-changed pearl and ruby.

"Backwater!" cried the Prince to his watermen; and he stood up to salute the three daughters of his governor, who bent forward gracefully, without rising from their seat, in recognition of the honour.

"We looked for the Prince of Wales at Richmond palace," said a voice of such silvery pleasantry, and yet of such full, forcible, dignified depth of harmony, that Sir John Denham started from his seat, and stood erect to look for the source of these exquisite tones. Gracefully reclining beneath the tilt of her father's barge, sat a lady of about twenty years of age, clad in very sumptuous festive attire, over which was a crimson velvet ermine-trimmed mantle. fastened with gold cord and bullion tassels close round her throat; her head covered with a cap of the same material, well adapted for protection against the inclemency of the season. other younger ladies were by her side, who, though their features wanted the high cast of majesty and power which characterised hers, were evidently her sisters. With them were three more ladies, friends of the ladies Seymour; their father, and his friends, Lords Newcastle and Derby.

Whilst the Prince was saluting from his barge the fair freight borne by that of his governor's, with whose family he was upon terms of familimity unusual between Princes and subjects, Sir John Denham received a look full in the face from Lady Miranda. It was one of those glances which I suppose every man has felt, perhaps twice in his life, and which demonstrates the irresistible power of woman over the heart of man; but which, though its language is clear and everlasting, no one to another can ever translate. Her face and features were illumined with such powerful expression,—there was in them such sense and softness united, that, in their repose, a man of sense could not fail to admire—a man of feeling to love; whilst their mould betokened a capacity for transcendant influence, whenever the soul that burned within willed to exercise it. There was a dazzling specimen of the true style of Saxon beauty. Nothing could be more indicative of high birth than the cast of the small head, the chiselling of her proud, delicate features, and the alabaster cone of her stately throat. There was something in her bearing that told you, that pride was more to her than an inheritance; yet it, after all, might be the pride of beauty, for there was nothing imperious or artificial in the carriage of her exquisitely shaped head.

Denham had sung of such ideal excellence; and what poet has not?—but he had never seen it before. She sat graciously regarding the Prince—

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd To warn, to comfort, to command; And yet a spirit still and bright, With something of an angel's light.

Denham endured a thrill of indescribable emotion through his whole frame. He had not been on his feet a second, before the electric shock had passed entirely through him; and he continued to gaze with sensations to which hitherto he had been a stranger. Lady Miranda was several years older than the Prince of Wales; but her face, form, and manners were alike entrancing to all, and the self-love of all was too much gratified by nourishing a fancied preference

on her part, to quit the circle of her spells for the most assured acceptance of attentions from the beautiful, the witty, and the elegant of equal age.

Lady Arabel and Lady Frances Seymour were sweet, amiable girls, fair like their matchless sister, who, if the expression may be allowed, was a burning blonde; but, sensible of their inferiority in her presence, were better content to listen and gaze, than to take part in any conversation which appeared likely to draw her out.

The Prince introduced his friends to the ladies Seymour, informing the latter that he had brought them with him to bear testimony to his having been called upon to be judge of a field of honour between two gentlemen of the Court, which had delayed him meeting his governor's family, as he had promised, off Sion or Richmond, to escort them to Hampton Court.

"Who was the queen of beauty?" asked Lady Miranda.

"By the queen of the fairies!" replied the Prince laughing, "no less than the pet of the universal pet, the hero of the Burleigh feast, who disposed of your ladyship's whimple at White-

hall during the masque of "The Sad Shepherd."

This much tickled the fancy of the ladies within Lord Hertford's barge, and their laughter, in which the Prince joined, was so prolonged, that they heard not the cry of, "Larboard, luff! -backwater !- You'll be on us!" cried, in great consternation, by the steersman of the Prince's barge, to that of a heavy, dark, walnut-coloured boat, with curtains drawn close round the parties who filled it. The curtain was unluckily useless, for the smoke from the great ordnance before named, rising as white as fleeces of the purest wool, and scarce less solid to the eye, settling on the surface of the stream, obscured the exact position of the Prince's barge from the steersman of one bearing several wealthy leaders of the popular party in parliament, who themselves were too deep in discussion to heed their proximity to the palace.

The shock was tremendous. In a moment, the elegant light frame of the royal skiff, which Prince Charles had had constructed simply as a covered wherry, was shattered, and the Prince, Denham, Wilmot, and the watermen ejected into the stream. The latter saved themselves

by climbing up the barge of Lord Hertford, which his lordship's watermen assisted their brethren to accomplish.

The Prince, who was standing on a bench outside the tilt, under the entrancing influence of Lady Miranda's swimming azure eyes, was precipitated a considerable distance beyond either Lord Wilmot or Sir John Denham, the former of whom, more regardful of his own safety than that of his royal master, struck out as well as he could for the bank, on which he scrambled, a very scarecrow encrustation of cloth of gold, clotted clay, velvet and vexation, mechlin and mud, duckweed and dismay. The hat and plume of the recreant lordling floated down the river, to the great amusement of the Moulsey miller's children, who, having gathered what silver they could with their carol, pulled with their little hands and scarcely gristled arms towards the prize.

Sir John Denham was thrown into the water on the starboard side of his boat, close to Lord Hertford's, which precluded his assistance to the Prince, who was pitched in the opposite direction.

The nation's hopes, the patriots, who were

agitators with a vengeance on the comfortable green leather cushions of Saint Stephen's chapel, were as still as rats in a hole, within the thick awnings of their barge, unconscious that it had struck anything of more account than a floating log. The numerous barges approaching the bank augmented the Prince's danger of being drawn under their keels. When consternation was at its height, and a thousand eyes directed to the spot were he was seen last to sink,-for officers, pages, trumpeters, artillery-men, and guests crowded the bank, (now the towing path,) and added to the clamour and excitement,-a military officer was seen to spring from a barge into the water, and the next moment reappeared, holding the half-drowned Prince by the shoulder, whom, with great strength and address, he sustained until he obtained footing on the stairs. After placing his fainting charge on a dry step, the officer abruptly turned round, leapt into his boat, which had closely followed him, and bade his watermen row him across the river to the Surrey side. Cheers for his gallant conduct burst from every mouth, and were kept up until he had landed and passed out of sight, and, though questions were asked by each, to whom it was

England was indebted for the preservation of her Prince's life, no one could afford information. Sir John Denham had, in the meantime, been assisted into Lord Hertford's barge, and, dripping s he was, had the happiness first to leap on shore and proffer his arm, on which a dry cloak had been thrown, to the Lady Miranda, whilst quitting her boat. Deeply mortified that the honour and glory of saving his Prince's life should have been snatched from him by a nameless stranger, Sir John retired to the pavilion nearest the river, and, by a private subterraneous passage, known but to few, re-entered the palace and his apartments, where his varlet, as personal attendants were then called, was amply prepared to equip his soaked master in apparel still more plendid than his prior toilette. Fortunately, the report of the danger to which the Prince had been exposed reached the royal ear but a minute prior to that of his safety; when the King directed messengers to be despatched across the river to ascertain the name and rank of his son's deliverer. The Prince, supported by Lords Hertford and Newcastle, walked across the outer court of the palace, by the time of reaching which he was entirely revived, and, avoiding

the numbers of congratulatory guests who warmly and loudly expressed their joy at his safety, he proceeded, by a private staircase, to his own apartment to change his dripping vestments.

The occupants of the barge which had fouled the Prince's wherry-built craft also landed lower down, encountering, as they passed up the bank and across the outer court, scornful and reproachful looks from all attendants civil and military. Ill-suppressed sibilations and uncomplimentary sounds were distinctly audible, and at once attributed, by the objects of these salutations, to the hatred which the satellites of despotism always bear towards the advocates of popular rights.

"The minions take their cue from their masters; we shall repent partaking of the leaven of the Pharisees, before we are a day older. Master Martin. if this rudeness is our first welcome," remarked, in a sulky tone, a sallow gentleman with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about his mouth, which was not a frown, not a leer, yet might have been mistaken, at a firs glance, for both.

"We are deceiving each other and trifling

with the King. Our bleeding country needs our services, and here we are, part of a royal pageant," rejoined Henry Martin bitterly, raising his shoulders until they touched the broad, alouched rim of his hat; and he added, "I little thought to fool a day thus with thee, Nathaniel Fiennes: and for our frank, noble-hearted friend, John Hampden, I grieve in my soul, that the pride of Buckinghamshire should be a dangler at court!"

The gentleman thus alluded to turned to Martin and Fiennes, who, with himself, Sir Benjamin Rudyard, Sir Arthur Hastlerigge, Lord Kimbolton, William Pym, Sir Walter Earl, Sir John Hotham, Edmund Waller, and Oliver Cromwell, all members of parliament, were repairing to Hampton Court palace, with appetites upon as extensive a scale, as their goodwill for their royal host was upon as scanty an one.

"Pym, see to it, that the lady of thy unholy adoration hath not deceived thee," said the latter, in a tone in which sarcasm and distrustful incredulity were blended; "her representations have alone induced me to come."

"That noble, beautiful, and high-minded

lady, the only redeeming feature of this misguided obstinate Court, hath the exaltation of virtue and patriotism at heart, as much as thou or thy cousin Hampden," exclaimed Pym impatiently.

"See to it, then—by their fruit ye shall know them," said Cromwell sullenly.

"A truce to politics to-day, at least," exclaimed Waller, a gentleman of clear open countenance, capacious white forehead, from which his moist fair hair was smoothed, and fell in long ringlets upon his zigzag edged falling frill or band.

"If we like not the feast, we will publish another remonstrance from Pym's, in Gray's Inn, to-morrow," added he, smiling provokingly at the resolute solemnity of Fiennes and Hotham.

"Remonstrance!—I sicken at the word; say resistance, rather," uttered in a thick tone, slightly relieved by the G sharp of a sneer, a broadfaced, stolid-featured man, who, but for hazel eyes of unceasing activity and piercing brightness, would have passed in a crowd as its most lumpish ingredient.

"Be resolved, like me, to hope against expectation, cousin Oliver," said Hampden to the last speaker. "I leave the state and its troubles behind me in Westminster, as I do when I quit St. Stephen's for the Chilterns. I listened attentively to your arguments and misgivings as we came along; but the question is settled without your eloquence, for here we are in the lion's den." Then, clapping the shoulders of Oliver Cromwell and Henry Martin,—for the member for Wendover was a finely-made stout man, and considerably taller than his companion,—he exclaimed with feeling,

"I desire that this day, the birth-day of the 'Prince of Peace,' shall be no longer a commemoration of departed glory, but an exhibition of a living and universal reality. I am disgusted with the disquiet and conflict of our age; why cannot we pursue the good of all without irritating collision?"

"Because men resemble you not—they never will, and they never should. Thou must steel thy heart, John Hampden; for the day cometh when, of this palace, as of Jerusalem, it shall be said, 'no stone shall stand on another,' " said Cromwell deliberately, his restless eye settling to an orb of expansive lustre, which widened as it fixed upon his relative's face.

"For peace, I dare not sacrifice principle more than yourself," cried Hampden; "the maintenance and establishment of truth form the only lasting foundation on which a superstructure of continued peace can be reared. We must, therefore, be satisfied to wage the war of opinion, till all the discordant elements by which the world is agitated are melted into one bright and homogeneous mass, to form the footstool of Him whose law is truth, and whose sceptre is peace."

The deliberate steps of these senators had now reached the edge of the moat, where they were much astonished to perceive themselves still viewed with looks of dislike, and to hear murmurs of disgust whilst they walked by its banks to the gate-house over the moat.

These regards were repaid by the members with interest, who, conscious of their power with the people, held the lowering, reproachful looks of courtiers and palace minions to be the highest compliment that could be paid them, and the only one they ever desired at their hands.

From the main avenue to the gateway, crowds still pressed on; and, passing it, Henry Martin's arm was arrested by a gentleman in black silk and velvet gown, high crowned hat, with broad black ribbons and rosette.

"You should be with the Queen, Master Hyde, or you will not trip up Saint John," mid Martin uneasily, essaying to rid himself of his friend, who was too eagerly bent upon disemburthening himself to be shaken off.

"Is it come to this?" uttered the latter in a loud whisper; "gentlemen of your wealth and high standing to lend yourselves to assassination?"

"Master Hyde, Master Hyde, this pleasantry better becomes you amongst other associates," said Pym.

"You are not at Miles' Coffee-house, in Old Palace Yard, remember," observed Henry Martin drily.

"Master Hyde may speak out, or explain himself; he must go forward, now he is so far," said Cromwell. "What means this report? the Queen has fainted—the King is wroth, and all the Court in consternation; though, thank God! the satanic plot has failed. I must be bold to tell you, Martin, that your name, and the names of your friends here, are freely used—nay, most foully," said Hyde.

- "Speak out, man!" cried Hampden, not at all pleased at the scene which he saw must quickly transpire, from the numbers gazing at himself and friends, and who refused to move on, though desired to do so by the gentlemenat-arms, who lined the staircases from the courts to the audience chamber.
- "You ran down the Prince's barge, threw himself, two gentlemen, and his bargemen into the water; and, though all are now safe, that is not, they say, your fault."
- "Nay, laugh not, Edward; 'tis too serious for joking," said Hampden to Waller.
- "Can any gentleman tell me what Ned Hyde is talking about?"

Lord Falkland, Lord Holland, and Sir Kenelm Digby, began to speak at once, and twenty other mouths appeared opening for the same purpose.

- "My dear Falkland," said Hampden, "explain this riddle, and come from this closely packed place into the green court; there you can be heard by all, and so can we, if we deem it worth our while to notice the strange rhodomontades that Hyde has just bubbled forth."
- "In a few words," said Lord Falkland, "it is plainly said that, within the last quarter of an

hour, you have run down the Prince's boat, wilfully, traitorously, and with murderous intent;—that is all."

The rumour quickly spread, in all parts of the palace, that the members who had attempted to drown the Prince of Wales were taken, and were being bound in the base-court; then through the water gallery, the long gallery, the St. George's gallery, the middle gallery, and the two outer-court galleries, came rushing along, latted, unhatted, cloaked and uncloaked, lords, hights, and esquires. The bridge before the King's gate, the park bridge, and the garden dawbridge, were deserted by their guardians, who ran with one accord to hear the confession of the captive regicides. As many as could quit the ladies, who had arrived as far as the watching chamber, the holiday closet, the withdrawing chamber, the library, or others in the suite of the audience chamber, there left them to less curious squires, and hurried off for the great court, where the gaily attired crowd were listening breathlessly to the sweet silvery voice of Lord Falkland, and wondering at the coolness of his catechumens.

<sup>&</sup>quot;We are entirely ignorant of what you speak

of, my Lord," said Waller; "we have neither seen the Prince's barge nor the Prince, since we took water at Westminster stairs, by the ferry."

None spoke save Waller. Indignation, disdain, intense hatred to all around, passion that choked utterance, raised and depressed slowly the bosoms of the great leaders of the democracy, whilst their eyes glared with anger over the sea of faces that covered that magnificent area, the first (or, as it was then called, the green, or base) court. Waller stopped; a pause of above a minute ensued. He knew that half-a-dozen words from John Hampden would, amongst any number of his fellow-countrymen, scatter to the winds "proof strong as Holy Writ." looked to him; then to one of equal integrity, of nearly as large property, Henry Martin; to Fiennes, who, cynic as he was, maintained a high character in Lincolnshire; to Hotham, who was member for Hull, and of large possessions in Yorkshire; and to Cromwell, member for Huntingdon, the wealth and station of whose ancient family, their connexion with the corner-stone of the Reformation in England, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, with his own determined, vigorous character, gave him weight, wherever he was, for

his own general reserve and occasional vehement outbreaks of passion and enthusiasm, but added to the mysterious awe with which he was regarded by friends and foes. One of the latter's arms was squared, his hard-clenched hand placed on his left hip, close to his sword, and the other extended, while it grasped the gold-headed staff upon which he pressed convulsively.

His cheeks seemed actually to thicken with passion and grow darker every instant. John Hampden was once about to speak, but his lips parted like the lid of a dry flour-box and closed purchingly; his features refused to portray the emotions within,—they had never reflected feelings of insult,-no being had before even approached him injuriously. Another unbroken silence of a minute ensued. Several peers and members of parliament opposed to the government had passed through the anxious crowd, and looked first at their friends and then at Hyde with inquiring countenances, for they were deeply shocked at the atrocious designs so openly charged to their friends, without, however, giving the slightest credit to the report.

"I am burning with shame," said the treasurer of the household, Lord Holland, "that Englishmen should suppose personal hostility to our King or his family forms any part of the character of the conscientious opponents of his government; no, gentlemen, they would be the foremost to avenge a slight to his crown or dignity, and draw their swords against any who would hurt a hair of their heads."

The Earl of Bedford, the Earl of Peterborough, the Lord Willoughby of Parham, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Stamford, who were of Hampden's party, stood near their political allies, glancing angrily at the gay throng by whom they were elbowed and unceremoniously jostled, and much incensed to perceive that the majority were undisguisedly delighted at the prospect of a cloud being cast over the reputation of their friends, for whether deservedly or not seemed to be a secondary consideration with the court.

"The collision was purely accidental, my Lord," said mildly, yet firmly, a voice whose tone and compass was evidently well accustomed to be wielded by a commanding will. Every one turned towards the speaker. He was a stout man, of middle height, wrapped up in a cloak; he had on a large slouched hat and was armed. "I saw the accident, which was what neither

of these gentlemen did nor could, for the curtains of their barge were drawn at the moment that of the Prince approached Lord Hertford's party. I was in one near them all, so near that the Prince's sword touched me and one of his ostrich feathers fell into my hands, as he fell into the water." Every one was astounded, and regarded the speaker with increased attention.

"for none were so near his Royal Highness, save one, the gallant unknown, and thou art not he. I marked him: he wore a steel cap."

"I am sergeant to that officer, Colonel—" besitating for a moment,—" Colonel Prior, and am bid by him to assure the treasurer of the household, whom I am now so fortunate as to see, of the fact, and to present him with this feather to deliver to his Majesty, and request his lordship will state, that I, the steerer of my colonel's boat, bear all charge of blame. I—"

"Colonel Prior? we know of no such an officer," said Lord Warwick, who was admiral of the fleet, and had served in the army before his appointment to a command at sea; "we must see to this; you must be detained until his Majesty's pleasure be known." "You are now convinced, gentlemen, of the error of accepting every report you hear, and have learned a lesson. I pray to God, the mischief does not end here; there are those who brook not tamely insults offered to their leaders."

The sergeant made a move towards an opening in the crowd, to escape further examination, still holding to his throat the large horseman's cloak; but Waller, perceiving his intent, touched him on the shoulder, and said sharply to Mr. Hyde, "Pay your debt of obligation to this soldier. Had he not arrived, your life would not have been worth the purchase of a day. Settle your accounts with him before you meet us at Fiennes's."

"Nay," said Lord Holland, "let us hear his story; but not now; we will reserve it till after the feast, when his Majesty shall demand it," and he desired a file of three musketeers to keep guard upon the sergeant until he should be wanted in the hall, at the same time affording him everything he required and a seat at the clerk-comptroller's table in the kitchen.

The musketeers, proud of having the guardianship of a comrade, who was serving with the deliverer of the Prince, hastened him away from

the court into the lower guard-room, where gentlemen pensioners, gentlemen-at-arms, and musketeers of the guard flocked cordially around him. To all inquiries, he replied, that his colonel was recently from Scotland, and promoted to his mok within a few days; that he was about to join the Irish service, with the regiment to which he, Sergeant Potheridge, was attached. He was restless and impatient to join his officer, and refused to raise from his head the hat which concealed the upper part of his face, and take from his mouth and shoulders the ample folds of the cloak that enveloped his person. The few words that could be drawn from him were set to a broad Scottish accent; and the whiskey with which he was plied was imbibed with an unflinching carelessness that confirmed his entertainers in their belief, that they had caught a native of the Ommpians, and excited their desire to celebrate his matriculation in a southern hemisphere. Scotchmen were held at that period as fair subjects for practical jokes. Until the commencement of the King's father's reign, Scotch were altogether aliens and foreigners to Englishmen, and though one kingdom, and under the same sovereign at this time, had separate interests Scotland with an army, not two months be this period. Until the paternal policy of House of Brunswick guided the sceptre of G Britain, very little love was lost on either a between the dwellers on the northern and so ern sides of the Tweed. No English sovereign fore Queen Victoria ever trusted herself in the litudes of Blair Athol unaccompanied by an ar

Denham, much chagrined at the incident which he had played so secondary a part, determined to know who and what the strar was, who had snatched from him the honor preserving the young prince's life.

Telling his servant to wait his return in apartment, Sir John threw a thick cloak chis shoulders, though still but partially dress and hurried through chambers, corridors, a down staircases, which he thought had ne before been so tedious, to the great court, a from thence entered the guard-room, which

enveloped in his cloak, but Denham discovered that from the lower parts of it thick clouds of steam arose, which convinced him that the party that wrapped up, had been in the water as well thimself.

Sir John was about to address questions upon the quality and name of the officer, by whom the sergeant alleged he was sent, when one glance upon the dark brow and full hazel eye, and as much of the ruddy brown cheek as was displayed between the folds of the cloak and the slouched hat drawn low upon his forehead, convinced him that the individual before him was the Prince's deliverer himself.

Sir John's object was the removal from the palace of this person, who had raised an unpleasant mist over his wild ambition, new-born hopes and sensations; and the latter's studied concealment at the hazard of his life, was evidence of his reluctance to be known.

"You would be away from here. Unknown to me as you are, I respect any motive, however mysterious, of your conduct; your gallant deed to-day, shows you are a gentleman, and I entreat you not to delay an unnecessary moment in replacing your dress."

The unknown regarded this address of John's, with a glance which it would be difficult to define; it was full, unwavering, yet scarce. indicative of grateful acknowledgment of the proffered salutary counsel, — neither acquiecence in its propriety, nor willingness to follow it.

Sir John was unused to be stared out countenance by any one; and his lately acquire supercilious looks from half-closed eyes, which whilst they rested upon an object would appeto deny the perception of aught but vacuit evidently failed to impress the dripping strang with awe or consideration. He felt he was the presence of one who had a will and a mito work it, attributes congenial to his own; = insensibly relaxing all grandiose expression, smile, struggling hard with pride, dimpled 1 cheek, and he turned from the figure, who st sat with crossed arms, leaning back with un1 laxed, outstretched, and crossed legs before the fi: Turning with dislike from the insensible for he accosted a sergeant of the guard by name, an to draw his attention from his charge, gave t man a crown to drink to the merry Christno keepers at Egham; which, the sergeant recognisi

Sir John as the lord of that manor in which he was born, received with an acclamation that drew around him a score of soldiers, who made the room resound with cheers for the liberal hight.

The stranger rose and slowly retired from the mom, without attracting the notice of the soldiers. Sir John Denham quitted it also, and was in his mom before the escape of the charge was known to his keepers, who, it may be supposed, were in great alarm for the consequences that would be visited upon themselves. However, gone he was, and in the bustle and multitude of persons of all degrees, civil and military, in and about the palace to trace the motions of one individual were hopeless.

## CHAPTER V.

Unsatisfactory explanation. — The Queen's boudoir at Hampton Court.—Matinée Musicale therein.

Contemptuous derision clothed the features of the popular members, during the explanation offered by the soldier calling himself Sergeant Potheridge; they turned from the verbose congratulations of Mr. Hyde with a scornful height of demeanour, none of their party, save Sir Kenelm Digby, vouchsafing him notice. They spoke not to each other — their minds were mutually read too clearly to need the interpretation of words. Shallow politicians, truly, they would have deemed themselves, to want further enlightenment upon the disposition of the Court towards them after what they had just witnessed.

"Is it not even as I said, Edmund," muttered fiercely between his teeth Henry Martin to Waller, too proud to appear concerned at the excitement the scandalous report had created in the palace. "They would hang us all, even on this day of holy commemoration; and cry for more blood, to satisfy Strafford's ghost."

"Then hang together, or you will hang sepantely," whispered Fiennes sneeringly. posed to join those with whom, they were persuaded, no terms could shortly be kept, in following the tide of guests towards the great staircase, and equally unwilling to exhibit any dange of purpose from the hubbub their scandizers had raised in the palace, they remained in the centre of the court for several minutes without moving from the spot, where their progress had been impeded by the clamouring crowd. It is to be hoped their eyes were not cast upwards to the casements of the buildings surrounding this court, or if so, that they were nearsighted, or unable to read the lines of vexation that puckered the apple-down countenances of the fair maids of honour, exasperated beyond measure, that folks who had had a hand in half drowning their sweet young Prince, should be at liberty within the verge of his father's palace; and when they understood that no interdict had been sent from the chamberlain to forbid them

the feast, their virtuous indignation knew bounds.

"I've known the time," sobbed a tender-heart ed, tough-skinned still-woman, "when a Princeof the blood could not be talked about lightly. but a lodging in the Tower, with a bed that needed no pillow, was the lot of the owner of the awkward tongue that ran against him; and here is a Prince run down to death's door by a craft that's managed likelier than this," (nearly biting her fingers as she knowingly touched her tongue,) "and the owners strut about with their swords by their sides! Queen Elizabeth and King James too would have made short work with such knaves; ay, had they been dukes and lords. mind the day when the Protector Somerset was taken from this very palace and beheaded for not being sharp enough for that crafty hypocrite Northumberland." The ladies all agreed that the world was coming to an end, and that members of parliament being a very dangerous and unnecessary sort of people, the sooner the King carried on state affairs unencumbered with them the better; at any event, that they were not proper society to invite to the royal christmasing. These ladies, who had vegetated in Hampton

Court Palace for half a century, more or les, had, in common with the maids of honour themselves, the ladies of the bedchamber, and bedchamber-women, who had been drawn to the windows by the extraordinary fracas in the Green Court, a severer shock yet to undergo; for a noble lord, bravely attired in a doublet of green velvet worked with gold thread, hose of the same material, cloak of green velvet passmented with gold, and lined with white satin, green velvet cap set with pearls and adorned with a full plume of ostrich feathers, advanced from the portals of the privy staircase across the court. It was instructive to observe the countenances of the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honour, and to regard their bridling and abrupt withdrawal from the windows of the Queen's apartments; partially doing their piercing peepers in very scorn, as from an object unworthy their cognisance: also their sideling behind the curtains of their respective casements, after an exchange of but one look from each, but that so talismanic, that every word by royal authority imprinted in a certain chronicle of events, sufficiently momentous to occupy King James and the Bishop of London, months of delicate controversy might have been

omitted, for all the use they could have been to an observer of these quizzical dames.

"Who dare ask the Lord Chamberlain what was the mystery Lady Frances unfolded to Sir Bobby Carr, or the secret Bessy Paulet imparted to Mr. Uvedale?" inquired sotto voce, and in a tone of malicious delight, Lord Goring of Sir Arthur Killegrew, as these gentlemen passed Lord Essex in the court. "The secret of the road to promotion, I should say assuredly; the cashiered of the bedchamber straightway become chamberlain, O tempora! O mores!" replied Killegrew; and they ascended the stairs laughing.

To the utter discomfiture of all courtly notions of propriety, the Earl was seen to greet each of the members by name very familiarly, shake them all by the hands, address them in an acceptable and propitiatory manner; and finally, putting his arms within those of Hampden and Lord Warwick, conduct the whole party right lovingly into the palace.

Lord Essex stood at this moment high in the favour of his Sovereign; so high, indeed, that his royal master openly discountenanced the imputations against his domestic demerits by appointing him Lord Chamberlain and a Privy

Comseller, (the consolations alluded to by the wicked Lord Goring,) and his lordship had the good sense immediately upon hearing of the unpleasantness in the court, to obtain the King's commands the moment service was concluded in the chapel, to address the members regrettingly, even apologetically, and to bid them in his Majesty's name to hasten to the presence, to receive from the royal lips assurances of his master's displeasure towards the fomenters of the vile sendal against the representatives of the people. Strongly irritated at the moment as the peers and members of opposition undoubtedly were, Lord Esex in a few words managed that prudence and moderation should prevail, and prevented a slight bruise from being enlarged into a lasting

Shortly before this threatening hubbub in the Court was so propitiously appeased, Lady Miranda Seymour and her sisters took possession of the apartments assigned them: her ladyship was a maid of honour to the Queen. The presence of Lady Miranda was timely, for her Majesty was scarcely revived from the shock the report of her son's death occasioned, when she entered the royal closet, her eyes beaming with more than

their usual lustre, and her complexion heighter by the exciting event of the morning, of wh her charms had been the unacknowledged car She could afford no better account of the de verer of the Prince than what we already kn-But when the Lady Anabel, her sister, ente with intelligence, "that a soldier was in Palace, and a fine handsome man he was t sent by his officer a Captain Prior, to exculp the parties in the sacrilegious boat of any wi jostling with the Prince's,"-Lady Miranda, eyes expanding and her lips parting, moved, a involuntarily, a step or two towards her Majes but, instantly pausing, resumed her calm dign before a word or gesture betrayed any anxiety know further particulars respecting the mys rious captain.

The Mistress of the Robes preceded Queen, who was followed by her Ladies of Bedchamber into the robing-room. This b doir was hung with tapestry from the looms Arras; the Queen insisting upon her own appeared by the Grant Space of the King's encourament of British art; the tapestry hangings of Majesty's apartments being all manufactured

Mortake by Sir Francis Crane. Screens of Japan work then highly valuable and novel. French pendule clocks, huge vases of Sevres and Dresden china, dishes and vessels of wrought plate, ivory gilt stands, fantastic chimney furniture, with sconces, branches and scrolls of silver, adorsed the walls and stood on the niches of the spurtment.

"And now, ladies," said her Majesty, "with what bravery shall we be decked for the wonderment and delectation of these savages of subjects?"

"Your Majesty will honour them too much by changing your apparel, for aught that concerns their pleasure," said Lady Abergany, a favourite companion of the Queen.

"Dost think so, lady? then robe not I again," aid the Queen laughingly, and sinking amid a pile of the velvet cushions, her small bright black the danced with malicious merriment beneath her finely pencilled eyebrows.

"Your Majesty will sadden the hearts of many a well-disposed friend of the Court; many silk grograms and sarcenets of the country ladies and city dames have been donned to-day in hopes of shining by the side of cloth of gold," said

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mildly the Countess of Carlisle, the Mistress of the Robes, and the Erinnys of her time, as she is styled by Warburton.

"Thou wouldst have me imprisoned in my coronation robes for the rest of this blessed day, did the precious people of my husband's realm rejoice thereat for a moment," rejoined the Queen. "If thou art not a little rebel, thou hast too much favour for those that are, sweet friend."

"When the slightest condescension of our beloved sovereign is hailed with real pleasure and gratitude, and delights so many, should I be a traitor in desiring the purchase of loyal feeling so cheaply?" replied Lady Carlisle, undoubtedly the most enchanting woman of the Court of Charles the First. She was gifted with wit, beauty, and youth, and not unambitious of being the queen of a political party.

"Excellent, my Lady Carlisle! this is a new light that has broken in upon the land since the King was so basely, barbarously tampered with in poor Strafford's business," said the Queen, the lightning of her eyes flashing in sudden contrast with her recent badinage. "Exchange of favour and fawning between sovereigns and their own mother Marie de Médici hears thee not; she would have thee in the bastile for a here—". Her Majesty perhaps thought that half a word was as good as a whole one for a factious subject; however, the royal lips were drawn into a smile and the rest of her sentence was unspoken.

"Which I am at your Majesty's service, and far I may die a stubborn and irreclaimable one," responded firmly the lady addressed.

"And very amiable heretics your ladyships are. I could not think to have lived safely with you when I first came over," said the Queen, with that witching smile that could wheedle, win, and worry at will. "But I tell you all plainly, I shall never forgive them, these subjects." Twas undutiful reminding me of it, Lady Carlisle."

"Your Majesty's pardon, then, if I were offensive; I could not be disloyal," replied Lady Carlisle.

"Is such advice as yours gracious?" said the Queen, with a look of real or assumed astonishment: "no, truly—conciliating our subjects—gaining their love—making our palace a puppet show booth for their amusement! They are stub-

born ingrates; and I tell Charles so daily. Twas to satisfy them that my bedchamber women were sent to France, my companion Madame St. George, all my old servants torn from me, and Father Sancy sent home. Ay, home! ladies, look astonished as you may—and I wish I was there again. Did not Hampton Court remind me of Fontainbleau I would not be here so long;" and tears started into the vivacious and home-sick Queen's eyes.

"Then I hope," said Lady Miranda with a look of placid but unmistakeable meaning, that riveted the restless eyes of her Royal Mistress upon her glorious face, "that your Majesty's next visit to France may be shortened by Fontainbleau reminding you of Hampton Court."

"That unnatural desire can only arise," said Henrietta, smiling through her tears, "because Lady Miranda Seymour is in England, an oasis in the desert. I must own that this is a famous country—very, for fog and freedom—is it not unfortunate that neither agree with royal constitutions?"

"And yet your Majesty is never without Queen Elizabeth's cordial electuary," said the Countess of Carlisle coolly. The Queen felt the rebuke.

"I resemble not your Queen Elizabeth, nor would I," replied Henrietta; "but I thank you for naming the electuary. My little pet Jeffery assured me of a fresh supply: he should be in waiting with the hyssop honey, anglica roots, elecampane, liquorish, aniseed, and ginger."

"Jeffery is never forgetful of your Majesty," said Lady Miranda: "is not this his manufacture?" and she took up a china jar from a cabinet, whose contents smelt very savoury.

"My dear child, thou must study the 'Pearl of practice,' and 'The Queen's closet opened,' ere thou darest minister aliments and cordials to womankind," said the Queen peevishly. "That is the posset drink for one that is heart-sick, to remove it from thence, though it be the plague, made from the Countess of Mounteagle's recipe."

"Jeffery has been engaged in the wars this morning," said Lady Miranda, "more intent upon causing wounds than healing them."

"Oh the dear little fellow! the mighty mannikin! let him be sent for without delay; I am dull without his tiny heroics;" and immediately one of the attendant ladies at the bottom of the apartment went to capture the favourite dwarf.

## 110 HAMPTON COURT; OR,

- "I shall expect all true knights to be troubed dours to-day," said the Queen; "music and son must turn the edges of their swords. If or must do the amiable amongst wild beasts, I sha single out the leopards, tigers, and panthers, least, and leave to you, constitutional ladies, the hyenas, jackalls, and bears. I commanded Lor Holland to bid Milton and Waller. When should not Comus be played at Hampton Cou as well as at Ludlow? Inigo Jones shall arrangit."
- "No one knows the author, or wishes to kno him," said Lady Abergany, "he mixes with sad set,—disgraced himself at college," wondering to hear the name of so vulgar a person as the author of Comus in a royal mouth.
- "But I am requested by Edmund Waller said Lady Carlisle, "to lay these verses at yo Majesty's feet. He will be here with his friend Hampden and Pym."
- "What horrid associates!" shuddered the Queen, "give me his verses—read them rather and Lady Carlisle read Waller's Christmas Offe ing for the Day.
  - "Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
    With admiration, than his private loves;

With admiration—for a pitch so high (Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.

Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been The whole world's Mistress. Other than a Queen, All had been rivals; and you might have spared Or killed, and tyrannised without a guard.

Such eyes as yours on Jove himself had thrown As bright and fierce a lightning as his own."

"I think your Majesty must admit that the poet is loyal; his love for Magna Charta has not robbed his heart of allegiance to the graces of his Sovereign."

"The sovereign grace of Hampton Court is yourself, my Lady Carlisle. To the muses you are consecrate. I will not rob these gardens of their divinity or Sir John Suckling of his Venua."

"He is gone, poor man, he died last May; a vain creature!" said Lady Carlisle.

"Now that is ungrateful of you, Lady Carlisle, and our royal will is, that you be punished by hearing his verses to your walking in the Pandise\* which we can see from this window,

<sup>\*</sup> The cradle walk of hornbeame remains in the Queen's private garden, but the Paradise is vanished: the "very pretty banqueting house set over a cave or cellar" described by Evelyn, remains.

where the heroic poet, a poetic hero, for he affected both betimes, warbled like a nightingale hamorous lay."

"Will not your Majesty spare me the inflition? I pray your Highness," intreated Lac Carlisle, whom the ridiculous figure cut by hadoring bard during the Scottish war had redered insensible to his literary merits.

"I task not myself to remember the ditties poor Sir John, whose gaily accoutred squadron never shall forget, nor the ladies of Newcast either," said Lady Seymour; "however, as yo Majesty commands, I will repeat what I remei ber he recited in this palace before the King as your Majesty last Christmas, in honour of a lady companion there:

"Did'st thou not find the place inspired,
And flowers as if they had desired
No other sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heard'st thou not music when she talkt,
And did'st not find, that as she walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?—"

"With which I hope your goddesship is sat fied," cried Henrietta, much diverted with t

annoyance in Lady Carlisle's countenance at this allusion to the adulation of the amorous knight. "Do not I remember," added she, "some of his verses to yourself too, haughty sweetheart? Now for your revenge, Lady Carlisle,—recollect." "Ifaith I do well," replied the beautiful widow. "Sir John calls his lines 'Upon the first sight of Lady Seymour in the Hornbeame Cradle walk."

"Wonder not much if thus amazed I look.
Since I saw you I have been panic struck;
A beauty and so rare, I did descry,
As should I set her forth, you all as I
Would lose your hearts; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than man.
An apparition of so sweet a creature
That——"

"Our thanks, Lady Carlisle. Enough of Sir John for the present," said her Majesty list-lessly.

"Until next Twelfth Night, when—" said Lady Miranda, with a smile that usually preceded some prettily conceived proposition for the amusement of the Queen.

"Gracious Heaven! is Twelfth-Night so acur?" interrupted thoughtlessly Lady Abergany.

"It will be dreadful this time,—I wonder wh will see it?"

"See what?" inquired Lady Miranda.

"The Ghost,—don't you remember?—the cedar chamber.—Oh! I forgot, you must have been too young; but," said she in a solemus whisper, "Lilly the astrologer has dropt hints that this year—and he did say who—"

"For the love of God be careful of what you are talking," exclaimed Lady Carlisle, earnestly, sharply, yet in a tone lowered to be audible only to those ladies whose conversation fortunately, by standing near the virginals, had not been heard by the Queen.

"Ah! but I am sure she heard not a word,—
not a syllable,—I would not for the world,"
uttered Lady Abergany, much alarmed.

Lady Carlisle regarded her chattering ladyship reproachfully, raised her shoulders in the slightest degree in the world, and said firmly, in the same under-tone, "As you value your lives and fortunes, ay, the fortunes of us all, especially of our friend (looking towards Lady Miranda), and of your own brother, ruffle not the Queen's equanimity to-day by word, look, or sign."

Both ladies were taken by surprise with the

warmth of remonstrance, and the depth and seriousness of the tone of Lady Carlisle's entreaty, whose naturally commanding air became in a moment most uncomfortably overpowering. Lady Abergany, though struggling with all her oral muscles to say something self-justificatory, could not atter a syllable,—such is the power a superior mind always possesses over a weak one, let the cause for chiding be ever so venial.

Lady Miranda, though excessively astonished at the unlucky allusion, perplexed at the words that had wrought so sudden a change over the features and voice of her idolized friend, felt that it would be a crime to look for the elucidations her woman's curiosity was now roused to the utmost pitch to obtain.

"I will tell you after dinner," whispered Lady Abergany, "who has been seen, and who, as the astrologer says, will be seen."

"Hush!—no more, I entreat you," replied Ledy Miranda;" then turning to the Queen, who, leaning on her golden fringed cushions, was swinging round and round on its chain a golden locket which was suspended from her neck, had paid no attention to this conversation of her ladies; she said, "Your Majesty will, we hope,

command your new laureat Davenant, with the nine first poets of your realm, to Hampton Cour on Twelfth Night. We may see the plains of Helicon outsung, though we want the hill of Parnassus,—nay," correcting her obliviousness "Richmond Hill shall vie with Olympus."

'Nay, rather," suggested Lady Carlisle, "Wind sor rivals Olympus, the seat of the sovereignt which rules Apollo and the muses themselves."

"Next Twelfth Night I shall call upon Lad Miranda to sing a few of the sweetest songs com posed by our late gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and the King's Sewer, Tom Carew," saithe Queen. "For delicacy of wit and poetifancy, I prefer him to your adorer, the unfortunate Johnny Suckling."

"Your Majesty does not know that I sing the ballad that broke my adorer's heart," rejoine Lady Miranda.

"Then we will have that too," said Henriett archly; "my sober Charles will laugh if you sin it, you wicked lady. For my own part, I know not which to admire the most, the charming sweetness of Carew's lyric odes, or the music of the composer, to which they are set—Harry Lawe of the King's chapel."

## CHAPTER VI.

The Reception at Hampton Court.—The Queen insults

Mr Hampden.—Irreconcilable Enemies are made.—

The Rival Poets, Denham and Davenant.—Dispute on
the Great Staircase.

How long the Queen and her ladies would have trifled away the invaluable hours of dressing-time, with repeating to each other scraps from the poets of her Court, Suckling, Davenant, Lovelace, Carew, Waller, the gifted beings whose social mirth and fine fancies made the feasts of Hampton Court banquets of the soul, indeed, it is impossible to say, had not a lingère, Lucille, entered the adjoining closet, and communicated to the bedchamber-women in waiting that she had seen the usher of the Earl of Essex, the Lord Chamberlain, on his way to the Queen's apartments with the announcement, that the King was already in the audience-chamber, and re-

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## HAMPTON COURT; OR,

ceiving, under the canopy of state, the gues who had arrived.

"Heigh-ho!" said the Queen, reluctant to lease her very comfortable enthronement in velvet as down. "I have promised Charles to be amiable to-day—very amiable, which you know I am n always; so hither, my ladies. It is half-pareleven by Charles's own clock," and she look towards a clock on an or-molu satin-wood brack made by that monarch's own hand; "we keen time then, ladies; the winter's sun will so top the meridian."

The bed-chamber women came from the low end of the apartment, and took from press of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, of sats wood inlaid with golden devices, maple and japs a variety of royal apparel, which they placed tables and chairs before Lady Seymour, La Carlisle, and Lady Abergany, through whalone royal etiquette permitted such objects be presented to her Majesty.

"We have scarcely surveyed our wardresince Mary's wedding," said the Queen, "a your friends, our subjects, Lady Carlisle, g us small occasion to take fresh inventories.

"A barge could scarcely bear the rich dres

and presents made to Queen Elizabeth on her birthday. At her death, a thousand dresses were in this palace alone, and in those very presses."

"We perfectly remember how Madame St. fenge stripped the royal wardrobe at her deputure, that beautiful virago, who did more injury to your Majesty's interest than her successors can ever hope to repair," said Lady Carlisle.

The Queen looked displeased at this remark, but said nothing; for it was perfectly true that her French attendants, by their presumption and unbeamble arrogance, had at last so wearied the patience of the yielding good-natured Charles, that, roused by their intolerable presumption, by a vigorous effort he had despatched them all off to France, but not before they had, under the plea of perquisite, plundered the royal wardrobe of every habiliment belonging to the Queen, "who, after this shameful sweep," says a contemporary historian, "had but one gown and two smocks to her back."

These French women, French men, and French priests, nineteen in number, with a bishop at their head, had increased from sixty to four hundred and forty, until the outraged nation seconded

Charles in ejecting the whole troop at an hour's notice.

- "Mistress Saville will name each article," said Lady Carlisle, and this spinster, a spiral lady of lively motions, though of grimmish countenance, by no means dissatisfied with the task assigned to her, laid out her treasures in the bright sunlight that streamed through the long, low casement which formed almost the whole of one side of the room.
- "These, your ladyship," said she, "are her Majesty's gowns of rich purple and olive-green tissues, presented by Lady Dorset, and these are green tissue satin petticoats, presented by Lady Denbigh. These, of coloured satin with gold and silver-coloured silk, were sent by Lady Digby."
- "My friend Venetia," sighed Lady Mirands, though scarcely audible.
- "An extraordinary woman, of matchless beauty," said the Queen. "But do I hear true? does your English prudery permit you to acknowledge her acquaintance, gentle Miranda?"

Lady Miranda bowed, but spoke not.

"What a stir was made about Lady Digby, to be sure!" said Henrietta. "Lady Essex thought proper to be very censorious; but many a Lady Essex before her has made dreadful exclamations on the irregularities of womankind and the vickedness of the age, and who has ended in being glad to look out for apologies for her own share in them."

"These are the riding-gowns of violet satin with gold lace, and gowns of plain cloth of silver, with sea-green tissue for their double sleeves, presented by the Duchess of Lennox; and these, of cloth of gold with varied colour taffeta lining, were presented to her Majesty by the Duchess of Buckingham; these petticoats, of white grogram tissued with gold, and those, of silver and yellow silk, lined with carnation shag, were presented by Lady Strafford," continued the spinster.

"We will not spend this day gazing at that heap of gowns and petticoats. I have had them two years; they are thine, Mistress Sackville, thine and thy fellow-maidens."

The guardian of the robes curtsied low. The object for which she had paraded these articles was obtained; then she proceeded, very unnecessarily, to unroll a piece of satin for the lining of the Queen's night-gowns, a bundle of whale-bone bodies, and carnation satin stomachers, when Lady Carlisle desired her to pass them,

and unfold some dresses of a darker hue. tress Sackville looked daggers through her veyelashes at Lady Carlisle, and continued, "T broad, black silk grogram gowns, lined with learnest, and these lap mantles and cloak tawny two pile vellats, mantles of fine sellats, were presented by the Archbishop of terbury and the Bishop of London, on her jesty's birthday, and these very rich and high flowers for night-gowns by Lady Holl and these petticoats, lined with crimson sellats by the Lady Mayoress.

"Why tease me with such things now?" the Queen; "let the women take them—"

"And place them in the presses," interp Lady Abergany. "Your Majesty's commishall be obeyed;" for that lady saw that Queen was in a humour to dispose of all wardrobe; the replacement of which, as fa depended upon gifts from subjects, was ye diminishing since the ship-money dissatisfaction

"Let her Majesty see again the dress she pleased to wear at the masque, given by barristers in the Temple last year," said prudent ladyship. Mistress Sackville glum unfolded a dress which had been laid by, a

consisted of a close cap of black velvet in each side, gathered into a band of ruby velvet, fastened with a gold fillet, and edged with narrow black lace, a chemisette of gauze, and standing mf of the same. A splendid purple robe of nch Genoa velvet, with corsage and straight sleeves to the elbow, turned up with cuffs of black velvet, with which the robe was edged, being lined with blue satin; with this robe were lawn half sleeves, with cuffs at the wrists, worked up to the arms with rich gold lace, and a petticuat of scarlet velvet bordered with a gold pattern, and French gloves with blue satin tops, edged with gold.

The Queen laughed at this dissection of her dress; then suddenly stopped her merriment, and with breathless anxiety bade the lady who had brightened up as she dilated upon the great objects of her soul—the apparel of her royal mistress—to seek for the golden reliquary which, attached by a hair chain, had been suspended from her neck at the period when she wore that dress, as well as the golden flagon which was attached to a girdle of gold cord, with bullion tassels, that had twice encircled the Queen's waist.

Lady Carlisle presented the trinkets, which were found in the folds of the dress. Her Majesty received them with emotion, and pressed them to her bosom. "This contains a portion of the holy cross," exclaimed the Queen; "I have not been happy since it quitted me, and but for this routing amidst my dresses, might have lost it for ever. Father Benuele, who was my confessor, and is now a cardinal, gave it me with his benediction when I quitted Paris to become Queen of England. Most truly did the holy father say that I should greatly need it. I have scarcely dared to address my orisons to the Mother of God and his saints since it quitted me. Have not I been punished? How many ills have befallen the nation since this fault of its Queen! Charles, my son, wears a portion of the sainted wood near his heart; but I forget," said she, the enthusiastic glitter of her eyes subsiding, and the high colour which had the moment previous mantled her olive cheeks, fading as she spoke, and, with a look of chilled disheartened disappointment, not unmixed with a shudder of pious disdain, added, "Your ladyships' hearts are steeled by man's sacrilegious protests against these miraculous outpourings of Christ's love to believers

in all-saving faith. But I tell you,—he had this aving relic with him this day. Could he have been saved otherwise? He never can, nay, never will forsake, spite of acts of your parliament gentry, the holy faith of his mother's church." The Queen remained some minutes in prayer at her oratory, before which she knelt, still clasping the golden reliquary to her heart.

She rose and reseated herself unconsciously mon the cushion by the glowing log-fire, whose blue reflecting on the costly adornments of the chamber, imparted to it an air of comfort and luxury. It was evidently to her Majesty a sad sacrifice to duty, the quitting of her cosey sanctum, for the labour of dispensing hospitality and gracious words and looks to her people.

One of the female attendants in the ante-room presented a note to Lady Carlisle, by whom it was handed to the Queen.

"Who brings this?" said the latter.

"A servant of the Earl of Holland, I conclude," said Lady Carlisle.

"Not so," replied the Queen; "the intiguing suspicious Holland never sends a messeg or letter directly."

Lady Carlisle, upon questioning the attendant,

Queen sinned contemptuously as sne subtle, double-dealing, peer's com "He will 'watch,' 'learn,' 'obtain is and work all for our advantage," said the note. "I distrust thee, Holland use thee a while longer." The Queen the note into the fire. As the Que train passed out of the robing-room in chamber, the messenger fled before l Queen called her back, and learnt Holland, with the douceur of a nobl deliver the note without a moment's to say to the lady of the bedchamber, plot for the assassination of the Prin had been discovered and frustrated | of Holland."

The young person was French, and addressed some condescending complim of the season to her, and warned her

"she had not yielded such favours to any of her Majesty's subjects, during the five years she had been at Hampton Court — may she never see dear France again, if she dishonour it by placing her lips in contact with brutish English."

This spirited resolve, which the cunning utterer knew would as much ensure the Queen's commendations from its anti-British sentiments, as from its prudence, was uttered in Norman French.

Henrietta Maria had brought with her several attendants from her father's court, amongst whom vas this court blanchisseuse or lingère, whose duty it was to prepare and present to the King and Queen those elaborate ruffs, cuffs, and colhap—the graceful accessories of dress in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The lingère was, however, a slight innovation made by the changes of fashion at the Court of Marie de Medici; and blanchisseuse was the term employed in the patent, under which the fair offieial held her post. Lucille was attired in a round Breton cap of spotless whiteness, under which her raven hair was clustered thickly and glossily with a deep transparent curtain or bavolet, reaching nearly to her waist, a head-dress

far prettier than the canchoise and pays de caux caps seen at every modern fancy ball. Her gown was of scarlet camlet, and over it a very pretty lawn apron bordered with worked points. She wore clumsy chopines, or sabots; but we must not wonder at this, as the courtly feet of Mademoiselle de la Fayette and Clara de Hautford, her contemporaries, are seen enclosed in a chaussure equally frightful, though of richer materials. A broad falling collar edged with lace exposed a bosom full and plump, a fair snowy contrast to the coal-black hue of her hair and eyes.

Lucille was the bearer of another secret despatch which she had full discretionary power to communicate or not, as the way opened. Sim John Denham had seen Lord Holland in conversation with the maiden, and thinking it probable that the lord of the bedchamber was communicating some trifling matter for propagation, in the course which he wished it—after his usual round-about fashion—accosted her impute the south gallery, and found his guess correct.

"Charge yourself also, to tell the Lady Mir randa Seymour," said Sir John—"tell her as inc formation you have learnt accidentally—that the

man who saved the Prince's life, is a vulgar-bred captain of some London train-bands, has seven children—that his wife has been across the river to take him back, and that they are both returned together—say this is the rumour, and that you believe it is true."

"That you cannot vouch for better than I; but, as it is so true, why need I forestall the news which Lady Miranda must quickly know with all the rest of us?" said the woman. you not better tell her yourself? What for, do you slight an opportunity to speak to her ladyship? Twere a struggle with many a brave knight and noble to exchange a word with her, and that no one knows better than you do, Sir John." This railing was speedily silenced with a double crown, and the ambassadress, conceited with a message left to her amplification or curtailment, hurried off to make the most of her story, without having the remotest idea of her instructor's motive in acquainting Lady Seymour with the exact number of children to be provided for out of the pay of this captain of train-bands, though she was more inclined to say fourteen than seven; that the largess for his courage should be proportionately rewarded by the Queen, noble lady received with indifference, at to thank her for the information.

Sir John's object was to destroy a romantic allusion, any nascent inter bosom, for the gallant man whose I timely heroism had carried off the himself in the presence of the prou in England; and though Sir John had for hopes, nor any defined thoughts was to raise an interest in himself, hendure a rival at the moment when sensations were involuntarily springin human heart is but a bit of cork upo the waves of life; now sinking down up, but never going to the bottom alt

Putting away some gorgeous d Majesty desired to be attired in on what a Queen of kindred notions, i

chain. The materials of her robe was citron and gold brocade, damasked with gold and flowers, sleres tight, and puffed with white satin clasped with gems. Two rows of throat pearls, a pendant jevel and chain of gems partly hidden in the bosom, fell on her white rounded neck. Her coif was composed of gold cloth and scarlet velvet enriched with diamonds. Her mantle was of scarlet lined with ermine, linked gracefully with a gold band of chain-work. The Queen then proceeded to the audience chamber, through the rooms now known as the Queen's gallery, a noble apartment, eighty feet long, Queen Mary's closet, the King's writing closet, King William's bedroom, and the King's drawingnom, apartments then dedicated to the service of the Consorts of the sovereign.

On her entrance, a buzz of involuntary adminition spread through the crowded rooms.

Never burst upon an assemblage a more royal cortège, than Queen Henrietta Maria and the noble and beautiful women who stepped proudly beside her. Her Majesty, affable, animated, and sparkling; a thorough Frenchwoman, attired becomingly to her petite shape, in a costume out of fashion at that time, rather than in the

the doors as they fled open in her the presence chamber. His self-con already been sadly tried; feelings of a hate had maintained a stout struggl and prudence, before they suffered the manacled and gagged—and the b in a compromise; for though bound peace, they were not vanquished.

Charles was of middle stature, his brown, inclining to paleness—his fore narrow, his brows large and dark; hi quick and penetrating, and his not rounded at the tip. His visage wa lips thick. His hair was of a rich chee falling on the shoulders in large a beard, curtailed of ancient dimension peaked, with moustachios. Though and occasionally hasty temper, he propersonal dignity by rigid gravity of 1

Subjects, as they bowed before the Sovereign, and the Sovereign receiving their dutiful greetings with condescending smiles, perfectly appreciated ach other's sincerity, and the exact value of heir mutual composition. The uxoriousness of barles was a standing joke at Court, and he wer seemed to need the initiative for personal ming, more than at the commencement of this eption. Never before was a Court held of th conflicting materials. Opposition to his had been inculcated into the Royal mind as unpardonable offence; even remarks in partent bordering upon censure of his minister, e followed by private warning, and threats of tations of royal displeasure. Besides, the , absence of the Queen, whose smiles and idishments were all important ingredients in soothing syrup prepared, according to their eral constitutional irritabilities, for those whose nt amiabilities were this day to be evokedsa damper to the hopes he had nourished of effects of the elixir.

The Queen had not taken her place at his side e seconds, but the blood flowed swifter through toyal veins, and jaunty confidence assumed more the place of chagrin and vexation.

His Majesty now had a word—at least, a half word—for every one, a handsome colloquial allowance from a Monarch to a subject, as well as a perceptible inclination of the vertebræ from that perpendicular to which pages of the presence, and masters of the ceremonies, are jealous of its undeviating adherence. Frightful looks of alarm were exchanged between the poet-laureate, Sir William Davenant, and the master of the ceremonies, Sir Edward Finett, at this unwonted development of suavity; and more than one household officer trembled for his tenure of place, if royal smiles were to flood the precincts of the Court, instead of descending like partial heat-drops on a sultry day.

The guests, who had filed from the Royal presence, now made the best of their way towards the great staircase through the second and first presence chambers and the guard-room, which were lined with yeomen of the guard in their velvet low-crowned hats, decorated with ribands of various hues; their captain, lieutenant, ensign, clerk of the cheque, exons, and ushers, being stationed at points along the line. From this noble apartment to the foot of the King's staircase, across the clock court to the

gateway, having on its turrets the busts of Vitellius and Tiberius, an awning, a precaution against a fall of snow, under which a crimson foot-cloth was laid, stretched across this ancient quadrangle, whose finest proportions have been pulled down to make way for the present structure of Sir Christopher Wren. Twenty-nine caved beasts then adorned the battlement of this court, which have also been removed by Kent, the architect, in 1732, who has substituted the present plain machicolations.

Onward they pressed, far more eager on descending than in ascending the King's great staircase, which was an approach to the royal apartments of a character entirely at variance with the present gaudy emblazonry of ultra-marine and scarlet.

The dim and mouldering softness of antiquity that should dwell upon a royal staircase, coeval with the old palace, is superseded by a vasty-proportioned, lofty, well-lighted saloon; and above and around is a glaring and sprawling legion of gods and goddesses, shining in dresses of blue, lilac, yellow, and crimson satin, fresh as from Everington's in Ludgate Hill,—a bedaubery of tawdry and sensual affectation, the

characteristics of the declining phasis of the age of Louis the pompous.

The present staircase is of stone-ours was of wood, from the oak-groves of Wimbledon. Trodden in its days of amber-coloured recent construction by the sandalled feet of holy monks of Esher, of Wey, of Newark priory,-and of prebends of York, Winchester, Durham, and Bath and Wells, paying homage to him who was successive bishop of these sees; as well as by admiring and astonished lay guests, from all parts of Christendom, of the magnificent prelate, prime minister and vicegerent of all power and patronage, lay and clerical, to a Monarch, as long as reason held sway in the latter's breast-what time the honest beams shrunk from the ingrate unstable step of this Monarch himself, undisputed possessor of the entire mighty fabric by the free gift of this glorious subject :-- and they felt the gentle flitting steps of the King's innocentsno foot-prints leaving; -those of their butchered mothers,-her of Arragon, the pride of Castile, whose steps the pavement of the Escurial had echoed proudly; - the scarce-felt pressing of a British-born queen of Howard's spotless blood, no ægis, alas! from a monster's poisonous breath;

the satin and velvet-slippered train, where "glanced the many-twinkling feet" of Boleyn's laughing pageantry,—the measured tread of the metronly Parr-her crowned boy-king's consumptire, tottering frame — that of his ducal uncle, whose head the wielding of a sceptre for his nepher's scarce-gristled hands could not save, the penalty a defeated party leader then always paid to the triumphant one - of Mary, the avenger of a despoiled altar, the single-minded but stonyhearted; and the old wood would have confessed, had it been catechised, that its heart rose to rebudding of green shoots when the doth shoes of Gardiner, Bonner, and Pole trod with their welcome weight the churchman's stairase; and in the ensuing reign of retribution, that its fibres, with expressive throbbings, would have spurned the iron-hearted, bold, and aspiring tramplings of Drake, Raleigh, Leicester, Burleigh, and Bacon, but for the Palmarin of literary chivalry—the immortal one—his russet buskins had touched the planks with no winsome brush; as, with brain bursting with fancies of unimaginable form and brightness, and skin full of royal canary, the sturdy limbs of favoured Stratford's son of all time reeled and stumbled on

Myself a saplin when my father bore The hero Edward to the Gallie shore

Down this staircase, every step of a solid beam, jostling each other uncer as expectant dinner-eaters, from th Vashti's feast, in the royal house o to the committee of the last chari the Freemasons' Tavern, are chart pushed, elbowed, and I must confess forward some four hundred guests of one thousand others of lesser mark. King's meat and quaffing the Ki within the walls of Hampton Court day. Places neighbourly with the the turkey were then as highly pri and it was a goodly sight to view pursuit of one object common to a gratification of appetite, what small paid to personal notions of disnity

lawyer would have fallen, but for the civic magistrate's chain entangling itself in the curls of the former's wig: both were sustained by mutual helplessness, as two negatives create an affirmative, from becoming sub and superstrata of casual impediments to the moving mass behind them. A few steps in advance, the broad-shouldered bulwark of Oliver Cromwell, who, locked by the right arm of Martin and the left of Hampden, became a very pretty sea-wall to the onward rolling swell of hungry corporations. Sir John Denham's splendid cloak was nearly torn from his back; but this he had disregarded but for the perpetrator, his hated brother poet, Waller, who was moving with the tide, his shining fair countenance and plain suit of mulberry-coloured velvet contrasting strikingly with the gold broade pourpoint and green velvet mantle, lined with cloth of gold, with its points of green and crimson silk, of the former. The hand which he placed to his throat to protect his diamond graffe was knocked upwards, at the same moment, by an over-dressed dandy of the most rulgar cast, a "gent" in fact, an exaggeration of his own costume, a horrible thing in purple relve stlashed with satin, son of the wealthy common councilman, named Lionel Phelps, stood before him pettishly swaggering at b checked by a temporary stoppage in the thror

- "Struck at last, and to the midriff, Sir J the invulnerable!" exclaimed Sir William D nant, in an excitement of high spirits. former turned round in the direction of the viconsiderably horrified at the freedom of the reate's personalities, which had already rais sulphureous hue on his pale cheeks. Curling handsome upper lip disdainfully, he only descended, in a compassionate tone for his ther poet's vulgarity of diction, to throw out siderately,
- "Midriff, Sir William! your last few h must have been spent in his Majesty's slaughouse, among the yeoman of the butchery; terms are too professional, too—"
- "I repeat midriff, or liver, if it likes neater," said Sir William, interrupting Denl measured philology; "that's the spot, on authority for potting love-seed:
  - 'Cor sapit, et pulmo loquitur, fel commovet, Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur,'

as saith Ebrard de Bethuno; and Dr. 1

mond will tell thee, Anastathius is of the same opinion."

"But by what authority do you pretend to guge my susceptibilities? I should be grateful for your interest," said Sir John Denham, edging further from his tormentor.

"Oh, Cupid! oh, Cupid! who but Argentans had dared to splutter the ungallant mendacity which blots the Anthology, we conned together at Lincoln College, Sir John, in the sholars' rooms, in the south court, under the rebus of Bishop Beckington, the founder, the Beacon and Tun?

'When eye-beams of lustre

Set our hearts in a fluster,

And a dimple or smile

Does our senses beguile;

And we struggle to prove,

That at last we're in love,

We but simper a blunder all others above.'

Who shall defend Argentarius now thy occupation is gone, Sir John?" and the laughing hazel eyes of Sir William filled with tears, so everbrimming was his exultation at the overthrow of his indomitable friend, who was wont to boast of being heart-proof against the charms of woman.

- "Confess that thou feelest the truth, rather, the old cynic's qualification, for which I half for give his prior heresy:—
  - 'But when we have courage to own no disgrace
    In adoring a homely but animate face,
    And feel that within, every fibre and fin
    Of our bosom responds to some treasure therein,
    Love's the name that the flame thus ignited may claim

But I will be no party to making further transition of his relapse. I stop, and leave to thee spin his Greek into etymology attuned to thy memotions," exclaimed Davenant, amidst t laughter of those within hearing of these u feeling personalities.

"The smack of thy father's ale at the Cro is still in my palate, as are in the book a volume of my brain his ingle corner stor about his roistering customer, Will Shakespea who, they do say, friend Davenant, found quarters at thy father's so comfortable, that, the life of him, he could not budge withe giving his nag a month's bait, when he journey from Warwickshire to London. Thy progeni must have been enriched by his customer; thy mother always drew his ale and received reckoning—in sonnets to her eyes," replied D

ham with a jaunty impertinent air to his rival's impromptu translation.

Davenant had some difficulty in restraining his anger at the cool sarcasm of his antagonist, from whom he had little reason to expect mercy, for there was a quiet biting effrontery about Sir John Denham, that no one would willingly encounter. He was sagacious enough to abstain from any retort at the moment, being well aware that public scandal imputed his parentage to the preference which Shakespeare always proclaimed for the Crown tavern, kept by Davenant's father; of the truth of which surmise we are sorry to confess, for the strict morality of the great bard of nature and humanity, there is very little doubt.

By some overshare of simplicity, he rather unhappily remarked in discountenance of Denham's insinuation, "Poeta nascitur non fit," a negative postulate for one not displeased with a lefthanded pedigree from the great master of the art in which his flatterers and patrons, Lord Jermyn and other good listeners, had found small difficulty in persuading him, he was more than a smatterer

"Exactly so," rejoined Denham, "ex nihilo

nihil fit. We knew thy father—a bonny tapste was not he? Like father, like son!"

- "I am not deemed at all like my father," r plied Davenant, his secretly cherished conce overcoming his discretion; so Denham had thard-heartedness to rejoin,
- "God forbid, if jingling Johnny was rig when he apologised for you, most lyrical laurea
  - 'Will Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance, That he got lately travelling into France, Modestly hoped that the handsomeness of his muse Might any deformity about him excuse,'

## you remember-?"

This revival of Sir John Suckling's pasquade, was neither creditable nor kind in Denha whose youth was far more faulty than his bether' poet's; but the fact was, that the unpecedented, forgiving spirit with which Daven: immortalized the author of his wrongs, as Dathe Moorish lady in his poem of Gondibedoomed him from that moment to be a fair befor the satirical wit of Suckling, Denham, a May, in whose rhymes Devenant's simplicity caludicrous figure. Jokes such as these, band between poet, belted knight, jewelled not plumed courtier, sable silk-hosed member of

House of Commons, and scarlet gowned alderman of the corporation, beguiled the slow progress down the King's staircase, across the Clock Court to the second gateway towards the great hall.

Behind these, making the best of his way through the throng in the second presence chamber, Mr. Hyde, then a barrister of the Middle Temple, in his full legal habit of wig, gown, and band; Sir Kenelm Digby, John Vaughan, John Selden, Lenthall, and other bright ornaments of the legal profession in and out of parliament, all robed, were in the throng struggling down the staircase.

"Your friend Pym is I see here to-day," said Digby with slightly-raised brow and sarcastic curl of his lip.

"My friend!" exclaimed the courtly Hyde, with an air of alarm so amusingly irrestrainable, that laughter, unbecoming the proximate presence of an enthroned monarch, broke from all who overheard the conversation, and witnessed the future chancellor's trepidation.

"Nay, Master Hyde, deny it not. Colepepper, Godolphin, Frank Wenman, and Ned Waller, who now hear me, will tell you it is

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those dear friends of the King, I that ill-tempered, unmannerly Huntin Oliver Cromwell, of whose tap I sh you had a dose strong enough in Leter's inclosure business to hold you that cask again, to flavour the turl you munch there; that bumption hamshire martyr Johnny Hampden bert Brooke's brother-in-law Sir Alerig, Nat Fiennes, and Harry Marthese the only men in the House yaway the cozy hours with between and committees?"

"I have not been absent a morn House since I took my seat for my d for Wootton Bassett and Shafte

<sup>•</sup> The houses of Parliament then, met a every morning and frequently adjourned at t

Majesty's service by biding my time over my matten, to bring back stray sheep to the fold," seplied Hyde, with an air of injured innocence and self-complacency.

"Twere hard to touch pitch without defilement, and thou hast not the excuse, that missentune finds us strange bed-fellows," said Sir John Colepepper, member for Kent, in a gruff touc, whose rough nature and hot head could not be brought to understand the propriety of keeping on good terms with more parties than one.

"Dissembler!" muttered Colepepper, eyeing the learned gentleman with aversion. "With only two ministers in the house, to defend His Majesty's measures, thou and Sir Harry Vane, the King will be more lucky than I gage for him, if he stems the next spring tide."

The great officers of state, peers of highest ruk, and ambassadors having the privilege of the cutrée, had proceeded from the audience chamber, by the King's private apartments to the great hall.

In this reception-room, opposite the chair of state, and the canopy under which Charles was receiving his guests, had been recently hung a

ery large picture of Gerard Honthorst, who atronised and much employed by the King It is a bold and difficult attempt enough associate historical and mythological personage in the same picture; but to combine history and mythology in the same person, and then associate with these compound individuals a set of other personifications, unheard of before, is assuredly a

The picture thought so much of by the much bolder stroke. King, as to merit its then prominent position is transferred since to the Queen's staircase, so hangs right before us as we pass the upper fli of steps. In this Olympus travestic Charles his Queen, as Apollo and Diana, are sittir the clouds; the Duke of Buckingham, under figure of mercy, introduces to them the ar sciences, while several genii drive away en In this room, too, were four las tures by Vandyke, with which the K delighted. These are now scattered at I in the Louvre, and at Windsor. The basse court from the windo

apartments of the ladies of honour. servants in the western front, had pearance of a parterre of anemones spring flowers; the velvet-jewel, clasped-plume, adorned cap of the noble and knightly gentle, the sable and dark-hued robe of the learned profession, mingled with muffled toque, and craine pressed carefully to many a white transparent throat and cheek; while blue velvet mantles, trimmed and variously hued, enveloped fair dames, who hurried from coach and barge, through the elm trees, as they urged to quicker pace their escorting cavaliers, on whose gold and silver chains, and cloth-of-gold dresses, the winter's san cheerfully fell. The majority were in military costume; uniform would be a misplaced tem, similarity of regulation-dress, as has been observed in the musquetiers this day on duty, we exacted from no officer. Fancy and prodigality regulated the dress of every gentleman, soldier or civilian, and many young men strode this court that day, and dined in the hall, who considered half-a-year's income well spent upon their persons.

## CHAPTER VII.

Disappointment of Lady Carlisle. — Mr. Pym. — L Royal Christmas Entertainment in the Great Hall, 16—The Boar's Head and Carols of the Day.

THE late arrival of the Queen in the preser chamber before dinner was an incident too i. portant to pass unnoticed. To more than a 1 it bore the appearance of an insult, and the were those at the palace to-day, unfortunate but too well disposed to take it as such. formed grounds for an unmerciful shower of r lery upon Mr. Pym from his friends. it was, who had persuaded them to accept invitation to the palace as a peace-offering, 4 urged upon them that an open rejection of proffered good-will of their sovereign must prive them of the support of the people; argument that struck home with legislators were too wary to throw away a chance in game of politics. The catastrophe on the

ald propos in the extreme: though their ds had been composed by Lord Essex's timeinterference, yet the public affront just rered from the Queen had revived every distrust their sovereign's sincerity. Passing the pre-= nce, the King was coldly polite to Hampden, Fromwell, and Martin, but scarcely noticed Lord imbolton, Fiennes, Strode, Holles, Pym, and Lers. The Queen had taken her place beneath be canopy of state but the moment before these tlemen were announced, and had the wilful prodence to commence a conversation with Lady Carlisle, and affect not to notice them they severally, with a singular deference, made Lineir lowly obeisance to her, after bowing before the King.

Ledy Carlisle coloured violently,—most grieverally was she wounded; nor could she avoid receiving a reproachful glance from Mr. Pym, with an abashed air entirely at variance with the Duke of Northumberland, had never forgiven the daughter of a Percy for wedding the recently created Earl of Carlisle—enormously wealthy and highly accomplished as his lordship was universally acknowledged to be.

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Pym was the most vigorous, untiring, as eloquent of the party opposed to the governmen an unflinching patriot in the eyes of the peopl a restless, exterminating, pestilential demagogr in those of his opponents. That congeniali or even easy neighbourhood could exist betwee the delicate bloom of the very peach-down of a stocracy, and the rough rind of so hardy an oal or that any sentiment in common could be he by minds whose association and experience we elementarily hostile, was to the common ratio nation of her titled associates a problem inexp In the dull conventionalities of high-br cable. manners, these butterflies of the Court knew r that emancipated minds, soaring to a certs range, converge to each other; though the s condary causes of stimulus, and all the sphere their exercise, are wide as the poles asund The friendship of this highly-born lady for h Pym, the relentless persecutor, and ultima destroyer of the champion of her order, nevertheless sincere.

The possessors of high principle, and undeviating maintainers of it, through good port and evil report, however antagonists, has feelings more akin to love for each other, than

would be at any time safe to disclose to inferior minds, whom, in cohorts of partisans, they lead on to throw away life as of no account in their contests. Disgust and contempt will ever exist in more intense degree for those whom necessity makes our allies, than for those with whom we wage open war.

Lady Carlisle, a real friend to the Queen, vamly entered into the wish, the promising, though short-lived offspring of the King's better judgment; the effecting of some reconcilement of parties at this critical juncture, auxiliary to the recent admission to office of Lord Falkland, Lord Essex, and Lord Holland, with its proffer to Mr. Hampden and Lord Bedford. If she struggled with woman's pride, it was but for a moment,—the object was too momentous. So resolved, she requested Mr. Pym, after the Guildhall entertainment before alluded to, to attend her at Whitehall, where she immediately entered upon the subject, and sought to engage his influence to soften down the proud spirits of his friends.

Mr. Pym listened—how could he help it? with admiration to the vision painted by a beautiful, enthusiastic woman; and when she spoke confidently of an union of sincere patriots, who only differed in their means of accomplishing the same glorious purposes for the happiness of their common country,—their monarch,—his people,-her eyes sparkling with fire, a rich colour mantling her features as she stood before the senator the very majesty of womanhood, he vowed to devote himself to all and everything thus besought. Their interview became tender and prolonged. On leaving the saloon he said in a confident and proud tone, "I will lead the whole House of Commons after me; but, your ladyship must assure me of the conditions,—the Queen must receive us as our queen,—as the Queen's Mistress of the Robes desires to see the representatives of the people received."

- "O yes! her Majesty will smile graciously on you all,—she has a good heart, but foully practised upon by that peer of Kensington.—Beware of false friends, Mr. Pym."
- "What, Holland! Impossible!" exclaimed he, . with the greatest astonishment.
  - "Enough," said Lady Carlisle; "not a word."
- "Recollect, madam, the terrible responsibility under which you seek to place me. I brings those to the royal presence who know not the.

The Court are dross, compared with the respect and love of their countrymen!" said Mr.

Pym, with the flushed countenance and agited manner of one who felt pledged by these

ods to an act, the most critical and momentous

of his life.

"Tell your unmanageable friends to fear no learning of their dignity. They will rise in their own opinion higher for their moderation.

They owe it you, their ablest leader, not to fly in your face."

"The prestige of the throne is in our opinion but an incidental attribute of one estate of the land, and if we yield to the encroachments of like to all," replied he, speaking with fervour, hist his hand slightly smote that of the beauticular counters, which was carelessly placed on a lead cabinet on the table before which they stood, he took it in his,—she did not withdraw it,—she did not withdraw it,—she took it enclosed anything so grateful to the leach,—so silky soft, rounded, fleshy, yet symmetrically delicate. She saw that his rigid party prejadices were thawing in her presence, and continued,—

"The Queen is far more manageable thanformerly, since the Capucins are gone, and Marshal Bassompière reminded of his position. Her
quick temper is as prone to seek ease in being
led, as in leading. When mutual misapprehension is the only barrier to our happiness, do not
let me say that Mr. Pym will not assist me to
overthrow it,—assure me?"

"I swear," said he, pressing her hand to his lips. Here their interview terminated by her duties calling her about the person of the Queen.

After such assurances, upon which, after much earnest entreaty, he had accomplished all that Lady Carlisle desired, and to be so disappointed, Mr. Pym felt himself cruelly compromised with his friends, whose looks convinced him that they believed themselves deceived,—that they had been brought to Court only to be the dupes of their sovereign. Could any position to a party leader be more bitterly, more dismally abasing? From this moment serious thoughts arose in their minds, and conviction took the place of suspicion, that good faith was not to be looked for from the crown. Had it not been for Lord Essex's persuasion, they would have returned.

immediately after their rude reception by the underlings in the gateway, and on any other day of the year but this, they would not, by any Penusion, have broken bread at the table of the King, after such an undisguised exhibition of Penonal aversion; so they sullenly took their Places in the hall with the other guests.

When all were placed, a flourish of trumpets amounced the entrance of their majesties and the royal children, who were ushered in by the Lord Steward and his officer, to a table raised on a dais, the site of the present one.

The hall at this moment wore an exhilarating,
—nay, magnificent appearance. The intrinsic
beauties of this truly regal apartment, its grand
Proportions, its high-pitched roof, elaborately timbered and richly decorated with heraldic carvings of royal badges, and curious carved pendants, glittering with its gilt grotesque embellishments, were seen to advantage. The sun had
seated himself on the summit of the arc of the
meridian, and poured through the seven tall capacious windows a flood of light, clarified, in passing
through its seasonable medium; the sprightly,
thin atmosphere of a frosty, hale old-fashioned
winter's day. Well known and admired as this

hall is to Londoners, who have, in wonde crowds, flocked from a distance of twelve m in numbers averaging one thousand every from accounts kept at the palace, throughout summer months of the years since the palace gardens have been open to public inspection we cannot refrain from reiterating its praises, entreating those in the country, who have traversed the thirty-three noble state apartm thrown open and kept in order for the enjoyr of her subjects, by Queen Victoria, to lay it their consciences not to quit the county of I dlesex without purchasing Mr. Jesse's "S mer's day at Hampton Court," or Mr. Co "Hand-book for its Architecture, Tapestries, Pa ings, Gardens, and Grounds," and hieing thi with a resolution awfully critical, to ascer from ocular demonstration the correctness these companionable volumes. With the dences given in the latter, the architectural & quary may stand in this hall and identify all every pendant, reprise, corbel, or spandrel the artist who executed it, and its actual three hundred years ago. A similar identi tion is scarcely possible with any other build of similar antiquity.

That this hall is erroneously called Wolsey's is proved, beyond question, by the original payments for every portion of the building being made when Wolsey was dead.

In the chapter-house at Westminster, we have seen accounts, -- and they are a model for the dy-book of any modern clerk,—of the payments of every portion of the building from the foundation to the roof, of which is there, in every instance, expressed for "the King's new hall," and was not commenced until after the Cardinal had given up Hampton Court to King Henry the Eghth, in compliment to which unprecedented munificent gift from a subject to a sovereign, Wolsey had "permission to reside at the King's manor of Richmond." The Cardinal, then Archbishop of York, became lessee (renewable for ever at a fine) in A.D. 1514, of the manor of Hampton Court from Sir Thomas Docwra, prior of the Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which had been vested in them about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and commenced the building of this palace in the following year. We may add, that the right of free warren over the manors which Sawyer the verderer described as once belonging to the

manorial chase, belongs at this moment to t Crown. In June 1525, Wolsey presented Ham ton Court to the Crown. The colours of t stained glass of the great western and easte windows were never more dazzling at this seas of the year. The great western window t creditably restored by Willement, which is qu a chapter in English history,) received to-d without, the approving smiles from the King day, seated on the central throne of the u verse; and within, later in the afternoon, 1 blazing radius of the bright flame of the ceds log fire, flashed against rafters, roof, gilded corbe pendants, and emblazoned shields, as well upon its various tinted panes, where every bai hue the eye delights to recreate upon, was trously blended. In the centre of this wir stands Henry the Eighth, in gorgeous rot state, that irrevocable stain upon irrespo royalty; on either side, the armorial he he left them nought else, of the six daring who ventured to recal him to his duty. his oaths; but, deeming domestic vir worthy of his kingly destinies, he stru five from his side,—history tells us his murder,-brutality, which turns a lovi

soon to clay, and when that method of extermination proved too slow,—the deadly steel. Out upon his hideous bloatedness, too gross for the abbatoir!

Beneath these are the badges of offspring who were successively his crown, and who shuddered to call him father.

The great east window is resplendent with similar badges, - bright-hued insignia twined funtastically by the gentle laws of arms: the costs of King Henry the Seventh, his mother, the great and good Countess of Richmond, to whom and himself this King erected the chapel at Westminster that bears his name; those of the Beauforts, "John of Ghaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and Edmund of York. Neither should we neglect to mention that prominent and beautiful feature of the hall, the bay window at the upper end (of what is now the dais), extending from the upper part of the wall nearly to the floor: the lightness and elegance of its richly-curved pendant fans excited the admiration of all the guests. On one of the panes of glass in this bay window, tradition says, that Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, whose portrait hangs in the Queen's Gallery (No. 306), so famous for

the tenderness and elegance of his poetry, and for his martial nature, wrote some lines with a dismond, intended for the eyes of the fair Geraldine. He confesses that

"Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine."

The bright hues of the silk, and the lustre of the gold and silver thread of the ten great tapestries of the history of Abraham, are at this day far from faded, and at the period of our chronicle, just two hundred years ago, they had the glossy freshness of the dye-house and the goldsmith's.

From the walls waved the twelve bannerets of  $\exists$  the Crown, generally carried, in coronations and  $\triangle$  royal funerals, by twelve barons.

The first on the left-hand side was that of King Henry the Second, and Eleanor of Aquitaine; the second, of King John and Isabel of Angoulême; the third, of King Henry the Third and Eleanor of Arragon; the fourth, of King Edward the First and Eleanor of Castile; the fifth, of King Edward the Second and Isabel France; the sixth, of King Edward the Third and Philippa of Haynault; the seventh, of Edward of Langley, Duke of York, and Isabel Castile; the eighth, of Richard, Earl of Canada Castile;

bridge, and Ann Mortimer; the ninth, of Richard, duke of York, and Cicely Neville; the tenth, of King Edward the Fourth, and Elizabeth Woodville; the eleventh, of King Henry the Seventh and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth; the twelfth, of James the First and Ame of Denmark. That of King Charles and Henrietta Maria of France floated over the royal chair.

The King passed up the hall. Every one made a profound obeisance to his Majesty; and none more willingly and more respectfully than the members and City authorities, though in the alute of the former might be detected a dignified restraint that sat uneasily upon them.

The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Prince and Princess Palatine took their seats at a table on the dais, the trumpet from the music gallery sounded thrice, and a blessing was asked by the Bishop of London. The comp d'wil of this noble hall at this moment was inexpressibly striking. The immense fire of cedar wood in the centre, crackling, flaming, ascending in voluminous fiery wreaths to the cupola in the roof, threw around a glow of heat and light which, later in the evening, when the sun

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was down, fell upon the dresses and jewels of guests, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy cold and shades of every hue, and throwing I tinged with refracted sparklings from diamor jaspers, topazes, emeralds, amethysts and rul adorning the persons of the flower of the the estates of the realm here assembled.

Grace had no sooner been said by the Bis of London than a flourish of trumpets annour the approach of the boar's head, borne by master cook. The trumpeters marched slo up the hall, followed closely by a yeoman of larder bearing the master cook's white staff; t the master cook himself, bearing before him a silver dish, of dimensions equal to many a most drawing-room loo-table, the meat of meats, meat of the day, the wild boar's head, we seemed sensible of the honours paid to his browned and shining countenance.\*

Sir William Davenant declared he detect smile of triumph playing upon his savoury ch from beneath the rosemary sprigs that spro-

\* "Ovatio Carolina. Triumphant manner of rece his Majesty King Charles into the City, the banqu Guildhall, and the banquet on Christmas-day to his k subjects, 1641." from his ears, and expected to see the lemon full from his tusked snout, so decidedly was it Puckered with dimples generated by excusable unity. This was placed before their Majesties ho commended its size, the Queen saying it ipsed all former Christmas displays, and desired the master cook to present her with a slice.

The master cook bowed lowly—bore the dish way to the end of the royal table nearest the window; where, unawed by the touch of the royal sleeve, he might scientifically dispense it; yeoman then presented him with a huge carving-bride and a two-pronged fork, (then a luxury of recent introduction,) and, glowing with honest pride, he cut rich slices of the seasoned dainty for his royal mistress.

This functionary, in his state-dress, had stood behind his Majesty's chair, as cooks royal have been wont to stand from time immemorial. His Privilege was to place before his royal master the swoured food. He was guarantee for its blame-leaness, its innocency from regicide ingredients. He had tasted, with two golden spoons, all the dishes that, panting and perspiring for the coming presentation to a crowned head, had been swayed, as we have seen, before his tribunal held

an hour before dinner in the hall kitchen. It only in palaces and noblemen's houses and club-houses that the head artificer of our ap tites takes his just rank.

During this formal introduction of the bonhead, the choristers in the minstrel's gallery a vigorously, with voices that thrilled through bold oak pendants of the roof,—

To Windsor we sped from Hampton Court;
I' the forest the wild boar shewed gallant sport,
For dogs, horses, and men, his tusks held at bay;
But we bore off his head for Christmas day:

(Chorus.) For Christmas-day—for Christmas-d
So bear it along, 'tis right worthy the board,
For King, prelates, and peers, a repast to afford;
Long shall tremble the nations with fear of our stroke
Whilst we feast on the boar, fed from fruit of the oak
(Chorus.) Whilst we feast on the boar, fed from fruit of the oak.

After the removal of the first course, another carol, or karrile, was sung, as had been by a Majesty's predecessors from time immemorian Leland, in his collection, tells us that "Henry the Seventh kept his Christmas at Greenwich, or Twelfth-night, after high mass, and the King went to the hall and kept his estate at the table in the middle sat the dean and those of the

King's chapel, who immediately after the first course sung a carroll," for those were the days when

"The mass was sung,
And the bells were rung."

"When I was at Oxford," said the Bishop of London to Dr. Hammond, the chaplain in ordinary to the household at Hampton Court, the boar's head was served with more reverence; we retained their a karile\* song in Latin for many hundred years."

"Can your grace remember it?" asked Dr. Hammond, perceiving that his diocesan only waited to be asked to repeat a reminiscence of his Christmas keeping at College.

"Remember it! ay, I hear at this moment with perfect distinctness, the surpliced children of Queen's College Chapel hailing, in joyous chorus, the broad silver platter as it was placed on the fellows' table. At the bringing in of the boar's

\* The ancient kariles were not the religious carols rung at the present day, which were substituted by the Puriana.

The above is from "Christmasse Karilles newly imprynted in London, in the Flete Street, at the Sygn of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, MDXXI. 4°." It is still sung at Trinity Hall, Oxford.

head, stuck with rosemary and a lemon in mouth, the choristers in the gallery over the cloister broke forth with full clear voices karille sung regularly on the occasion, s Queen Philippa founded the college.

> " Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

The Bore's Heade in hande bring I, With garlands gay, and rosemary. I pray you all synge merely,

Qui estis in conviviis.

The Bore's head I understande Is the chefe servyce in this lande. Loke wherever it be fonde.

Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, Lordes, both more and lasse, For this hath ordayned our Stewarde, To chere you all this Christmasse, The Bore's Head with mustarde."

"Let all these old customs be kept up, I se —let them be kept up, Dr. Hammond. gentleman of estate in England is bound to ke open an house on this day. It is a condition up which he holds his estate. It grieves me to he it said, that the friars and priests of papal tin had more of the love of their neighbour than v It must not be."

The tables were covered with rich gold plate and ressels of crystal; costly cups of exquisite Torkmanship, presents to the King and his precessors from his own subjects as well as from reign courts, being borne round incessantly uring the repast, containing wines from every Dentry in Europe. Never to repast was better astice done; the sharpness of the air and the istance of their morning travel had bestowed on ach an appetite unknown in these days to the ushioned railway-borne guest of Windsor's festi-His Majesty was pleased to drink most aciously to his most distinguished guests, aserities seemed forgotten, and all went on as noothly as Caleb Gravymeat had foretold. Vhilst this was going on in the hall, countless omestics and hangers-on at the palace were realing in the three great kitchens; and their visterous merriment was distinctly heard in the ormer. A page might be filled with names of the heads of departments of the palace economy who sat under the presidency of Caleb the cook.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Discovery of the Name of the Prince's Preserver.—Capt
Monk refuses the overtures of Mr. Hampden.—L
Holland abashed.—First Interview with Lady Miras
Seymour and Elizabeth Phelps.—The Wine Conduit
the Fountain Court and Christmas Revels.

The narrow escape of the young Prince was leading topic with the household, and threats what they each would, should, and ought to ha done to the lubberly craftsmen, who had dispally and sacrilegiously fouled his Highness boat, were uttered with more or less delicacy reserve, according to circulation of wine and a High words passed between the servants of Los Say-and-Sele and those of Lord Newcastl swords were drawn from their sheaths, which the master-cook, who considered himself answers for the peace of the kitchen, commanded straigs way to be taken away from their owners. Or habited in military undress, very boisterous

his indignation at some disrespectful remarks of a servant of Lord Warwick upon the carriage of the Prince of Wales and the beauty of the Queen, smote the buff-liveried serving-man on the arm with his short sword, which nothing but the broad silver badge of the bear and ragged staff, borne on the left arms of all Lord Warwick's servants, happily prevented from an extempore amputation. Seized and brought before the cook, the man was asked to show cause against taking a douche bath in a large copper of Coomb Wood Spring stream, and the lid put down to keep out the frost from biting his nose, the part of his person most likely, under such circumstances, to be above water. This threat several of the King's brewers and gentlemen of the butlery were but too enchanted to execute with punctuality and despatch, when the man exclaimed,

"What! would you souse Captain Monk's own ralet? I am a Surrey man, bred and born. Haversac's my name."

"Who's Captain Monk, that his service should protect you from any judgment I can inflict for a breach of peace in the kitchen?" said the cook; "put him in the cold water—a potatoe's fate shall be his."

"Ah! ah! in with him," cried the King' brewers; "we shall light the fire anon. H may boil till he runs over; we won't stop hir then."

This sally raised a loud laugh amongst pur veyors, brewers, and clerks of the kitchen.

- "Mercy on me!" screamed the terrified man "Captain Monk saved the Prince to-day. H did—he did. I'm his servant—don't boil m alive."
- "Your only chance of escape is informing u where your master is, that we may drink hi health," said the cook.
- "I followed him into the palace but half a hour ago, and was told to wait his pleasure in th kitchen here. O! what will he do to me when he finds I've told this? He would not have i known for the world."
  - "Why?" said several.
- "Because he never lets any good action that he does be known, or have one be talked about He cashiered a corporal for challenging anothed in Lord Jermyn's dragoons for refusing to ow that his captain was a braver man than his."
- "You are that clout of a messenger, Sergeam Potheridge, may be, then—that sulky, ill-mar

nered fellow, wrapped up like a king of the gipsies, that slipped away when Sir John Denham treating the guard," said Gravymeat junior.

"Bless your hearts, the sergeant's the master himself. He came across dripping like a retriever after flushing ducks in Moulsey mill-dam; but he had not landed five minutes, or got a quarter of a mile on his way to Ember Court, where he came last evening on a visit to Sir Guy Carleton, for he's off to Ireland with Lord Leicester to fight the bloody rebels——"

"Why did the captain bolt? He must be made of cast-iron, copper joints, and steel lungs, if he can stand of his own accord in wet clothes such a day as this, to be stared at in the court until a parcel of lords and gentlemen, with appetites for each other's vitals, grew cool enough to ask the only man in the secret the drift of what they were talking about," asked the apothecary.

"Master," continued the servant, a corporal, "was on his road to shift his clothes over at Ember Court, when comes news of the skirmish bout the boat, and who did it; and as master and I were the only ones who saw that the parliament folks did not do it purposely—that their coxswain halloo'd as loud as he could

to the stroke-oar of the Prince's boat to prout of the way, and that there were some of a guard here who were about to make short we with the gizzards of the crew of the big boat—threw off his cap, snatched my hat, drew cloak over his face, and 'right about's' the wo—'silence, for your lives!'—we knew what in the wind, but waited by his order off the statill he hailed us at the weir higher up the riv A precious time he kept us. We landed hi and he shifted his dress at Ember Court, a would not have come across again, but for La Leicester, who brought him to dine in thall."

"Lord Leicester cannot have introduced h to the King, or we should have heard a ro St. George salute for the Prince's deliverer," s the clerk of the kitchen.

"How should he? Lord Leicester kno nothing about master's duck in the river. V servants were bade not to speak of it till he left Ember Court. No more would you he been in the secret but for that great kettle the There's no standing that—so now let me go."

The man with whom the soldier had quirelled joined in petitioning for his release, whi

he might have taken without hindrance from master cook, master butler, or master baker, who were too loyal to delay a moment drinking long life to Captain Monk of Potheridge.

It was this shout that attracted the royal can; and the next minute John Muckle—or Muckle Jack, as he called himself—the King's jester, dressed in full regulation motley costume of for-skin cap and bells—a very abbot of fools—skipped up the hall to the royal table, pushed back the pages in waiting, successors to the servers and serving-men, who, as well as the master cook behind the royal chair with a gold spoon, did duty during the repast; and demanded of the King to fill a cup to the youngest knight of the Bath.

The Queen and the Princess Mary smiled, and looked at the Elector Palatine, the husband of the latter.

"Dullards!" said the jester, "what Elector of Rhine dare take an icicle bath for the love of the ladies on a winter's day?—who but a chip of the royal block—the Prince of Wales?"

"We will drink our son's health with joy, and God bless his deliverer, whoever he may be!" said the King, with more pleasure in his

face than he had shown during the dinner, which had been up to this moment, from causes best known to himself, at least no festival to his Majesty.

"God bless his deliverer!—The King speaks like a prophet for once, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen. 'Blessed is he that layeth his life down for another,' saith the Scripture," quoth Muckle John, consequentially.

The Queen, Lady Carlisle, Lady Seymour, and Lady Dorset, exchanged a few words.

"Tis passing strange that none of you can tell me who the gentleman was," said the former. "Had he started post from the frontiers of Flanders to the peaks of the Pyrenees, and assumed a thousand disguises, Cardinal Mazarin had brought him to the Louvre, had I held up my finger."

"Let the King drink to the man whom he delighteth to honour in the templar's cup;—before it be emptied at this table, I will bring the man before thee, O King!" said the jester.

This discourse was passing at the royal table, some distance from the one at which its object was modestly sitting, with Lords Leicester and Lindsey, conversing upon the forthcoming campaign in Ireland against the rebels, whither Captain Monk, who had just returned from Scotland, was repairing.

"Let the templar's cup be filled with sack-Posset. But mark!" said the King, laughing, "if thou fail'st, we will make thee drink it."

"Full of salt water!" exclaimed the jester confidently.

Steaming with tempting odours of sack-posset, stood the stately cup of pure gold, weighing More than two hundred ounces, of the value of One thousand marks, presented by the benchers of the Temple to the King's father, in grateful acknowledgment of his letters patent, granting the Temple to the two societies, their heirs and assigns for ever, for the lodging and education of the professors and students of the laws of England, the benchers paying to the crown for ever, ten pounds yearly, for the mansion called the Inner Temple, and ten pounds yearly for the Middle Temple.\* On one side of this cup was curiously engraven a church or temple, and on the other, an altar whereon was holy fire, the flames in frosted gold, and over the flames

<sup>\*</sup> On this tenure the Temple continues to be held.

the words nil nisi vobis. The cover of the rich cup was gold, the upper part like a pyram i - Fic whereon was standing the figure of a man Ī complete armour, with a Roman shield. sooner had the cup touched the King's lip the the jester with a bound (that would do credit > Perot, in Alma, when he skips upstairs from an the fire office below, to accompany Fanny Cerito 100 as valet de place amongst mortals) darted at th trembling servant, whom he had brought from the kitchen, and placed close to the figure or "Superbia riding on a nondescript," worked in the tapestry, under the minstrels' gallery, whilsts he challenged the King to his toast - lugged him forward by the ears, from whose roots he threatened to up-tear them, unless his master 3 was at sight made known, from amongst the guests who filled that immense hall.

The faithful Haversac, drawing up his legs alternately like a ham-stringed goose, one of Mrs. Rae's polka pupils, or the beam of a condensing steam pump, writhed in acute pain during his progress towards the tables. He would have been proof against it all, and have submitted to the agonizing interview of the relentless e jester's thumb and fore-finger nails in the most os.

frame, before he would have been guilty of an act of disobedience, but for encountering his master's eye close to the motto "misericordia," in the tapestry of Abraham offering up Isaac, on the wall, on the right of the hall.

What has your servant been doing, to be handled thus, Captain Monk?" inquired Lord Leicester, to whom the man's person was known.

His inquiry no sooner reached the jester's ears than he loosened his victim, and saluted with his red shoe streaming with ribbons of the same colour, the roundest and most fleshy part of the man's person; a mark of valedictory attention that Propelled him with the rapidity of a cannon-ball amongst the burly carcases of the beaf-eaters, still the defamatory alias of the yeoman of the guard.

\*\*Eureka! Eureka!" shouted Johnny Muckle,

\*wirling his way like a humming-top to the

royal table, plucking the velvet, satin, and cloth

short cloaks, as they temptingly hung from the

shoulders of their wearers down the line of seats

in his progress, and quickly apprised their Majesties that he had brought up by habeas corpus

the gentleman life-preserver, as he called Captain Monk; and raising aloft the great gold cup,

shouted out to the highest note of his voice "that the King and Jack Muckle were drinking to the sound condition of the patent river drags now laid up in ordinary in wife-killing Harry's hall."

"Will not the King command him to our table to receive his Majesty's thanks?" asked in an undertone the Lady Seymour of Lady Carlisle; and the Princess Mary made the same inquiry of her mother, who said a few words to the King.

The King had heard his daughter's wish, and immediately observed, "that in the drawing room, before the masque commenced, there would be fitter opportunity for marking the royal sens of obligation."

The young Princess looked disappointed, assecretly grudged the encroachment of royal equette upon the natural feelings of gratitu. 
gushing in her heart, and contumaciously structured gling for a first place in her person, contrary all codes of royal physiologists, from Machia to Shaftesbury.

The Queen was impatient to express the thanks to the preserver of her darling son, but ventured not on points of form to cross the

of her husband, who piqued himself upon knowing every minutize of court ceremonial better than the master of the ceremonies himself.

The young Prince was about rising to express his feelings in person, but was restrained by his methodical father, who, believing the externals of monarchy to be infinitely more essential to the dignity of the crown than the confidence of the legislature, would have regarded Sir Robert Peel as an irreconcilable enemy to the monarchy and a mak republican, had he heard him declare in Parliament, as the author did, "that a Government without the confidence of a majority of the House of Commons was unconstitutional, and should be ejected."

Old folks see strange changes; the branded Catholicism of our grandfathers' day is the petted High Church loyalty of ours—the sneered at Radicalism of our fathers has become the moderate gentlemanly Conservatism of their sons. O strugglers for principle for conscience' sake, ye are in a quagmire indeed, compared to which, Johnny Bunyan's around Doubting Castle is as the nicely rolled gravel walk in Hampton Court gardens from the flowerpot gate to the Thames!

Seeing nothing visibly rebellious, or ante-mo-

narchical, in allowing the toast-master to announce that the King drank health to Captain Monla Charles permitted the Prince to intimate that such was his will to that cup-compelling function ary. No sooner was this permission granted than with a spring that was as spontaneous as un controulable, the Prince, placing one foot upohis chair, stamped the other upon the table itself after the manner of the heroes of modern Scote chivalry, and would have screeched the toast if the Caledonian style, confidentially revealed to him by Lord Argyle, a youth a few years old€ than himself-but for a pinch in the upraisefoot, which caused his Royal Highness hurriedl to withdraw it with an uncourtly squeal; at the same instant his heel retaliated upon the flaxer poll of Jeffery the dwarf, the avenger of offender goddess of order, for which the Rutlandshir mannikin was an immense stickler. Sir Jeffer was as privileged a person as Jack Muckle; h escaped a reprimand for assaulting the person of the heir-apparent, but was knocked sprawling b this heel-tap; as many others have been sustained by one. Little Hudson and his ill-requited hint to the Prince, on good manners, were not to be thought of at this moment; for the ingenious

inspiriting ravishment by the young Prince from the tosst-master of the announcement of the name of his preserver, which had been until that moment unknown to him, recalled all those inborn feelings of love and devotion to the blood royal of England, that throbs in the bosom of all her sons; its pulsation never slackening without the objects of our natural yearnings having to thank themselves.

The whole company rose, and every eye was directed to the modest, quiet, though most intelligent-looking officer seated between Lords Licester and Lindsey, near the bottom of the hall; and his health had all the honours paid it which the Prince demanded. The gold cup passed from the royal table round the entire hall-noble and gentle standing up in pairs, milingly bowing to each other as they drank, s guests at the Guildhall and Mansion House are still wont to do, whilst draining the loving cup at the behest of a Lord Mayor. Nor was the golden milk-maid missing to add laughter, and frequently a hiccup to her admirers, in revenge for placing her, regardless of her blushes, in attitudes not to be thought of, but only to be ventured at by those thoroughly unhesitating English, coryphées, figurantes, or ran of the par excellence London ballet school which squanders illustrations of anatomy of poson and limb with a prodigality unknown its native clime. Owners of the copyright whether edited in Covent Garden, Drury Landon the Strand—be not alarmed!—your Landonised edition will never, never be piradacross the Channel!

Captain Monk stood erect, and bowed toward the royal table, his manly figure developing itself to advantage: the daring steadiness of his eye spoke at once of constancy, pride, resolution, and forbearance, while his fully-developed noce, mouth, and chin, inspired all beholders insensibly with great respect, and many natures with attachment.

The interest his unassuming, yet commanding person created amongst the ladies was universal, and, with the exception of the poet of Egham Manor, there was not a man in the hall but who saw in the late recipient of their convivial good wishes one with whom it would be an honour to be acquainted, even slightly.

"What in the name of Wizard of Walton," exclaimed Edmund Waller to Edward Hyde,

"could induce this proper, well-appointed captain of cavalry to come within the enemy's lines in disguise, and chance his lot as a spy? You know everybody;—tell me."

"Because his toilette was out of the fashion, Edmund," said Hyde; "some men wear disguise to cover their faults; this one to veil a good deed; but unless a man mask closely, he had better throw away his fig-leaves, and be the man he is."

"Absolute Wisdom's himself again!" ejaculated Waller, which was a bold sally for the member of Salisbury; for Hyde had acquired, unasked for, the soubriquet of "Absolute Wisdom," and modestly rebelled retaining longer unnecessarily a title to which he preferred no claim. Mr. Hyde, who prided himself in knowing everybody, determined to ascertain more about Captain Monk, the moment the departure of the ladies allowed him to leave his place.

The royal entertainer had remained at table for nearly two hours after the last course before the dessert was removed; for ladies did not jump up in alarm like rabbits, and cut away from the gentlemen, just at the moment they

are growing uncantingly sociable; as their am ble timidity leads them to do now-a-days. It those nightmares of after-dinner eloquence—ipoor-laws, railroads, and corn-laws—had resisted the earth, which accounts to the sat faction of any unmesmerised mind, for fem self-banishment.

The King, Queen, Princesses, with the lad in waiting, quitted their seats, and left in same form with which they entered. Ls Carlisle and Lady Miranda Seymour, with t absence from all ostensible pride which so e barrasses those addressed, and which is ne seen in the legitimate children of sterling nc lity, requested all the ladies who dined w their spouses in the hall to accompany them the Queen's gallery, which, warmed with th immense fires, as well as the three adjoin apartments, known in the new buildings as Queen's bed-chamber, the Queen's drawi room, and the audience-chamber, would be agreeable change of air and scene, before t repaired to the public dining-room (not the h to witness the masque.

Whatever wonder, admiration, and aston ment was felt at the aspect on this occasior

the grand hall, somehow or other the eyes of all the ladies wandered towards Captain Monk, they passed down it; and he who had marched up to batteries, dealing cruel death on their confronters, endured nervous sensation for the first time in his existence, when exposed to such a continued fire from the artillery of ladies' eyes!

Fatigued from the intoxicating absorption of mys from countless crystals, he had lowered his own eyes a few instants for relief; and when again mised, was but to meet Lady Seymour's.

These had not exchanged glances before each party felt that they had known each other since childhood. The mind speaks through the eyes infinitely more deciding of our fate than by the sounds of the tongue. The latter is but a machine, and may utter with equal facility the tones of hate, deceit, and odious lip flattery; but the former are unchangeable by all the chooling of art, wit, and worldly wisdom—a chronicle of our moral history. He almost committed the solecism of bending forward towards the focus of the fascination—for neither more nor less than fascination held mind and body in absolute subjection.

Like the tresses of La Fornarina, in the Bor-

ghese collection (a likeness the most correct and the least flattered of all we have of Raphael embodiment of female beauty, under the type Virgins or Madonnas), her hair was light-brown verging indeed on yellow.

The tastes of all Roman poets run strongly favour of "gowden hair"—the "flavam coman of Horace, Ovid, Catullus, and the rest, which have "wedded to immortal verse" the names attractions of their mistresses—the Lesbias, the Pyrrhas, Saganas, and Canidias. In other spects, there was little in common between Lacy Miranda and the baker's daughter of the Stracks Balbi.

The ladies left the hall, and the music ceased.

A group soon surrounded Lord Leicester, Lord Lindsey, and their gallant friend.

"In the first place," said he to Lord Leicester, who had proposed attempting a passage through the tables, to that at which the Earl of Ormond was seated, that they might talk about Ireland, whither they were both repairing, "I must impart to those gentlemen (Hampden, Cromwell, Lord Kimbolton, and their friends,) my sense of the unjust provocation they this morning received.

I will not insult them, however, by repeating my denial of their participation in the accident."

"Rather they should come to you, who stopped current before it had overwhelmed them," replied Leicester, stubbornly.

"For that very reason I would speak more interestedly," rejoined Monk. "I will introduce "Yself if you will not go with me."

Not I," said Leicester.

Not I," said Lindsey, "I speak to none of them, not even to Lord Saye-and-Sele; they are testructives in Church and State."

"Captain Monk must permit me that honour," in terposed a very handsome nobleman in a puce velvet cloak, trimmed with point of gold cloth, handling fondly a gilt stick of office,—the Lord Treasurer Holland. The two old Earls regarded their young friend earnestly, but only observed in a low tone, "Take care of yourself—we shall finish this bowl of lime punch together."

Prior to this proffer of his services by Lord Holland, his Lordship, who before that day had never heard of Captain Monk, applied to Sir John Denham for information about this young gentleman, whose deportment had so suddenly possessed him with the suffrages of the whole hall; but Sir

geant who came from Captain Prior, saved the Prince, and a very differen

saved the Prince, and a very differen son he was.

"Why assume the name of Potheri

"Why assume the name of Potheri of himself as Prior?" said Holland.

"What importance is the hide-an ence of such a person to us?" return laying emphasis on the last syllable, imagined that every one held his e poet, co-equal to nobility—a wes with not a few others, conscious c power and grasp.

But the subtle Earl had caugh William Davenant tête-à-tête with shire, and he abandoned Denham of gloomy genius.

"Can your Lordship, or Sir W some information about this you

Holland House, does he not?" said Lord Devonshire. "If the camp of opposition be pitched there, take care that the tents be struck before a gun be fired, for the quarter-master himself may not have made up his mind on which side to fight."

- "My Lord, indeed, indeed, how can your Lordship think of such people?" said Lord Holland in a fidget, and was going on in his usual manner to exculpate himself from holding communion with any but the supporters of the Government, when Lord Devonshire interrupted him with "What about Captain Monk?—he is of my county, and no discredit to it."
- "A gentleman born, eh?" inquired Holland, restless that a meritorious plebeian should approximate to the throne, save under the shelter of his patronage.
  - " Every inch of him," replied Lord Devonshire.
- "He is the son of Sir Thomas Monk, of Potheridge, in Devonshire, of ancient family, claiming descent from the royal blood of Edward the Third, his ancestor, Sir Thomas Monk, being the son of Sir Thomas Monk, of Potheridge, and Frances, daughter and co-heir of Arthur Plantaganet, son of that king.

"When the King was at Plymouth, his father Sir Thomas, wished to pay his respects to Majesty with the rest of the country gen being always a considerable person in the public affairs of his county; but his estate being subject to incumbrances left by his father, he feared he might be obnoxious to some judgment or statute against him, and so sent his son Georges this captain, then a youth, to the under-sheriff, desiring he might have liberty to attend upon has Majesty on his entry into the county. George took with him the best persuasive to a lawyer, purse of gold, which he accepted, and promised him security against any annoyance on his appearance in public; for he said, he thought his request ver reasonable and fair, and he admired his loyalty The rascal arrested Sir Thomas before his Me jesty's face, amongst the magistrates and author rities assembled, though he kept the present Our friend, here, was so incensed, that he sough out an opportunity to meet the under-sheriff the market-place, at Exeter, when he cudgell him for his perfidy. The lawyer commenced action for battery against him; so his father s him with his relative Sir Richard Greenville Cadiz, with the Spanish expedition. He t

ved as a private soldier, but procured a comvision of ensign, in a regiment, in the expeition to Rochelle and Rhé, where he was much nocked about. After the Rochellers made peace ith their king, George went to Flanders, and was all the great actions during ten years of the war. Le gained so great a reputation in this war for ravery and prudence, that, by the recommendaon of the Earl of Leicester, to whom he is \*lated, he was promoted to Lord Newport's regiment in the Scotch war, and had the King folwed his and Lord Strafford's advice, which was or fighting those insolent rebels instead of treatag with them, those canting Covenanters would not have had our money, nor laughed in our faces they are now doing. He is the most silent man you ever met with; and though he has wed the Prince's life to-day, he will be never hard to speak of it," said Lord Devonshire.

"Depend upon it he will live to do the King some good service. He must not spare those borid wretches the Irish murderers. If every lishman was exterminated, what a blessing it would be!" exclaimed Lord Holland; and he lost no time in introducing himself to Captain George Monk in the way we have seen. Thread-

ing their way amongst crimson-cushioned ca oak-chairs, that having been privy to discuss between Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, for suppression of the smaller monasteries, and transfer of the revenues to Magdalen Coll Oxford, at which the former was B.A. at fif years of age; heard, unsplintered, the astor ing proposition of the latter to Wolsey's gr less king, for appropriating to his Majesty's the revenues of all, whether monasteries, abb hospitals, or convents. The earl and the cap stopped at a table, round which a dozen at the terms were earnestly conversing.

- "Sooner, or later, with the faithless sor a perjured father, it must come to that; as had better be prepared for it," uttered in a lancholy tone of deep conviction to his c panions, the lips of a gentleman, whose back turned towards Captain Monk and his cicerc as they neared the table.
- "Holland, the eavesdropper," was whisper through the circle, and heads were slightly to ed, though no one rose to salute him.
- "My friend Captain Monk desires to m your acquaintance, my lords and gentlemen," the lord treasurer severally introduced to his 1

per and eight members of the House of Commons. They most cordially received him, and affected to laugh; but it was a hollow laugh, at the awkward predicament from which he had rescuel them before dinner.

"We will drink to the health of our friend the sergeant, and his captain, however," said Denzil Holles, brother of the Earl of Clare.

"You took the first name that came to mind, ch? in your haste to save us from being stilet-toed by the King's rampant servants; begged good-will, as Esau, that was denied to Jacob? Off you came, like a capital fellow, to the rescue: a prior was a step above a monk, that was flat wupation: thought your residence as good a same as any at a pinch?" This pleasant turn to a disagreeable subject raised a smile where its atterer wished.

Several noblemen joined the party, and conremed with Monk upon the disastrous affair at Rochelle; the disgrace which this country suffered therefrom by the mismanagement and treachery of Buckingham, (secretly, as was believed, abetted by the King,) being one of the grievances against the government.

In an unaffected, sententious manner, never : in any way bringing in his own share in these struggles he had passed through, did he satisfy all the questions put to him respecting his leten services in France and Scotland. Sir Richar Gurney, the lord mayor, invited him to dine his house in the Old Jewry—(as yet the civ chief of the metropolis had no palatial residences and so pleased was Hampden with his intella: gence, sound knowledge, and observations, the he intimated, if agreeable, he would introduce him to Mr. Hakewell, of Lincoln's Inn, his least manager in enfranchising Marlow, Avesham, and Wendover, who would ensure him a seat in the House of Commons. Upon rejoining his friends Lords Leicester and Lindsey, he found then seated in the same place, with a replenished bowl of punch. Had any other man of their acquaintance been carousing in the society so deeply pledged to party hostilities, as those with whom Captain Monk had been for the last two hours. such lingering would have been ground for raillery on the stability of his politics; but his family attachment to kingly prerogative, not in a small degree strengthened by what no one ever heard him mention but once-but what he never for

i moment forgot—that he was the representative incelly of the last of the Plantaganets, was percetly known to these old peers; and, moreover, he young soldier was too much valued, for the uplication of doubt, even in a joke. These aid gentlemen did, however, threw out some y cantions about vir-gins, man-traps,—snares to which their friend was more likely to tumble; they could not help observing the eyes made wards their quarters by some dames and dam-k, whom these charm-proof veterans termed ughters of the Philistines.

"Does not Tertullian rightly explain what St. ul means by 'Women ought to have a veil their heads, because of the angels,' that even intual beings are not free from the snares of auty?" asked Lord Leicester.

"These snares are for us weak vessels," said t. Hammond, the chaplain, who, sitting near, wheard this conversation, and not unpleased to rell on these horrors. "These quicksands are t forth in this father's chapter De Virginibus elandis, beginning, 'Si enim propter angelos—"\*
"Nay, stop, my good doctor!" exclaimed ord Leicester; "you will damage the holy

<sup>\* 1</sup> Corinth. xi. 10. Dr. Macknight's translation.

father, while attempting to get him out of scrape, as Pamelius did, to save his morality a the expense of his latinity."

The regards of interest from one in particula with a wild energetic fire in her eye, that spok of strong and ardent passions—a Medea-like tra gedy-queen personage, in richly-worked black sil brocade, trimmed with velvet and gold cord, a of the most expensive materials; a diamond finest water and size, far beyond those worn many a noble lady present, adorning her class bust,—the daughter, in fact, of a very wealth but thoroughly vulgar grandee of the corporation had not been unheeded by these quizzical terans. Lord Leicester waved his glass in t direction of that emblematic figure, so exquisite conceived and faultlessly worked in the arabesq. border round the third tapestry (close to whi they sat), inscribed, "Paranymphus" (brideman and brought it down past the figures representat "Seeking," "Acceptance," and "Promise; kept it stationary for a few instants at "Reso1 tion of Mind," at the corner; nodded to \$ captain, raised it to "Liber Pater" (Bacchus and then drank it off. Monk thoroughly comp hended the meaning of all this pantomime:

worked in the centre, and descriptive of the group beneath. We give the translation: "And the servent Eliezer put his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master, and swore to him that he would not take a wife unto Isaac of the daughters of the Canaanite, but of his own kindred."

"I accept your moral, my Lord, also. The law is kinder to grant an alliance with Bacchus, than a divorce with Hymen. I have my spurs to win for the King in Ireland, ere I am even a proselyte of the gate in the court of the latter."

It was now past sunset, but the huge pitch fre-torches, flaming flax in wide sconces full of grase, the economy of the kitchen, threw a broad glare up to the exquisitely pointed roof, and reflected the hues of the stained-glass windows, absolutely imparting breadth and grandeur to this abble hall. Hundreds of Christmas candles were stranged in temporary chandeliers, and fresh, dry colar logs, thrown by the grooms of the wood-jurd, fell crackling into the fire,\* which threw up

There are no remains of this fire-place: it was removed, probably, when stone-flagging was substituted for execustic tiles. The dining-hall of the Westminster school-boys is the only one where a cupola fulfils its original destination.

expansions of flame and smoke to the louvre or cupola, the light cheerfully refracted on the polished tiles of the floor.

The state-apartments before named were now open to those lords of creation who preferred rejoining the ladies to prolonging libations in the The second court through which the covered wav passed to the hall was illuminated; and fire-works, the contrivance of a French pyrotechnist, brought over on purpose from the Court of the Louvre, were exhibited in the first court; and upon the outer green court, beyond the moat, for the astonishment and delight of the country people who lined the Moulsey and Ditton banks of the Thames, and poured in from Kingston, Sunbury, Shepperton, Twickenham, and Brentford. Rockets rose into the air, and scattered blue and purple lights above the heads of the shouting peasantry.

To the grief of thrifty Peter Pipe, the fountain \* in the fountain-court spouted up wine from six to eight o'clock: the gilt crown and statue of Justice, supported by columns of black and white

"A ffountayn depured of plesance,
 A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte hede."
 The statues by Fanelli have been carried to Windsor.

10

marble, as well as the entire court, being illumimated after the manner of the hall, glittered brightly. Every one was admitted indiscriminately to quaff at this ambrosial cascade. Grooms of the buttery, and grooms of the cellar, stood with silver flagons to catch the ruby drops of the precious stream as its bright rose-coloured coruscations were flung gaily upwards amidst flashes of torch-light, and presented them filled with the inspiring flood to the lieges, male and female. Hearts were opened, men swore to die in defence of their King, and never with more enthusiasm was Dr. Bull's hymn of "God Save the King," then recently launched on the career of popularity, ensured to it for ever, sung by a body of people in theatre or dining-room, than by the thousands who this evening were drinking at their sovereign's charge in the palace of his ancestors.

Johnny Muckle assumed the vicegerency of the Lord of Misrule, the absolute sovereignty of the anti-masque; for there was ample room and range enough in this small court for mirth and glee. From noon to jocund eve the presiding spirit of the Christmas revel appeared to have imbibed all the ingenuity of old Falstaff's tormentors, when palming themselves upon him as attendants of the boaster; and addir the "sacking" propensities of the jol it seemed to welcome

> " Midnight shout and revelry, Tipsey dance and jollity,"

as its eldest brother, and to treat wi of stepmother's affection any approathe legitimate punchinello accompanilonging and appertaining unto the me entertainment allowed to each liege of Court.

In the "Old Bowlyng Alle,"\* an yard, Johnny Muckle was in high nocent monstrosities attended his sway over thrones, dukedoms, principal powers.

It cannot be denied that in some confidence to the palace boisterous but harmless where

"Love blinks, wit slaps, and social mi Forgets there's care upon the earth,'

<sup>\*</sup> There were two bowling-greens at Hai palace. Bowling was a game to which all the Stuart dynasty were greatly attached, and ir excelled.

yielded sovereignty to "rhyming, ranting, roaring billies," whose doctrine of hilarity is

" As lang's there pith into the barral We'll drink and gree."

Even Jack Cade himself, when, at the very height or frenzy of his generosity, he threatened to make it felony to drink small beer," never promised more than Johnny, at the head of the cellar cabinet, absolutely performed on behalf of

"The nipperkin, pipperkin, and the brown bowl" this Comus, this god of cheer,

"Who first invented the hogshead and tun, The gimlet and spiggot, and taught 'em to run,"

out-liquored the Kentish pot-walloping patriot himself in treasonable practices.

Gentle reverberations of many twinkling feet, alight symptoms of scufflets (for scuffle is too rumbustical and antagonistical for misletoe skirmishes) were ever and anon rising from various localities in the palace. From every projection hung brave bushes of the shiny light green leaf, each pair of leaves sharing white berry. Misletoe being in the kitchen, in the offices, and at the doors of those treasuries of the stomach, the larders, and through the cloistered court; the wind sung amongst the amber-hued boughs

and opal-tinged berries of the pendant bushes In these regions hearty, full-toned, contra-alt screams rang healthily from sound-lunged boun cing maidens. Within sufferable assurance th pages of the buttery and grooms of the lards wore necklaces of these berries, trophies of Ir larcenies: whether it was that the ladies we on this day too happy to deny to any the favours, or that the gentlemen were not to repressed, I know not; but the bushes were de nuded of their fruit so early in the evening, tha not a ghost of a berry remained to invoke attack when Alice Slimly, and sweet Susan Snowbreast nymphs of the dairy, declared they thought the real fun had only just begun.

The unsylvan bareness of the above-mentione bushes was no discouragement to Doctor Ham mond, when, mellow with malmsey and me theglin, he was rolling, a jolly abbot of fools accompanied by the curate of Petersham, to wards his carousing flock, who were being a satisfactorily watered at the "conduyte hede; for his reverence, bold as an amorous elephant had on his way seized upon Lucille, at a moment when that disdainful soubrette was passin under a garnish of ivy round the true lover

knots, joining the initials of H. J. (Henry and Jane Seymour) on each side of the chapel door. The girl had received evidences, I care not to mame how numerous or convincing, in the course of the day, in spite of her vow to the Queen, of the privilege of misletoe; but she rebelled indignantly against a further stretch of prerogative amongst parasitical plants.

"Shame! shame, doctor!" cried Lord Wilmot, who with other young nobles, attracted by the uproarious merriment in the fountain-court, were scampering down the water-gallery and the long passages from the foot of the great staircase.

"All your learning will be at a nonplus now to ave you from a fine. Mistake an ivy bough for misletoe! oh, doctor! do you see double, doctor? Of what colour are the berries?" A burst of delight rewarded his lordship's pokes at the chaplain's weak flesh; but, not in the least Put out of countenance, the divine gravely remarked.

"Young gentlemen, if you had attended to your tutors at college, you would have learned what kissing itself is derived from, z10006, and what z10006 is:—consult your Henry Stevens, or his knavish Swiss factorum, John Scapula—you

don't deserve to be told," and on I the fountain-court.

The laugh was now on the doctor' every created thing in petticoats had night to rue or rejoice in his new Anacreon, which, spread from mouth found every man ready to "suit the the word," in compliment to his seas dition; in fact, setting up "workir everywhere, by way of illustration to t capacity, worth all the scholia that eva master of arts.

At this period it was the fashion women of Italy to wear very high we know that Julius Scaliger states ther used to say, "that men who I found but half of them in bed, remaining in the pattens." Vir confidant of Marie de Medicis, v Court with despatches to her day married an Italian, named Grac who never appeared save in a was suspected of wearing the were sometimes more than a had courted the lady durin Leghorn, ignorant of the ext

exaltation. Muckle knew this, and resolved to have a joke at the scholar's expense.

Catching hold of his arm in the fountain-court, the jester begged to know if it were true, that when he saw the lady in her wedding-chamber, he fell back with astonishment, and, in affright, asked her angrily, "Ubi posuisti reliquum persona tuae?" Ferrier shuffled away, annoyed at this reference to the cheat practised upon him by his rib, whom he had found a fiery little termagant, instead of the towering nymph he had fallen in love with in a drawing-room, and married the next day, being about to sail for France.

"What heed, friend?" exclaimed Muckle John, comforting him; "when thou needest fring, thou canst split the cork and make fagots. If thou canst not find her between the sheets, complain not. If she has nobody, she is all spirit; and if thou art in distress for a respon, whip off a patten from thy wife, and, like a Titan, crush thy adversary with the ponderous missive."

"In the grumps, Barbara?" asked he, tenderly, of a laundry-maiden, of a guinea cast of countenance, from an unwelcome visit of jaundice.

"Away, thou baboon! I shall never, never

get my face again!" sighed the disconsgolden-hued maid.

"Pooh! wench, if thou art honest, be not of countenance. When thou look'st next in glass, take advice the gods give thee; that v a maiden, like corn, turns yellow, the time harvest is come."

At this moment rose a peal of uproar laughter from the passage leading from the c ter court to the kitchen. A circle of you all bursting with merriment, were dancing ro Sir Jeffery Hudson, whom, whenever each steady enough to accomplish the solemnity, saluted with an obeisance, as "Jack-in-the-rin and in an instant afterwards they are whir round him with the impetuosity of the gainfernal of a Parisian bal masqué. Still, was done with good-nature, and no one enjo the excitement of the rapid, firework velocity the members of the radius around his small per more than did Sir Jeffery himself.

"Halt! there's my father coming," cries fine hearty youth, scarlet with the exercise, white teeth and clear hazel eyes flashing v boisterous unrestrained glee.

"Governor Gloom! Not he, Dick; w

safe from dad as if we were in Westminster cockpit, or Huntingdon skittle-ground. Yoicks! cut along, and God's peace be with you, as King James said to his hounds;" and round and round went the youths again, the little knight counting by agreement the number of times they could encircle him before dizziness brought them to the ground.

"Who'd think those two likely lads were sons of his iron-bound grimness, the burly member for Cambridge, who makes all the earls, baronets, and equires of his party play but second fiddle when he's by?" said Sir John Denham.

"Those are not the young Cromwells, surely," aid the Prince of Wales, who, if he had not been retrained by Dr. Hammond, would have joined hart and hand in their animated sport.

"It's a wise son that knows his own father:

Pay me your fine, and I pardon your Royal
Highness for not knowing your own cousin," said
Muckle, holding out his hand.

"Cousin to the Cromwells?—tho'rt a cozening have—thou would'st invent a pedigree handier than the Joseph-coated humbugs at Heralds' College," exclaimed the Prince.

"Chip of the old block! the pith may not be

in the root, or in the trunk, or in the main boughs, belie the crested branches; but 'tis a sprig collateral, and thou art only tenth cousin of the stem itself."\*

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"Go along, with thy apocryphal nonsense! Hast been quaffing gules azure and purpure in thy Rhenish canary and claret with old mottle-face pursuivant Jack Guillim, or my Governor Hertford's pet genealogist, Dick Bloome?" said the Prince, not overpleased at this newly-found title to consanguinity with the bitterest puritan family in the country.

"Then thou won't kiss thy cousins, thou model of politeness, thou rising sun of our system: commend me to my Lord Chief Justice when I beat my wife next time, since thou forgottest thine own blood," said Mucklejohn.

<sup>\*</sup> Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell were ninth cousins once removed. Charles II. and Richard Cromwell were tenth cousins. Oliver's mother was daughter of Sir Richard Stuart, lineally descended from Alexander, Lord High Steward of Scotland, ancestor of the Stuarts in direction. Cromwell married a daughter of Sir James Bounder, at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where Milton lies buried the Cromwell," says the great poet, "was of noble and illustrious birth: he was related to the Barringtons, Sair and Johns, Hampdens; his forefathers being high sheriffs of Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire from the time theory VIII."

"I might have relations to be less proud of near the throne than those honest noble-looking boys, too," said the Prince, intending to be heard by the youths, who were still dashing like the sparks from a catherine-wheel round the dwarf.

"Or on the throne, either," said the jester, making a comical face at the Prince, and disapparing in the crowd.

"Those on a throne, Dick, hear that! Jack will give thee Hampton Court next," cried Harry Cromwell, startled at the monstrosity and treason of the idea.

At last, down the young gentlemen reeled in a heap, their brains and eyeballs unable any longer to stand the *tourbillon* of the whirl.

But they were quickly up again, to make the old rafters of the large apartment, the scene of their sports, resound again with their shouts, as the dwarf in a chair raised on their shoulders was bone to the fountain-court for his share of the purple stream, of which they said he had been thanefully cheated. Hudson did not look particularly happy in his elevation, and tried to conceal an inward spasm with a grievous smile. Nervousness was excusable after hearing propositions not unacceptably received, for pricking him with a fork, and inserting into his pampered plump

little person clothes'-pegs, in imitation of an orange stuck with sliced almonds, so that he might be served up in a tub of spiced hypocras, as bishof at the table of the giant porter. His groan o nolo episcopari, on this occasion, is said never thave been surpassed in sincerity and depth of hu mility by any of the cloth; the truth of which do not vouch for, seeing the natural reluctance of flesh and blood to endure the labour and privations which must be undergone by the chie watchers of Christ's flock.

The grooms of the cellar had been for houbefore the feast rolling forward casks of all and tuns of French and Spanish wines, through the resounding vaults, with an energy that nobut the barrel-stradling god himself could has infused, and, like their descendants, the has flannel-jacketed drivers of drays, appeared identify themselves with the demonstrative euler of Burns upon the "King o' grain," and adhere to the doctrine that

"Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin',
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down hill screein'
Wi' ratlin' glee."

Throughout all the galleries, corridors, cloisters, and apartments enumerated, were the walls garnished with evergreens, the "thimble-leafed" box, the gallant misletoe, the drowsy ivy, the holm, and the holly-bough glistening with coral clustered beads.

In place of this free-hearted jocund abandonment in the palace of the Sovereign, and in the drellings of her subjects, merrie old England is how a smoky workshop, and her once kind-hearted People have bartered their free enjoyment of the 800d things of this life for three per cent. consols, shares, and chagrin. Their worship is the golden calf, whose rewards are a wrinkled brow, never-ceasing cares, and a short anxious life. Christmas was then a fine jolly fellow, his beard snowy, and his thin locks blanched and stiffened, yet there was an apple-bloom upon his cheeks, and a fire-light in his eye, like the blaze be demanded from the hearth of each homestead, whether covered with turreted or thatched roof. He is now vastly near-sighted, wears pebbles, and would not be affronted if called blind: it would be an excuse for the unacknowledgment of those never-failing visitors, Christmas bills.

The misletoe, the holly, the roast beef, the

HAMPTON COURT; OR, lum-pudding, the mince-pie, the remanets consolation still with us, are, however, but fee

ble substitutes for the

"Liberal board so deftly spread With manchet loaves and wastel bread;"

or even of later days, when

" Christmas had its Christmas carols,

And ladies' sides were hooped like barrels." To-day every chamber of presence in Hampton Court, for the heads of the household in this immensely roomy palace had their suites of official state-rooms, was a branch office of the establishment of Father Christmas; and whilst revels replete with every brilliant and delicate invention that Inigo Jones and Sir William Davenant could devise, these little consequential bureaux de joie rang with the tumultuous joys of serving-men, grooms, and clerks of the various gourmandrie governments we have named there was hunt the slipper, hot-cockles, t' country bumpkin, forfeits, knights and ladi joke, laughter, fun, bright eyes, the roasting chestnuts, the hissing of apples,

" And out of doors, a wasting storm o'erwhelms Nature pitch dark, and rives the thundering el

## CHAPTER IX.

The power of Beauty overcomes the Invincible. — The Lancet and Blue Pill contend for their Victim. — Merits of Hydropathy. — A right Merrie Masque of rare Ben Jonson. — Characters of the Mummers. — Sir Anthony Vandyke at Hampton Court.

THE room in which the Court assembled to witness the masque, was about one hundred feet long, by sixty broad; its windows looking into the garden upon that spot where is now the pond of gold and silver fish. The whole room was wainscoted and panelled in carved scrolls, and divided at regular intervals by fluted pilasters. These ended in a series of terminal figures, which were alternately male and female, supporting upon their heads the baskets which divided the frieze. The chimney-piece was supported at each end by two fluted Corinthian columns, supporting an entablature of curious workmanship, above which six pillars divided it into three panels, and

in the centre were carved the royal arms ( Henry VIII. The ceiling was adorned wit projecting mouldings, which divided it in twenty-five compartments, each enriched with tl representation of fruit and flowers. ration, of this and other rooms in Hampte Court, had a style peculiar to themselves, bo in form and finishing; much of the gothic w retained, with the new style introduced at th period from Italy. In these rooms there was rich display of ornaments, so blended as to reducible to no definite character. The easte end of the room facing the garden terminated a deep bay-window of forty mullioned compar ments, the largest window of the kind in tl palace. This apartment was the public dining room of the sovereign, in which, on certain saint days and birthdays, the King and Queen toc this meal in the presence of their household, ar of such of their subjects as were admitted 1 order of the lord chamberlain. In this room, the south side, were hung two pieces of tapester Rebecca at the Well, and Abraham and Me chizedek, parts of the series now in the hall on the west side was one representing Mids and on the north side one of Tobias and

one of the "six pieces of the Storye of " which, in Wolsey's time, hung in the hamber over the gate in the base court. lls of the old palace were covered with . In the wardrobe account taken in the ir of Edward VI., above five hundred re specified as being at Hampton Court, e of clothes of estate. There was tanitable to the importance of the day. portrait of Anne of Denmark, which still the walls of Hampton Court, hung on f this room: the original was a character admired by Henrietta Maria, who conreproached her husband for deserting the his mother. Anne was a stedfast Cas fact not generally dwelt upon by hissays Mr. Jesse.\* The Pope sent her nd reliques, and thanked her for not icating with heretics at her coronation. he protestant minister of Henry IV. of knew her influence over James and her , and feared it in the councils of England Spain. So well did she succeed in emhe minds of her children with opinions his excellent life of Anne of Denmark. No. 275

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gue.

and feelings hostile to the Church of Eng that she told the Spanish ambassador th might one day see the Prince of Wales o pilgrimage to St. Jago.

A rich Persian carpet was spread over greater part of the room, and in the cer gilt chair of state was placed on a platform a foot from the floor, the platform and foot being covered with crimson velvet. On chairs their Majesties took their seats. porary cornice-poles had been raised acros rooms a few yards from one end, from curtains hung to the floor. These were c drawn down, and regarded by the asser representatives of Court, county, and city, all that mysterious anxiety which, before per ance of tragedy or farce, the dropped curts every theatre raises in the most phlegmatic. the King, to throw light on the stage, 1 magnificent silver candlestick and branches, ral feet high, holding a score of wax bouges.'

<sup>&</sup>quot;We have taken Sir William by surprise mummers are not arranged," said the l

<sup>\*</sup> This candlestick is now in the possession burghers of Ghent, purchased from the wreck of Ch property.

observing at the same moment Lord Leicester, with Captain Monk, whom his Majesty remembered to have seen in the Scottish campaign, he desired a lord in waiting to bid the former approach.

Lord Leicester remained but a few moments in conversation with the King, but Captain Monk could not avoid perceiving that the Queen, the Prince, and Princess Palatine leant forward, directing their eyes towards himself. His moble friend stepped backwards to where he stood, and whispered him that his Majesty desired to express the royal sense of his services by conferring the honour of knighthood upon him.

Monk lost not a moment in vehemently entrating his noble friend to intercede in his behalf, and spare him from being hampered for life to such a mortifying infliction. "At sea, I was once becalmed within an ace of starvation," he mid; "taken prisoner by the Spaniards, I was on the point of being beheaded; seized with the plague, death had all but bespoke me. You warned me but an hour ago against betrothment—spare me from being beknighted.

Were a baronetcy offered to me with the same gracious spirit, which I fully value, I would beg equally to decline it. To be an untitled commoner, with the—with the—" (he was about to say "with blood royal in my veins—" but his good sense sealed his mouth); "to be a dutiful subject, worthy of his Majesty's approbation, is equal to all honour beneath a dukedom, which is a safe limit for a poor captain of musketeers, risen from the ranks."

"Promotion!" said Lord Leicester with delicacy, not displeased with his young friend's aristocratic stubbornness.

"I am a soldier of his Majesty, and bound to serve him in any capacity," he replied.

Not half a dozen words were uttered by Lord Leicester at the foot of the throne, before Captain Monk had the honour of kissing the hand of the King, who bade him rise as Colonel Monk, of Lord Newport's dragoons. He rose a prouder man than ever he had felt in his life; he scarcely perceived the floor beneath his feet.

He trod on air, and the blood flew with intoxicating swiftness through his veins. Lord Hert—ford stood by; his daughter was hanging on him arm; and when that good peer put out his hand.

nd wished him success in his the rebels in Ireland, his first tart back, fly, and hide himself a dangerous engine that had nd him to atoms at a blow. nild, flesh of each other's flesh, ther's spirit-reblended, as it tude of daughterly leaning on er life. A convulsive tremor e, paralyzed sensation, and he ed hand, unconscious of what arded the frank countenance of rhich, like the heavens in May, vista of assuring smiles, with ig look, an entreaty for shelter ming event, dreaded, because hour for the realisation of undevas on the stroke, but the cast of rown into a petition for reprieve. :laimed jocosely Lord Hertford, to the throes of the martyr to efore him, "we are accomplices ercise of your aquatic agility towas the confusion of barges on approached this place, that it would engage to swear who was the greatest sinner. My daughter, Lady Mi-randa, is a little bit conscience laden herself, and would have never been happy again had... But a she must express her own sense of the obligation we are all under."

Some baleful influence to this fine young creams ture's muscles and nerves were imparted unseeners by galvanic, mesmeric, or magnetic infection Paleness overspread her cheek, to the utter barren ishment of the hue that had heightened the brilliancy of the seraphic eyes, which deprive a helmsman of his presence of mind, and ends gered the life of the heir of the British empir A woman, however, regains her self-possessi on such occasions long before a man; and angel's hand was proffered—lips opened to p forth the music of her mind—when the harman, whom Sir John Denham, hovering nee would have given his last acre to crush to earth, dropped-fairly swooned away on the fairly at her feet.

A sensation was, undoubtedly, pretty widspread through the state-rooms; but no save Sir John, he from encouraging like feelix put down the hardy young soldier's seizure to emotion of a tender nature.

Sir Jeffery Hudson declared that the Puritans had drugged his malmsey, in revenge for thwarting their designs against the Prince; some few believed it, and damned the rascals.

John Muckle swore "It was altogether vertigo on the brain, brought on from surprise and admiration at witnessing a most extraordinary somerate he had just cut, which, by capillary attraction, mised the hair on his head erect, till his scalp began to move about spontaneously on his skull," Johnny forgetting, that his vaunted experhad been cut at twenty feet distant, in a most transparent circle of velvet coats and sating the state of the state

Lord Hertford declared that the colonel was become by his unlooked-for recent promotion, and cited a precedent for nervous excitement, hen he himself fell down stairs after receiving the Order of the Garter from James I.; omitting add, that it was after a Garter installation feast, at which the sovereign of the Order, his bother-in-law, the King of Denmark, the Duke of Buckingham, and he, the Lord of Sudely, get so blind drunk, that all four were undressed by grooms of the bedchamber, and lifted into bed like helpless children.

Lord Leicester, Lord Lindsey, and even Lector Holland, conceived it possible that a man, however hardy after swimming in the Thames, with the glass at twenty degrees below zero with clothes on; then standing sheathed in ice to brow-beat like a traverser in the star-chamber nor permitted to change his frozen vestmentall his keepers got too drunk to prevent his running away; might be expected to be full likely to fall as to stand in a room, heated with a throng and two roaring fires, to summer heat.

The King's chirurgeon declared the colone to be in a high feverish state from experiments ising the fit of a suit of ice, until it rang like coat of mail; had the friends of the gentlem seized with a shivering fit after falling asleep a plate of red raspberry ice, called him in had pronounced it a scarlet fever.

The King's physician, Dr. Blagrave, nounced him in a low nervous state from changing this inflexible costume for broad and from the heat of the room. The f would instantly cup him—the latter woul him a cup of ale, white-wine, almonds, ma clove-caudle, with syrup of Pearmains melancholy, the ingredients of which

readers may see in the doctor's own "Pearl of Practice,"\* or "The Queen's Cabinet opened."

Both these learned men happened to be partly right; had Colonel Monk's frame been less hardy, he had scarcely survived his morning tempting of nature. He was thoroughly prostrated. a moment he was seized by officious pages, rushing over each other to render service to the man the King had delighted to honour, and hurried insensible in their arms through a corridor from the dining-room, to an apartment at the further end; the door of which partly open showed inviting appliances and means for an invalid, such as a blazing fire, most tempting-looking bed, and cory arm-chair. Without ceremony it was thrown back, and Colonel Monk laid therein. Motion and change of air presumed to anticipate the lancet and herbal; a recovery unfeelingly premature, for doing justice seriatim to the restoratives, not only of the King's medical advisers, but of four generous, disinterested doctors from Hammermith, Richmond, Kingston, and Twickenham, whom the unprecedented scale of festivities at Hampton Court had drawn from their gallipots

Imprinted for Obadiah Blagrave, at the sign of the Black Bear, Paul's Church-yard, 1640.

and mortars, "to be in the way, in case of a dents," one of whom had made a promising ginning early in the day with poor Will Evan

Cutting short the disputes of his torment who were severally intent upon restoring him their own way, by knocking one pudgy, i faced, licensed man-slaughterer on the floor, he rose from the couch; the colonel in a le voice bade them begone.

- "But we will breathe a vein first," said doctor.
- "The almond-caudle is mixing," said a
- "The hot-bath will be quickly ready," claimed a third.
- "The blister for the back, and the hot conforting-bag for the bowels, will be in the roin the whizz of a weathercock," cried a fourth.

Monk smiled—he had not heart to deny the all: so civilly remarked, "If a hot-bath be rearready, Doctor Fillgrave—"

- "Blagrave, captain," interrupted the apot cary-physician — no scandal was it to prac as both in those days.
- "Dr. Blackshave!" said Monk, feeling real languid, and a slight shivering creeping of

him, "I will take your almond-caudle, for what has had the test of a stomach in rude health may be asfely taken, when a man is on his back."

This he said with no intention of tasting the tonic, but to hasten the departure of the numbers crowding round his bed, who were increasing every instant.

"Tell Lord Leicester I shall be with him shortly; that is, if I am left alone."

Haversac, his servant, had by this time pushed his way to the room, and, hearing his master press this wish, proceeded in the military fashion after reading of the riot act, to clear it. This ejection of twenty or thirty, by the instrumentality of one rank and file, would have been as solemnly warlike, and as tediously futile, as we have beheld attempts at dispersion of a crowd of spinners and shoe-binders, by a waggon-horse mounted regiment of yeomanry cavalry; and as pleasant a laugh had been raised at the unrequited zeal of one as the other, had not the original occupant of the chamber they filled entered and requested them all to leave it in too peremptory a manner for hesitation.

It was Sir John Denham. Without explanation the indignant doctors were expelled; and

he was desiring his involuntary visiter to m the apartment his own, and be assured that felt it an honour to be of service to so gall an officer, when Monk interrupted him v "May I ask to whom I am indebted for the two singular obligations?"

- "You saved me, sir, this morning from inevitable effects of remaining a whole day i most uncomfortable plight; and this evening am recovering by your means from any little dage thereby to this poor body of mine—I quite ashamed of my weakness."
- "My name is Denham," he replied; "but too fortunate to be able to render any ser to Colonel Monk—I leave you my servan and Sir John, rather haughtily, as Monk thou retired.

Leaving the susceptible young officer to cover in hot water, we will inquire what thought, said, and done, in the ball-room, s his departure.

Lady Miranda was too self-possessed and accustomed to entire self-reliance to make quiries before Colonel Monk was reported a valescent. Lord Leicester was attached to friend devotedly and affectionately; but he de

ed it neither complimentary to him, nor worthy of himself to show the slightest uneasiness about a soldier who had fainted in a hot room. The cause stated was so obvious, that no one lost one minute of the coming amusement, by bestowing thought on any gentleman so overcome.

The masque to be given this evening was an open one, that is, the mummers would not be confined to the spot upon which they first addressed the audience, but would, after delivering the speeches set down for them, disperse themselves amongst the groups of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and heighten the abandonment and frolic of the evening in the best way they were able. Dancing sets would then be formed for the Spanish pavon, coranto, bransles, the Canaries, Selenger's round, Gacciards, and the old English contredance of cuckolds all awry.

Behind the curtain we have spoken of were the musicians, with the old legitimate musical instruments for masques—citterns, organs, and shalms, while the tilting pipe and quaint tabor was borne by one of the performers in the masque, piping and beating as he bounded about the rooms.

Though this was expected to be a day of easy

and condescending mixing of the Royal: with the guests, yet a line of demarcation v strictly drawn round the sovereign by the and ladies-in-waiting, the officials, and still strictly by the ladies assuming authority to tain the dignity of the Court, that none, privileged persons, could approach within a yards of the presence without their permi The King saw this—was quite aware, too, injury to his popularity such inconsisten tinctions were, at a moment like this; by attachment to the ceremonies and formalit a palace, and his sense of their value was that he had rather have any day dissolve liament than broken a statute in the code of master of the ceremonies.

The lord chamberlain Essex had ventur express a wish, that the King would move the rooms, and show his countenance t guests—knowing the vast effect of royal sn but the King was displeased at his dariname such a thing, and never spoke to his ship during the rest of the evening. The ( was not more inclined to be amiable, and r one lady's anger to a pitch, incitive of a v a female friend, that the day should come

place,—a vow which, the lady addressed heard with much laughter; and perceiving something so inexpressibly ludicrous and quixotic in the daughter of a common-council-man of the City speaking of being revenged on a queen, this modemontade, cockney ebullition of pet and wered vanity, was whispered about amongst the Court and City ladies present, as the best joke imaginable.

The irate irreconcilable damsel was the same whose stately port had attracted the notice of Monk, when the ladies filed down the hall; but not to the degree that himself had been marked by the lady. Her disposition was in all respects the opposite of Lady Miranda's, except in energy of character: the masculine mind of the former would contemplate the surmounting of difficulties by means that would appal the rougher sex, and allow not let or hindrance to staying of her purpose; whilst the fire struggling with the sensibilities of the fervent and aspiring mind of the latter, gradually dissolved obstacles to her quench-less aspirations after intellectual and moral beauty.

The path of the high-born beauty seemed destined to be in Wordsworth's beautiful lines:—

"To teach us how divine a thing A woman may be made."

Miss Elizabeth Phelps, for that was the name of the affronted damsel, had been drawn near the royal presence than she herself was aware, the contemplation of a series of exquisite picture upon the walls of this room. She stood gazi at one with admiration so absorbing, as to insensible that she presumed to breathe the same air as the Queen, or was within a foot of the raised dais, and many within the forbidden circles anticipating erroneously by two centuries period,

"When safe built on bosoms true
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
Which treason dare not enter."

Lady Carlisle, rather favourably struck the lady's apparent simplicity and total at tion, had not the heart to arrest her uncor trespass; but one of the ladies in waitin rified by the invasion of an unknown within the hallowed ground, accosted her "Madam has not the honour of ser Majesty? Ladies will move back!"

The lady intruder rewarded the lady

with a slight inclination forward, with her magnificent neck and shoulders, which showed no disposition to retrograde; but on the contrary, scarcely deigned to regard the official, already busting with amazement at the audacity of a Plebeian, allowed on sufferance, to tread the same carpet as a crowned head;—as Juno, jealous of Petticoat poachers on Mount Ida, herself soror uxorque Tonantis, may be supposed to have stared at the daughter of Cadmus; but here classical analogy ends, for the trespasser looked far more like a guardian of a charmed circle, than the watch-dog who snapped, ex officio, at her temerity.

Initated at the contempt paid to her warning off, the lady-in-waiting had the rashness to use the sacred name of majesty, and exclaim in a lofty tone to the imperturbable picture gazer, who still kept her ground, that "if that person remained where she was against the Queen's order, it would be at her peril."

The latter part of this address was heard by Lady Carlisle, to whom was apparent the change of countenance that marked the storm within the bosom of the lady to whom these insulting expressions were used. Miss Phelps had been

pointed out to her in the hall as the daug one of the wealthiest presbyterian citiz member of Parliament, of considerable in with his party, a steady supporter of Mr. I with four dead votes; supposed to be m whose estates were mortgaged to the tra Bishopgate. "We are falling by our own thought she with a bitter sigh; "shall I to the young lady, and suffer the rebuke?"

With the generous motive of healing wounded feelings, this noble lady advant Miss Phelps, who was retiring with her burning with fury and mortification. It marks of the lady-in-waiting had been also by several other ladies in attendance undisguised ecstasy at the expulsion of the mere people from royal holy ground.

"If his Majesty will annoy the Qu inviting such folk, what can he expect?' lated one.

The Queen had observed with a smile licious satisfaction, that did not escape Phelps, this purification of the presence further notice or explanation was prever the rising of the curtain, displaying the leas Lord of Misrule, surrounded with his

fter making a low bow to the company, d up the apartments, knelt before the which the sovereign's chair was placed, ably begged his Majesty to excuse all the masque, or ancient Christmas mumie in his poor cunning had devised from his predecessors, which he considered e more delectable to their Majesties, n his own poor brain.

King smiling graciously, bid him rise; Queen slightly lowered her golden fan, e held before her face as a protection from of the fire. Sir William then bowed is towards his performers, whom he had sily drilling for several weeks to a disf their grotesque characters.

s of laughter greeted them as they cawarder towards the royal presence, spouth more than was set down for them in ks.

Villiam, in high spirits, personated the Misrule, his velvet cap, in which was of holly rich in red berries, dancing to ty motions of this chief of ancient roars. A huge yellow stiffened ruff stood d his throat, so stiff and extensive, that

it received the vulgar appellation of "peccadillo, from its resemblance to the wooden collar of pilloried delinquent. A ridiculously short close hung from his shoulders; his hose, which were the kind called trunk, that is, in one piece from the feet to the waist, were of yellow cloth, his shoes tied with a liberal allowance of flame-coloured ribbons. By his side strutted his torch-bearer in a black and white suit, brandishing his flambeaux as fiercely as the demons do their in M. Costa's beautiful ballet of Alma.

Father Christmas was enacted by Johnny Muckle, the jester. He was attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat looped with a jewel, a long thin white beard fell from his peaked chin, under which fell a frill, starched cambric ruffs were round his bony wrists, and truncheon in his hand. His shoes were of white leather, and his garters bound crossways like a modern brigand at Drury Lane. A comical imp of a fellow resembling Wicland, a red feather waving in his pyramidical hat, limp ed before him with a drum. The pantaloon of the modern pantomime presents us with some ide of old Gregory Christmas of the ancient masque

Leaning on his staff, his chin wagging

uter of his teeth, as with cold Christmas, g up to the dais, saluted their Majesties convulsive quiver of this withered scullal extremities forming at the same time right-angle with his inflexible sticks of ter which, in a voice closely resembling iking and crunching of a cart-wheel in lane, after a smartish hoar-frost, the old gentleman opened the masque with, y King, big lords and swaggering comll and every of you, I am your match. ald keep out old Father Christmas, would I'm come in your despite. Serve me well, ome twice a-year. I have a grave como make against my lord chamberlain; ot too dainty for my family? Sweet riend, art thou frost-bitten, or become ceberg after thy bath i' the morning? born to be crowned, will never be drown-It take a bath with me every year? Bronmer may parboil the Thames; but he t thy royal skin the fiery glow that I n I ice it." Then craning his ungainly rk round, until he spied through the s of the entrance into the withdrawing he tawny dark puce and black velvet

dresses, and plain-falling frills of Mr. Hampand his friends, who sought the comparative of this apartment, to lament together the for of the Court, and the griefs of the nation:

"Shall I sing a stave for thee?" said be one of them, a puffy-faced man, who achies smiling by pursing up his month and frown so that his brows obscured his eyes; but smil was only a chronic complaint with Desborough

"In the house of pure Emanuel\*
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise,
I dazzled my eyes,'
With the sight of revelation."

"Old copper-nose, from Huntingdon brewer they say thy father's beer was so hopped, the it hopped into water. Take comfort, then, the looks cannot sour it," said he to Cromwell, where sat by the oriel window, his arms folded, lister ing to the croakings of Desborough.

"Thou preachedst to some purpose at Ely but not every one has an Alderman Tyms; his barn congregation. That sermon was a luck hit for thee; seeing that the pulpit-men become

<sup>\*</sup> Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a set nary of Puritans.

lords episcopal of parliament; so, by inspiration from a meal-barrel, is the teacher of Hinchin-brook member for Cambridge. The greater the sinner, the greater the saint. Name not the days of Sydney College or Lincoln's Inn, when thou wast unregenerate and dark!"

"Silence! thou godless mummer," growled Comwell; "thou abusest thy privilege." Then, turning to Desborough, he said in a low tone, accompanied with a contemptuous smile, "Fools! let them enjoy their revenge—let them play their parts—we, Desborough, shall be the more perfect in ours. Blind, insensate apes!"

Without heeding the sort of savage submission which characterized Cromwell's reception of these certainly hard hits, the jester, in the trumph of his privilege, and backed by the undisguised delight of the courtiers, proceeded—

"They say thou shakest thy head at stageplays, and groanest with Prynne over the unloveliness of love-locks. Art thou not false to thy first love, when thou wert joined with the ungodly at Trinity. College to act King Tactus in Anthony Brewer's 'Combat of the Five Senses with the Tongue for Superiority?' That mock contention for a crown, may be, has raised thy ambition so high, that thou thinkest to conte for one in earnest; they say thou performed as if the estate were natural to thee, and mouth the King's part every inch a monarch. I has thee, master late-stage-player-turned-saint, singing-boy in the chapel was I then. Ran a speech not—

Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.

Was ever man so fortunate as I,

To break his shins at such a stumbling-block?

Roses and bays, pack hence. This crown and robe
My brows and body circles and invests.

How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave

Measured my head, that wrought this coronet.

How princely do I speak! how sharp I threaten!

Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,

And make you tremble when the lion roars,

Ye earth-bred worms!"

Those who had marked Cromwell narrow might perhaps have detected a deeper rubicu tint in his nose, the thermometer of his bi and his eyelids contemptuously dropped a trifl but the general aspect of his face was that a confident, unexcitable person, indifferent jests and personal allusions, wrapped up in setesteem, satisfied with all he did, and, moreownever to be stirred from his purpose by world's dread laugh.

Muckle John was, for the first time in his life, foiled by the astuteness of his butt; and, after begging to be informed in confidence whether it was true he intended to reassume the name of Williams, which was that of his ancient family before a marriage with a sister of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in Henry VIII.'s time, he quitted this hopeless subject, whose temper he failed to ruffle, and attacked John Hampden.

"Buck,—Buck,—Buckinghamshire dragoon, an thou not? Ingrate, does not that compliment please thee, thou wild bull of the Chilterns?"

"Master Pym, Master Pym,
Beware, saints, of him!
A fair countess's whim
Binds him fast, soul and limb,"

he cried to Strode, Holles, Martin, and Lord Robert Broke, who surrounded the tall, striking figure of the great orator; who, rankling under his disappointment, was still explaining and receplaining away the contretemps before dinner, with all the miserable restlessness of an honourable mind accidentally compromised, and struggling to be relieved from unjust imputation.

"Thou hast a back as round as a weeping ych-elm. Sir Harry, take heed lest thy head you...

slip off," cried he to Vane. "Here are three groat bits, coined at York, for you, Mast Hyde; or you may call them by their new fashioned name — shillings. When thou a chancellor of the exchequer, folks shall be curn of that bad habit of paying taxes for thy sak and make thy office a sinecure.

- "Set that to one of Sternold and Hopkins or Norton and Wisdome's psalm tunes," he r marked, in reference to something that had droped from Cromwell.
- "Sir Edward Ford, Sheriff of Surrey, remeber me when I'm in thy keeping."
- "Sir Dudley Carleton, when thou renewthy lease of Ember, I will pay thy fine, an' the giv'st me ten angels down.
- "A tankard of humming bub for Sir Thow Vavasour — appled ale, my knight of Haz thou art too staunch a Britisher to soak with a foreigners' decoction."

Shaking his head at Sir Ralph Hopton, Sir Basil Brook, Sir Richard Lane, Sir Marmaduk Langdale, Sir Richard Lloyd, and Mr. Carel Molyneux, who were discussing an enclosure question, he said, "I have nothing for your dissipated town-bred roysterers, ye who take

your wine at the Rhenish, tipple sack at the Heaven, lap up burnt brandy at the Devil, swim in punch at the Saint John's Head, slobber in buttered ale at Wood's in the Mall, and swallow a clencher with Taylor, after his day's work on the river, at the Crown in Phœnix Alley."

Not a syllable of this grave charge was, of course, intelligible to these country gentlemen, who knew nothing at all of the insides or outsides of London taverns, and these were the most noted of that day.

"A deodand! a deodand!" snuffled the jester, reassuming the wheezy tone of old Christmas, repeatedly twitching up his stick, and pointing with it at the objects of his licensed satire, "live forfeits, live forfeits! I claim those land-lubbers and their bumboat estreated!"

"Live forfeits for Christmas!" cried Killigrew, Wilmot, and others of the younger portion of the assemblage, echoed by Patric Murray and William Raffey, pages of the Prince's bed-chamber, their fancies much tickled with Father Christmas' demand for the persons of these solemn ascetics and opponents of English sports, as a deodand for their share in the morning's casualty. Even Mr. Hyde chuckled at the

conceit, but Lords Essex and Holland exchang significant glances, bit their lips, and look grave. Lords Warwick and Bedford whisper to Lord Falkland, and Lady Miranda smil over her fan at the Countess of Carlisle.

"Father Christmas hath not learned his less aright," said the Prince. "I have to thank a gentlemen he would blame for my morning's d for a sharper appetite, and brisker digestion the boar's head to-day, than any of the stoms persuaders of Perigord, my mother's Fren cook, or the juicy sirloins of Master Gravymes. This good-natured sally of the Prince discourage the further spread of Court malevolence; a Christmas perceiving that the gist of his wit we unacceptable, hurried to change the subject.

It was observed, however, that this reiteration of so poor, and yet so harped upon a joke, we unpalatable to a party around Lord Kimbolton and Cromwell, for they quitted the rooms short after, and were followed by the majority of the city allies, even by those upon whom the Kim had conferred honours.

Sir William's party, personating Carrol, Minci Pic, Post-and-Pair, Mumming, Offering, so Gambol, paraded before the royal chair, esc repeating humorous verses appropriate to the

None of the courtiers contributed more to the fun or excitement of the masque than Lord Going, who personated Mumming. His lordhip long was distinguished for his practical jokes, and in the late reign was, with Sir Edward Zouch, and Sir John Vinett, master of fooleries for the amusement of that king, whom nothing too shard or too broadly caricatured, ever failed to direct. The grossest vulgarity of language, gesture, and character, amused the most; for those who invented the obscenest songs and stories. were the first favourites during the latter part of this wise Scotch king's reign. Goring had at a puty of courtiers, who each undertook to contibute something supremely ridiculous for dinner, in the little banquet-house in Hampton Court peden, on the occasion of the Prince's birthday, invented, and introduced a laughter-raising spectacle, that beat even the absurdities of his accom-Plished companions; and that was four brawny pigs himing hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of manages, all tied to a monstrous pudding. king's love of buffoonery never deserted him to his hat hour.

Flouncing, kicking, carolling, never did brewer's Flemish mare frolic more boisterousl or scared away a greater crowd with her her than did Hobby-horse, an equestrian metame phose of Lord Wilmot, who cantered among the mummers, making sad havoc with the past board armour of Post-and-Pair, and scattering Sir Richard Lovelace's dice and counters before the Lady Miranda, who sat on a stool plac on the dais with the royal suite. A slap the shoulders from the wand of Mumming broug poor Post-and-Pair to the ground, greatly to the horror of these noble ladies, who had turned & Richard's brains by calling him the Sir Phil Sydney of the Court. The pair-royal of aces fi from his hat, and the stout, butcher-like calves the legs of the knave of clubs were torn from the modest gentleman's graceful-looking person.

Their Majesties laughed heartily at the chracters; which was very pleasant to see. He drums and fifes were played, and the Lord Misrule and his bacchanals started off with free antics round the rooms. Twenty more versions were afterwards sung, descriptive of their or characters and attributes, and dances round to rooms intervened.

"You dance not to measure," cried Misrale impatiently; "let his Majesty view the bravis perfected. The mummers have for-Solice the step, surely," added he, in anxious tepidation at a threatened maldroitness in his chaptany. "Place Mince-Pie opposite Post-A-Pair, and take care that Baby-Cake be Pired with Master Offering; Wassell hath plied the boy with his wares till his head swims. Now! take heed, masters; the brawl is but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six rounds; do this twice (you, Jack-of-trumps, pick up Baby-Cake, - Wassell, you are a most beery rascal); three doubles fivard, a traverse of six rounds; do this twice -three singles side, galliard trick of twenty comnto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall had, and then honour. Now, nobles and gende, regard our brawl—the newest figure, fresh in the most august Court of her Majesty's mal mother, Marie de Medicis. Grooms of the revels, I pray you protect the antic masquers from the press."

This caution was rendered necessary by the similar of a large increase to the auditory from

the hall, where carousing was still going on, it is at this day wont to do in Guildhall; what is better still, in Goldsmiths' Hall, or Vir ners' Hall; after the Lord Mayor at the fin and the masters of these two hospitable comnies have left the chair on the ninth of P vember.

Then commenced the brawl, followed by dances before named.

Whilst these were forming, his Majesty in earnest conversation with a fine, pale-fac noble-looking gentleman, in full beard and mo tachios of the blackest hue. His dress w both vest and mantle, of black velvet, doubl with crimson, his slight falling ruff of the mo delicate lace; the same fringed also the ed of his short, full smallclothes, which hung dow a little below his knees; his boots lined wit the same material. His full black eye was fixe upon the King, and he leant upon a staff, ev dently suffering at times an agony of pain i his left limb, which was enveloped in soft banc ages, rendered necessary by the gout, to which he was a martyr. The painter and his roys patron and friend were standing opposite a larg allegorical picture of St. George. His Majest

was represented in the Saint, the Queen in Cleodelinde; at a distance, a view of Richmond and the Thames.

It was Sir Anthony Vandyke; who then resided at Eltham, in Kent, in the capacity of attaché from Spain, sent hither to assist the nesotiation of a treaty of peace, in which he had been successful, his talents instantly ingratiating him with so devoted a lover of the arts as Charles. He gave sumptuous entertainments, and lived expensively.

Sir Kenelm Digby joined them, and began to speak upon Vandyke's suggestion of decorating Whitehall with pictures of the installation of the Garter. The subject, so congenial to his taste, lightened up the King's face.

"No palace in Europe," exclaimed he, "shall surpass Whitehall, I am determined—come what will. If my people do not perceive their own glory in that of their sovereign, we must find glasses for them. We will see what Ormonde, Leicester, and his young friend, to whom I have just given a regiment, will do in Ireland. A victory there will please the Commons, who will

<sup>\*</sup> This is now in the collection of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber.

HAMPTON COURT; OR, t shed a drop of the blood of their pockets,

atil that from the hearts of my unhappy Catho--0 ic subjects flow in revenge. Methinks, though, eΩ: 't were buying magnificence too dear;" a melan-\_\_1choly smile coming over the King's face as this æis

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last consideration arose in his mind. "I had hoped to make Mortlake equal Arras," his Majesty continued, his eye brightening with the project which he had long entertained of hanging rooms in his palace with tapestries from the designs he had lately, by the advice of Reubens, bought in Flanders. "What Pope Le gave Raffaelle four hundred and thirty gold ducats for, I have just bought for one hundred; and Crane tells me he will copy the designs at Mortlake for less than Leo paid the manufacturer at

"He had fifty thousand gold ducats," said Arras."

Vandyke; "I have seen them in the Vatican. They were originally designed to cover the vacant spaces below the frescoes of Michael Angelo in

"I have understood," said Sir Kenelm Digb the Capella Sistina." "that the designs his Majesty has bought we not drawn by Raffaelle himself, but by Fr cesco Penni, under his immediate direction."

"They are doubtless Raffaelle Urbin's own work," said Vandyke. "There can be no more doubt of it than that picture before us, which I had the honour to paint of his gracious Majesty on horseback, is mine own.\* His Majesty's judgment in art is proof as strong as the evidence of my own eyes," replied the courtly ambassador painter.

Charles smiled, for he was always pleased with a compliment from Vandyke, and shortly afterwards retired to his private apartments.

The infatuated Queen would pay no civility to the ladies of the guests, unless known to be devoted partisans of the government. To her was unhappily abhorrent, that dignified, impartial, yet discriminating condescension, which is the halo of the British Crown, on the head of its present wearer. With Lady Abergany, Lady Miranda, and Lady Dorset, (for Lady Carlisle would be no party to this offensive exclusiveness) she withdrew to her boudoir to listen to the buffoonery of a pampered wit from her mother's court, Sieur Charles Coypeare D'Assouci, a musician, composer of songs, and friend of Molière.

<sup>\*</sup> This is at Hampton Court in the second presence chamber. Two copies painted by Vandyke himself are at Windsor and Warwick Castle.

"My Phæbus Garderobin," said the Queen, (a name he had, from his lutes being always in the King's wardrobe,) "sing me,

> " Baisez moi Juliane, Jean Julian je ne puis."

D'Assouci touched his lute, and then sang this smart little song, to the delight of Henrietta, who joined him in another beginning with

" Helas ! mon amie doux."

"After all, thou art a naughty youth," said the Queen, "thou wilt corrupt this staid court."

"The scandals written against me by Bachaumont and la Chapelle have not, I trust, injured me in your Majesty's opinion," said the poet humbly.

"Thou a Frenchman, and think so! No, no, indeed, I like thee the better; but let me advise thee, England is no place for a light-hearted child of nature. I wish I were returning with thee to the Louvre." This reflection made the Queen sad, and D'Assouci was soon after dimissed, the former retiring ill-humoured to rest.

## CHAPTER X.

Dangerous Night Adventure at Hampton Court.—Narrow Escape of Colonel Monk from becoming the Victim of Sir John Denham's jealousy.—Fortune-telling and plotting.—Life of the Jester saved by a Dog.

THE events of the day crowded so thickly upon Colonel Monk's mind, that the time for the return of his attendance expired before he was aware it had half slipped away. Haversac having performed his offices, Colonel Monk quitted the apartment; but instead of passing down the corridor, the wainscoting of which reverberated, at intervals of deepest silence, with the sounds of distant merriment, he turned down a narrow passage, lighted dimly by a lamp: this led off at an angle to another, and some steps being mounted, he found himself traversing a third. Ignorant of the passages in this immense palace, which are as long and unintelligible as those in the great pyramid, he

walked slowly forward, making several turns the right and left, and passing the doors of may rooms, in all which total silence reigned. To stillness of these passages amongst the abidin places of the living was very striking, from contiguity to the roystering multitude from which he had just emerged. He could scarce persuade himself he was in the same build with a thousand convivialists. A blaze of ligical illumined the courts surrounded by the galleric he traversed; and through an open window was borne female screams of laughter, snatches o songs, and shoutings, rendered additionally shrill and piercing from the clear wintry atmosphere amid which they rang.

He was within walls into which he had never before set foot; but he seemed not an unwelcome stranger. Quaint corbels, from which spring low eliptical arches, projected within half an inch of his head—he struck not against them; quadrangular columns, intersecting the narrow way, impeded him not, for he passed between them; though his servant made the passed resound, knocking and stumbling every yard against some inequality of floor, low cross-beam or grotesque, boldly carved projection—fancifi

the accomplished reverend founder himself. The mater-mind of the great Cardinal has deeply impressed the characteristic features of ecclesiastical and monastic edifices; habitableness, the satiment of the low-roofed cloisters and galleries of Magdalene, never lost its influence in his subjectural plannings, here or at Esher, York Place, Cheshunt, Battersea, Apscourt near Mosley, or his College at Ipswich.

Colonel Monk felt all the security and immity from bruise that daily custom from nurture on the spot only confers—nay more, that a friendly though unfelt band was leading him

"Plague on the crazy old palace!" grumbled his servant for the twentieth time, in his fruit-less effort to keep up with his master; "there we more headlands, shoals, and sunk rocks in these straits than a pilot could tell of amongst the Scilly Islands," his head coming in contact with a moulding below the cornice, which the meetain light of the flickering lamps rendered it more difficult to avoid than to pass. At the moment of falling he was saying to himself, "Now, master knows this place no more than

I do, yet the way is as straight to him Roman road. He must carry a dark la before him. I've known him rouse a company's quarters in the night, becau passages in the officers' lodgings have been and here he jogs on in the dark like I wish he was more like a glow-worm, an his light towards the rear-guard. But, on us! who the devil is that?" he excl in a tone of undisguised terror. "Me us! master's in league with the devil! I never see Walton again. I ran away fro Lilly because he was too sociable by hal Old Horns and Claws."

Catching another glimpse of a moving s on the architrave of a pilaster, he uttered scream, and sunk into a heap on a bench.

"Haversac, are you mad? — Haversac are drunk!" exclaimed Colonel Monk. "I might have expected by bringing him I've only myself to blame for it. Ha I say!"—

Still no answer: he turned round to the lamp threw out dimly the shadow of crunched-up regimentals drawn together comparatively small a compass as a cocl contrives to epitomise himself on a wet day, when the flies are all at home.

Colonel Monk pushed him with his foot.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! I confess it; but I'll return this very hour," sobbed the man, perfectly convinced that the devil was about to give him in charge for absconding from the service of his earthly ally Lilly.

"Drunk, idiotically drunk! which I never saw him before," said the colonel, vexed at this unsumable development of the strength of Christman wassail; but the next moment, an unsolderly tingle possessed his own outward man from head to foot.

"Who goes there?" he exclaimed in a loud strong voice; "speak, or I run you through."

"C'est moi, moi, monsieur, valet du Cheva-

"Well, pass on, fool! 'Tis strange Sir John Denham can find no better employment for his trunts than skulking in dark passages to frighten others!"

"Let me give it him," said Haversac, recovered from his alarm, and burning to lower the circulation of the French servant as many pulsations, as the latter had taken without permission, in

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the late short loan from himself. The Frence man, frightened at the odds against him, fell a his knees, and begged to be released, confession that his master had hid him not to lose sign of Colonel Monk, as long as he remained in a palace, to inform him the moment he passed bridge, and that he was only following in I track in obedience to this order."

"The dodging spy! outlawed by all the rules of war!" cried Haversac, kicking him with the proper contempt of a soldier, for like degrading characters.

"Stay; can that man tell us where this passage conducts? if so, he shall precede me."

He did know, fortunately for his bones, for the orderly was preparing to hurl him down a staircase, that gaped anxiously for him, close by.

"Lead on, then; to the water-gate nearest the ferry," said Monk kindly, really sorry that he had accosted a poor fellow roughly, employed by a master, who appeared to meditate another mark of attention prior to his quitting the pelace; or why would he seek a farewell interview?

Guided by the man, the party, Haversac is the rear, descended the staircase, and reached th foot: three arched passages branched off from thence, one to the left behind a screen of brickwork, another into a court, and the third upon a parapet flanking the moat.

"Curse on your cowardice! disobedient menial, take that!" hissed through white wolf-like teeth, glittering beneath a Venetian mask, in the moralight, that fell upon a tall figure behind the ween, and the hot breath of an infuriated man ended visibly in the frosty air round the wide him of a Spanish slouched-hat; his person wrapped in a voluminous Spanish cloak.

The French variet spoke not a syllable, but all heavily at the feet of Colonel Monk, whose send was out in an instant, and clashed thrice with the weapon of the man in the cloak. Both combatants were now clear of the main building, and in sight of a porch from which light steamed, and persons were entering and leaving, but from whom the deep shade of an angle of a wall entirely concealed them. The short sword of Haverace was also out and gleaming in the meanlight, as the faithful servant raised his arm preparatory to rushing into the obscure corner, against the unknown assailant, whose outline was but dinly seen.

At this instant a noise was heard above, as a mass of something soft, like a feather-bed mattress, fell between them, and partly up both Monk and his assailant; and, availing h self of the former's surprise, the latter made direct pass at his heart—sure and steady, saved only by the bulky obstacle between the from effecting its purpose; then, uttering a imprecation at his want of success, before Monk could retaliate the thrust, he sprang from before the obstacle, and disappeared through a small door at the foot of the tower. A casement aloft at the same moment snapped to. Recovering himself in half a second, he made the pass; but his sword snapped in the middle against an hergonal tower-the cloaked object-hat-all were gone. A cloud passed over the moon. The man at his feet was dead-a rapier had passed through his heart; the assailant, whoever was, had escaped through this small door in the tower, and it was fastened again inside. Colone Monk had the disappointment to undergo o plainly distinguishing the figure of a man bear ing a lamp, passing by, first one, and then tw very small mullioned casements in the tower, he ascended a winding-stair within, with gre

apidity. This rencontre was the work of but a minute and a half from the blow that sent his guide into eternity. Why was he attacked? The servant, a foreigner, might have some deadly quirel with a countryman, perhaps, and after the custom of their country it had been settled. He had witnessed and heard of too many assassimions abroad to have much doubt about it:jet there was a murderous determination of perevering attack upon himself, that perplexed, though it did not alarm him. Not wishing to mixed up with a private quarrel of his inkion, or to be in any way named in connexion with such a mysterious, causeless assault—all account of which in his power to tender might here with those who envied him the recentlyaquired favour of his sovereign, a hundred injuious interpretations—he directed Haversac to inform the servants, or others who were passing and repassing close to him, that a man had been killed by a person who escaped by the door of the tower, and to point out the spot where the body lay. This done, he entered the porch before named, supposing that it would conduct to an outlet of the palace, the white frozen moat which surrounded it glistening in the moonbeams

like frosted silver at the foot of the sr rapet over which his antagonist had so hurl him with his sword-point.

The descent of this bed was observed I than one at the arched entrance into the who communicated what they had seen to so that when the man was found prosts derneath its weight his fall was imm accounted for, and the powers of all v obfuscated by the wine of the conduit-prosecute at that moment a subject-like nation into the causes of death. I more transpired about him, but that his had, with great generosity and kind feelin vided for his interment, in a spot adja Hampton churchyard, where several of reign Catholic servants of the Queen hapreviously laid.

Sounds of revelry burst again upon whilst passing under the groined roof porch. But a few minutes previous he has fellow mortal struck dead at his feet corpse was now bleaching in the cold night air. He had had to defend his o and knew not if the knife of an assassin purchased for his doom. He was now

ceeding without delay to the ferry, but was irresistibly led again to take a glance at the interior of the great hall, still blazing with flambanx and Christmas candles. He found far more persons regaling at that late hour than he expected, and, from all who were sober enough to remember him, received hearty salutations, accompanied by grasps of his hand and invitations to take one more draught of the King's spiced Burgundy.

At the south-east end of the hall, near the sid window, on the right, was a group of gentlemen, refreshing themselves with bating the Queen's dwarf, whom they had placed on the table, and at whose expense they were making themselves exceedingly merry. In another moment the little knight was lifted above their hads by a tall, bony young man, mounted on a chair placed upon the table, who lodged him above one of the pairs of antlers that branched from the walls between each of the side windows. The pair upon which Jeffery was placed is above the tapestry of Sarah laughing at the tent-door behind her husband, because of her good man's incredulity—with Sodom in the distance, any-

thing but cooled and refreshed by the falling from heaven—the high lights worked in gold. The tower portion walls of the hall, it is well known, are c with these masterpieces of the looms of de la Bourdaisière of Fontainbleau.\*

Ivy in large quantities, and holly with is berry garniture was fastened to all the and the hall, so that when the diminutive knig nestled amid his leafy honours, his large face and inflamed grey eyes peering throut foliage, did not belie the similitude imme caught hold of, and applied to him by the group beneath—an owl in an ivy-bush. hebetude and temperament of the bird of Jeffery could prefer no claim. His heart that of a vulture; had he its wings and be scoffing party beneath him might have gon eyeless. He denounced them all—thr

\* On the verge of one of these pieces of tape mark of a plain red escocheon between two letters Evelyn, in his visit to Hampton Court, in 166 of "hangings designed by Raphael, very rich wi "Of the tapestries," he adds, "I believe the v show nothing nobler of the kind than the storeys ham and Tobit. They were bought by Oliver (and valued in the Commonwealth inventory at 8,5)

them with royal displeasure, the Tower, the Fleet prison, the Gate-house, Tyburn tree, and everything that free agents, having any other alternative, instinctively object to.

Take him down—take him down! His exal tation will turn his head," said one of the halfdranken guests.

\*He is a sweet little cherub, but deserves no such soaring habitation, unless he will sing to us hymn," replied another.

Then little Hudson had to undergo taunts and challenges as to the hymns he could and should ting, ere he descended below the roses and portcullises that embellish the string courses beneath the wide-spreading antlers, which branch from heads of deer, having carved wreaths round each of them, as they were placed in the hall of Henry VIII., when it was called the Hall of Horns.

Taking the Rutlandshire knight down was easier said than done. No one was tall enough to reach him, for he had been pitched with a jerk into the ivy-bush. Restive and distrustful, as their conduct had now rendered him, his body would not willingly drop into their hands. No promises of protection—no assurances that harm

should not befall him had the least effect; then he was, and there he was likely to remain.

"Send for Will Evans," shouted one, "he'll bring him out of the bush, as easily as he would rob a bird's nest."

Sir Jeffery heard this excellent suggestion; his plumb of a heart shaking within his small velvet doublet, for no one knew better why seven-foot Will was absent in the hall to-day, where, attired in scarlet and ribbons of the uniform of a yeoman of the King's guard, he had been wont for many years to astonish the guests at royal entertainments, whether given in this apartment or the public dining-room.

This was the state of affairs when Colonel Monk attempted a progress up the hall throughthe different groups of persons who vied with each other in detaining him, at least whilst they draw success to the Irish expedition, and utter annihilation to Sir Phelim O'Neil and the Papists.

Haversac, his servant, had heard in the kitches of the damage sustained without provocation, b—the seven-foot phenomenon, who was a favourit—with all the servants in the palace, at the murderous hands of his puny assailant; and had, with yeomen of the buttery, yeomen of the chaundry.

and other good serving-men and true of the paace, emptied more than one bowl of lambs'-wool the future prospects of the owl in the ivy-bush; experations for a line of life mortal and immortal, strangely at variance with any that had ever appeared to the party interested in his most ambitious dreams to be desirable or suitable.

This pillorying of that little cowardly imp there, thought he, will be nuts for Evans the porter to crack, poor fellow, where he lies in hospital, reported inefficient. Too good to be lost, for it may get him some sleep after the twinges and wincings he has suffered all day; and Haversac ran from the hall, threaded the passages through the galleries in the "outer courte," to "the great gates upon the stone brydge," where in the postern gate-house lay the wounded man, distressed in body and mind, at the unusual method of commemorating this anniversary. The man burst into his room, pushing Mrs. Evans mide, for whose conversion into a lady her husband had exposed himself to be carbonadoed.

Will, forgetful of his own wrongs, heard of Jeffery's exalted impalement with a benevolent langh. He sat up on his pallet for a moment—then rolled out of it, wrapping round his body

a blanket and counterpane; and at length contrived to encase his limbs into some extra-wide trunk-hose; but not without nostril twitches and lip compressions, indicative of pain. For this accoutring was at the risk of tearing from his scars compound layers of plasters affixed to them by two of the practitioners, whose contrary theories were debarred from exercise upon Colonel Monk, when he lay insensible in Sir John Denham's apartment.

"What the devil are you about, Master Evans?" said Haversac, astounded at the blanketed giant stalking forth from the gate-house, like one of Mr. Catlin's Ojibbeway or Iowa Indians. But the janitor moved forward, followed by a huzzaing crowd of servitors, pushing to the right and left the star-spangled guests who filled the passages in the way to their coaches, until he mounted the steps into the hall, up which he strode without taking breath, and was preparing to mount an adjacent table for the humane purpose of rendering good for evil.

Jeffery's rescue was loudly objected to by the blustering youth who had suggested the little man's bad eminence, and who had, in accomplishing the feat of placing him on the stag's horns, split his velvet doublet from arm-pit to his short ribs, ruined past reparation his rich Valenciennes' ruff, and had, for his pains, his lace wristbands, as well as the sleeves of his doublet, annihilated by the heels of his struggling prey.

"Villain, take that!" said he, more than half inebriated, to the porter, striking the immovable frame of redoubtable Will a blow that would have caused that of a less man to reel. "Touch that little gentleman, if you dare. He went up there at my pleasure, and down he shall not come till it be known."

The English Hercules vouchsafed him not a look, but with the greatest ease in the world lifted Jeffery down from his leafy elevation. This exertion, however, caused the honest forgiving porter's wounds to bleed afresh, and he sunk from exhaustion on a seat.

A word from him, Colonel Monk, commanding the attendance of numerous hands, the noble-hearted fellow was gently and considerately carried away. The former was about to leave the hall himself, when he was slapped on the back by the jester, who beckoned him into the presence-chamber, a withdrawing-room at the east end of the hall.

The jester drawing out a pack of cards, motically control to the colonel to take a seat beside him classes to the tapestry of the Parcæ.

Muckle John had an insinuating address, not to be put by easily, and now seemed so enger to disemburthen his prophetic learning, that has companion sat down from curiosity to watch the antics of the man.

This room was entered by a doorway from the centre of the dais, and is of much more ancient complexion than the hall, which is distinguished for lightness. The Tudor badges of the ros fleur-de-lis and portcullis hung from its flat = 3 4, deep-panelled ceiling, the ribs of which were of oak elaborately painted and gilt. Colonel Monk was struck with the subdued voice in which the jester now spoke, scarcely above a whisper, his noiseless stealthy tread, and significant glances towards a huge screen, spreading almost across the room from the fire-place, and he was not sure that the murmur of conversation. carried on in an under-tone, did not come from within it. As he had seen several persons pass in and out of the hall from this room-it might be so-he gave it no further a thought.

The perfect proportions of this room, and

sombre harmony of all its ornamental parts—its solemn loveliness and majesty, were soothing influences after the painful scene he had witnessed in the stone-court.

His eyes rested on the beautiful semicircular bey window projecting into the kitchen court: spart from its being most curious and unique, . with the stained glass emblazonry of the arms of Henry VIII. and Wolsey, with those of the latter bishoprics of Durham, Bath and Wells, Winchester, Lincoln, and York; its contemplation brought back some cherished incidents of his chequered life-scenes of hazard-vital peril—triumph—defeat. Once a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, when at Cadiz with Sir Richard Grenville, his relative, he had been carried to Seville. In a monastery contiguous to that splendid triumph of ecclesiastical architecture, the cathedral, his wounds had been cared; and hazy reminiscences of blue flame and fumes unbearable,-the atmosphere of the cell of a kind-hearted celibatist; all superstition and alchemy mingled with a lovely vision of the dark orbs of an olive daughter of Spain, by whose side he had stood heretically irreverent; whilst she prayed opposite a shrine under a similar semicircular window in a little chapel dedi-

"There," said the jester, after throwing out the twos, threes, fours, fives, and sixes of each suit.—"shuffle and cut."

The colonel, smiling at the conceit, though scarcely conscious of his act, did as required.

"Cut them into three heaps, and faced too, mind," said Johnny.

Monk did so; and Johnny gathered them carefully up, the backs toward himself, and laid them faced on the table in four rows of eight each; then, after musing some time, shaking his head, and looking a very Merlin, he whispered solemnly, "Danger you have been in, or, danger you will be in soon."

- "This is folly," observed Monk; "What are your signs?"
  - "A secret, known but to us."
- "Nonsense!" said the colonel, with some curiosity to know how danger, which he had very recently escaped, could be indicated by the chance shuffling of cards.
- "A secret, mind," said Johnny Muckle, "Look, you are surrounded by the ace of spades, the nine of spades, and the seven, accompanied by the ten."

The pupil regarded his tutor very little wiser for this explanation.

"There is the club-man," continued the communicative fortune-teller: "he will soon be in the society of a fair woman."

"Indeed!" said Monk.

"Doubtless," replied Johnny, "is not this the queen of diamonds—ay, and the ace of clubs is not far off; you will receive a letter from a dark woman—a snare for correspondence: beware; the queen of diamonds has a remarkable interest in your affairs, Colonel: and there is something about a child—you will be the making of him, and he will make you. I can't find his father—ay, the knave of spades is over him, and, odds-boddikins! falls across his neck. Cut and shuffle again."

The same process as before was pursued with the cards, which were no sooner spread out in quadruple lines, than the jester shook his fox-tail cap, which replaced his masquing disguise, and smiled.

"The danger is over—well out of it; still there is the fair woman—and the dark woman after her; the dark woman will give you trouble, and, as I live, the knave of spades covers the father of the child: you and the child are together, but the fair woman is not with you; but you must take a journey soon. Now for the wish!"

"What?" said Monk.

"Wish, whilst you cut and shuffle, not a second after, or before."

Somewhat diverted by the oddity of his employment, Monk took up the cards, and actually essayed to render ship-shape some definable wish; not the easiest task to accomplish on the spur of the occasion. His eye wandered over the multitude of figures in quaint and very ancient tapestries, that cover the sides of this apartment, as if seeking there suggestions for a positive There was Scipio Africanus on horseback, and Lucretia with "Chastite" rudely, and against all metropolitan police acts, ancient and modern, "racing," thereby running over a lady-Venus by name; he did not desire to be more like Scipio than he was, and from what he had heard of the Irish ladies, he did not think himself less likely to imitate him. Then, nearer the window was Chastite paid in her own coin, under the wheels of a britska drawn by bulls conveying the Destinies, Mesdames Clotho, LaThuch three celebrated traversers going in the Lord mayor of Dublin's state-coach to the hall of the Five Courts on a late trying occasion—and the similitude is equally striking with the crouching multitudes around the Parcæ, to "the nate boys of the Jim of the sea." It is a fine thing to gallop over the bodies of kings, prelates, and privy-councillors, but a finer to drive a coach-and-four through an act of parliament.

There was nothing in the ring-nosed bulls of the Destinies, or in the Destinies themselves to desire their sympathies; so he turned his head to the right—still close to the oriel window on the south side of the apartment. Here were types of something inspiriting—some consolatory sauce for the half-pay list and superannuation of an old warrior. If the Destinies perpetrated random driving scot-free in the highway, renommée has run them down at last, and is taking Atropos to the station-house.

The group is as cheerful and encouraging a one as an old or young soldier could desire for nerving his arm against his country's foe; neither could our young colonel help devoutly wishing, while viewing "Roi Priam, Rolant, Salitino,

Hercules, Mcnelaus, and Alexander," that he might achieve something before he died, that would hand down his name, like theirs, with glorious renown to posterity.

"Have you not wished, Colonel? I fear your are unconscionable," said Johnny.

The colonel was reading the legend in ol-English character over this group.

> La mort mord tout, mais clere renommée Sur mort triumphe et la tient déprimée Dessoubs ses pieds, mais après ses effors Fame suscite les haults fais de gens mors.

The jester struck his fox-skin cap impatiently on the table, and would have shook his bells, but from a fear of drawing the attention of the parties behind the screen to his companion and himself.

Behind this huge screen of leather, excluding any benefit from fire to the table where the jester and his customer were busy with their cards, was heard a broken word or two of suppressed conversation. Monk's first impulse was to rise; but the jester smote the table gently with his cap; then drew from under it a card, the knave of clubs—shook it in the direction of the screen, and made a gesture—silent, yet ex-

pressive of cognizance of concealed roguery. He was again rising, when on his ear came a voice Monk thought he had heard that day in the hall.

- "--- He dies, or I move not!"
- "But-" said another, hesitatingly.
- "But me no buts: Laud is a stouter-hearted manthan you are, Sir Arthur," said the first voice.
- "We have him in the Tower; wait!" said another voice.
- "Well—well," said other voices, anxiously, though scarcely audible.
- "You know as well as I," said the other, pertinaciously; "remember we are together—secrecy."
- "May we lose our salvation from him whose servants we are!" said a fourth voice. "We support you, Cromwell—what next to be done?"
- "The banishment of Ahab's false rottenhearted rib," said Cromwell. "Nay, man—I say out at once—smite Jezebel—impeach the Queen."

Colonel Monk was again rising, but it was not with the intention of quitting the room this time; it was to rush into the circle of traitors plotting the destruction of their sovereign's wife in her own palace, call them to account, and dare them severally to combat on his oath as a soldier; but the countenance of the jester, losing all its accustomed caricature of expression, looked so imploringly at him for silence, and was so fraught with honesty of purpose, that he hesitated; Muckle John whispering to him, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of care—frustration of a plot will spare its bloody defeat."

"I will not act with Holland," said another voice: it was Mr. Hampden's.

"But we must," said Mr. Pym. "I believe him to be staunch, and he assures me that the young officer the King promoted to-day will obey Parliament, when in Ireland, and help us to turn out the Lord Lieutenant."

"To get the place himself—the fox, I say—he will betray us," said Hampden. "Remember our great point is, no bishops, impeachment of the Queen, Laud to the block, and his victims, Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, to the best livings in the prelate of Canterbury's gift."

"We must be moving," said another voice.
"I thought to remain here all night, as we were invited to do. We have given them a chance: but no, the curtain is drawn; we sleep not on

to persons of her representatives, who, with the bluming of Heaven, shall be revenged. I journey to Favaley to-morrow."

- "And I, sir," said Sir Arthur Haslerig.
- "And I," repeated all the voices.
- "On horseback?" inquired one.
- "How else?—and the roads are so good, we shall reach Fawsley to supper on the third day; its but seventy miles from London."

Monk had heard enough to convince him that a deadly spirit of treason and personal hatred spirit the Queen was evoked, how or why, he could not divine; but having no taste to be compromised as a spy, or wish to listen any more, he rose with the intention of imparting what he had heard to Lord Leicester. He walked to the door, and was not within its portals ere a most terrific crash and unearthly howl from the spot he had left saluted his ears.

The party were in the act of rising, when Mr. Strode, one of them, pushed a log forward into the fire; a thousand sparks shot up from the expiring embers on the hearth, and threw on the wall the shadow of the foot and leg of the poor jester behind the screen, which were no

sooner seen by Sir Arthur than, with his finger, they were pointed out to his friends.

Glances were exchanged around the circle, from under brows rendered terribly dark and over-hanging by dimness of the fire-light. The gloom and thoughtfulness which pervaded their countenances was changed in an instant into diabolical fierceness. They all started on their feet as by an electric shock.

- "We are betrayed," whispered Hampden.
- "We are not," exclaimed Cromwell, in a hollow, though confident voice: in an instant his sword, and those of three others, were dashed at the screen, with the undoubted intent of saving the gentleman behind it any further trouble on their account, by allotting him a like fate to It happened that a dog of the breed called King Charles's, from the King's partiality to it, and to the perfection to which his Majesty's love of animals had brought it, was lying before the embers at the feet of his master's ungrateful guests; her little nose, not longer than the thumb-nail of either of the parties conversing around him, had lain flat on the hearth between her fore-paws. She heeded not plots or plotters, but was enjoying a long luxurious feast of her

Portrait of her royal master, drawn in that very room, by that very fire-place, and in hers (the log's) presence, but two years before, by Sir Anthony Vandyke.

The dog was first made uneasy by the me-Pacing looks of the members, when Sir Arthur Haslerig drew their attention to the shadow of the huge bunch of ribbons attached to the listener's shoes, which she, faithful creature, mistook for some hostile views against the lifelike figure of the King on the screen. Swords were drawn—she whined miserably; her little heart was breaking at the calm inattention with which her master regarded the deadly prepara-Rising from her crouching form, her mouth was widening for a piteous bark. impulse of attachment, simultaneous with that which grasped the handles of the weapons dashed at the screen, braced the frame of this affectionate little dog to make one last effort to arouse her insensible master to his danger, and springing at her sovereign's hand, which rested on a stick, for he was represented standing; the little creature received the points of the rapiers which thus struck the screen through its body, and occasioning the noise heard by Monk, came down upon the table and chairs behind. This interposition of the poor spaniel's carcass saved the jester, who only received a blow on his fox-skin cap from the falling screen, in lieu of "a quietus for the heartache," and the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to." He never was known to return thanks for the good intentions of his friends round the hearth; but it was an impolitic omission they willingly pardoned, when they heard of his ignorance of the compliment being meant solely and expressly for himself.

In surly mood the ungracious guests took their departure, and reached London before midnight, an hour at which legislators were seldom or ever out of bed in those days.

## CHAPTER XI.

I-ross Embarrassments, — The City Beauty. — The bland insensible.—Visit to Ember Court and Hamisas.

VHEN the colonel traversed the hall from room in which the jester had so narrow an we of his life, most of the guests were departthe glorious cedar fire being nearly burnt last embers.

hen quitting it through the door under the gallery, to his surprise, Lord Hertford and him. That grave peer was, like the rest, the spell of Christmas festivities. They sought the ball-room.

a lade manager and the Driver of Wales

cing it always wore the most stately account then, by gentlemen in caps and sword counsellors in their gowns and wigs; by in their mantles; and by ladies in gown long trains. There were enough of eac this day present, who having been told th never looked so graceful or stately as dancing a pavon, neglected not to come rayed for the anticipated contingency. W give no further description of this danc say, it was the antithesis of the gallopad de fascination, cancan, or polka. The pavon had been danced again and again : as the contest of matter of law against of fact could be maintained. Commor had at last overruled the precedents of th of claims, and gentlemen, who should have orderly, at last submitted to circumstant dence to the contrary, and gave up a which was the test of the good-breeding performers.

Colonel Monk's eye fell upon Sir Joh ham, whose cheek he thought became so pallid under his gaze. He stepped up and expressed his concern at the death servant.

"My servant!" replied the other. "Which, may I ask?"

"He whom you politely left with me."

Sir John grew paler; but directly observed, "I have not seen my servant since I left him with you, and trust he discharged his duty."

Monk wondered what on earth could be Sir John's motive in mystifying him; he said nothing, but looked hardly into the poet's face. It was now dark and threatening.

"You must have danced the coranto in Spain? we must have a coranto, Colonel Monk; will you take a partner?" said Sir John, with very apparent desperation in the effort he was making from some cause or other, to be gay. He even seized the colonel's arm, and before he could draw back—for his hold was absolutely fierce—supernaturally tight, he had placed him in front of the Minerva of the banquet, the sable velvet-robed daughter of the Philistines, the dangerous subject of Lord Leicester's warnings.

Before Monk recovered from his surprise he found himself introduced to Miss Phelps, and apologising for his dancing imperfections.

"But you will stand up? I shall," she said; and such was the commanding tone of her voice,

and the irresistible tyranny of her magnificent bust and air, that he found himself, to his excessive chagrin, and to the immense astonishment of his noble friends, swept along in a coranto, and making his début in England, he a staunch King's officer, with the daughter of one of the bitterest and dogged of the wealthy citizens opposed to his government.

Miss Phelps had no doubt when she returned to her seat but that Monk was her slave. His taciturnity she thought greatness of mind; and his excellent sense, she assured herself, was akin to her own. He could not but admire her white and superb shoulders, arms, and breast, their harmonising softness of swell enhancing each other's beauty, - graceful ringlets of luxuriant black hair, entwined with small round pearls harmonising with the ear-pendants above the larger ones of the necklace, and the pearl orb below, in which not one pearl did more violence to nature than does the dewdrop on the fullblown rose, as well as her simply grand costume, as she drew him through the figure, as it were inevitably, though he had no conception how he did it, and certainly could not have again achieved it. When she spoke, a negation to

her authoritative sentences was out of the question.

"Lord Leicester may well have called this fine creature a daughter of the Philistines," thought he. "She is more,—she is the Judith that could wile the Holofernes of any armament it has been my fortune to meet. Strange, that in one day I should be made acquainted with two such beings as this city tigress and that—" but thought had no definition for the Lady Miranda.

As Monk spoke little, she thought it her duty to keep up conversation in the intervals of the dance; in fact, she talked with all the easy assurance of one who paced the palace as the playground of her childhood. From the conversation of her home, she knew how destitute the Court was at this moment of money, to what humiliating subterfuges the King was driven, after his determination to govern without a Parliament, and what exultation of vulgar triumph had resounded through her father's house, when Mr. Pym called with the intelligence, that after eight years of attempts to coerce the people of England; Strafford, Hamilton, and the Archbishop had actually advised him to call them together again. She hinted that the visit paid the

palace this day was looked upon by her and his friends as doing the Royal fan greatest favour in their power; and whil eyes were dazzled with palace glitter, thei contemned the forced condescension of its

Remembering the interest Mr. Hamppeared to take in his welfare, in his offseat for Aylesbury, he asked in a few w his partner knew that gentleman.

"Know him! you know we all do; whim; do not you?"

Colonel Monk explained that he was rarrived from Scotland, and knew not, save report, any of the political characters of the Miss Phelps then informed him that a lately been in Northamptonshire, at F the seat of Mr. Knightly, whose son havied Hampden's daughter; that a large to of their party would take place at Fawal few days, to form a regular plan of reto the tyrant," as she was pleased to deher sovereign.

"My father declares," said she, "would not wear the crown, if what is to manded is refused. I had taken much make him think better of the King,

came here hoping to find I was right; but that is all over now."

"Indeed," said Monk, interested with the intimate knowledge his fair partner evidently had of the motives for conduct which he had heard differently described.

"You think it strange to find me here at this hour, do you not? To be sure you do," wid she.

"I never find ladies so agreeable as towards the doe of a ball," replied her partner with a bow.

"The Queen, and those proud ladies with her, might have remained until we were gone," mid Miss Phelps disdainfully. "I stay—I have a right to be here; there is small obligation to her Majesty for this mark of royal condescension. My father's money, and the money of our friends, furnish all I see around."

"All?" said Monk quietly.

"The very pictures that I was admiring, when I was insulted by those things—"

The lady seemed too much excited to proceed at that moment with her wrongs, the very recurrence to which suffused the ample spread of ivory whiteness beneath her chin with a reseate tinge.

"—That picture, a Madonna of Raphael, purchased in Mantua from the General C lazzo; 'twas his share of the plunder of Duke's gallery. I returned to England in same ship with an uncle, its captain—I h not seen it since we admired it on the walls the palace — my mother worshipped picture. How many recollections crowded on my mis—Italy, Spain, their churches, horrid Bablonish as I now know them to be. That picture Colonel Monk, was paid for by the seizure of my father's property for ship-money."

Still the Colonel made no remark; there we a singular mixture of enthusiasm, prejudice, educational antipathies, and pride in all she make the feared to be found grappling with a tangent when he wished to soothe: he knew she we angry; he avoided looking in her face.

Whilst relieving herself by this outburst, the coranto dance, for which she was introduced to Colonel Monk, and the Colonel's pledged shar in this undertaking, all fled from her recollection. The others engaged in it were dispersed the last strain of music was ceasing, and he statement found himself standing conspicuously in the centre of the room, the apparently sympathism.

ybil. He placed his right hand upon his breast, his left on the hilt of his sword, and bowed low twice, the prelude to taking his partner by the hand, and conducting her to her seat; but the lady's eyes were resting on a picture of Gustavus Adolphus — she looked at her partner, then at the picture.

"If you be as constant as he, Colonel, what fine will be yours!—may it," she asperated with ferrour; "my mother — I am not ashamed to my it, was a fille de chambre at Stockholm."

"Your mother?" said Monk, scarcely knowing what he said in his annoyance at observations wafted indistinctly to his ears at his prolonged and eager tête-à-tête. Complacent congulatory smiles and little nods of the head to each other, evidenced the nature of the whisperings of some knots; whilst the curled lips, mised brows, and shrugs, the pantomime of jeering astonishment, was discoverable in others.

"I am Italian—a Venetian," she pronounced the last word with a pride containing in itself indemnity for all the affronts that could be invented by all the ladies in waiting of the

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queens of Western Europe, and of the quee themselves.

"Sono Venezian," said she, unable to cont an impulse of her blood, jealous of the puri of its fountain; "my mother is, I mean," as she, lowering her voice, whilst the sudden glan of her eye to and fro, evinced that she felt a had been thrown off her guard, and that t ebbing and flowing of her Adriatic extracta was but imperfectly subdued by the discipli of a strict sect of the reformed religion of I surviving parent.

"You do not return to London this evenist of course?" said Monk, taking her hand we a bold resolution to place the lady under the protection of her friends as soon as possible but he never was more mistaken. The last liked him—she liked to look into his face, a continued her observations, unmoved by I cavalier's restlessness and evident desire release.

"You have been in Scotland?"

Monk said, "he had, but prior to that Spain."

"Spain! I love Spain.—I was educated Seville. We shall be great friends I see.

must meet again to talk about Spain. You detested that wretch Buckingham—of course you did." Monk started. "I see you shudder at his name. I knew you had an English heart by your eye. You will come to London,—Bishops—sate is quite rural in summer; you could fancy yourself at Twickenham, or even here. My gardens there shall excel the Queen's. How horribly ugly the English ladies dress! I like your velvet coat—"

At this moment a young man of very forbidding appearance, his red hair clubbed with pomatum on each side of his freckled, saffron face, a moustache and peaked beard of the same hue, like coarse, flaming fringe on a gaudy rug, setting off the countenance in consistent frightfulness, extravagantly dressed, but both satin and velvet disordered, as from a recent scuffle, approached Miss Phelps with an easy swagger: and Colonel Monk immediately perceived from his manner that the party was one she was accustomed to see and hear, as well as that he was one she by no means exulted in owning for a relative. He also thought he was the same who had shown such zeal in tormenting the dwarf in the hall.

"Father is moving-the horses are saddling,

and our coach will be in the court if these g can be got to work;" laying an imper emphasis on the word "coach;" few und rank of nobility having such luxuries. " along Bess! — Confoundedly hot, maste forget your name; by —— you are a digood villain. Off to Ireland—eh? Cut papist's throat—that's the way we woul Ireland to rights! We will send you what to do from Fawsley, or Westminster before your command is well fledged, Colonel," laying an offensive emphasis of we!"

The young man was elated with wine. saw it, and he also perceived, "that if he longer, he should hear revelations from this vessel, as improper for his ears as a servant Majesty, as the information which the unsing frankness of this gentleman's sister, fe was she called, was as unscrupulously impair

<sup>&</sup>quot;Villain" was a term used the same as our "knave" was a follower, confidential servant. I translation of the Bible into English, St. Paul "the knave of Jesus Christ;" and correctly, nothen understood. Some hundred years hence "fol may mean artful dodgers. Prudent housekeepers d in anticipation to set their faces against the "clovers" of their servants.

She expected to be treated with more gallasty by an officer than to be left thus only to the offices of her brother; and regarded him represchfully on his retiring, with an expression that recalled to his mind a face seen fully but once, and never expected to be seen again.

Colonel Monk joined Lord Leicester, and was placed to be soon with him at Ember Court.

It was a gladdening sight,—the thousand lights reflected from the palace on the river which they crossed, a hemisphere of stars during on the ripple of the stream, while the fall of the cascade, formed by the weir above, monotonous as it was, attuned most pleasantly with the hum on the Middlesex shore.

At Ember Court Monk was received with efectionate warmth by its worthy host and letters; a sound sleep rewarded the fatigues and excitement of the day, and he rose, contrary to his custom, but a few minutes before they met at breakfast.

"I have news for you, Colonel," said Sir Dedley Carleton; "you will be my guest some days. Lord Hertford does not go to Ragley at present,—the King requires him in London; but his daughters and Lady Hertford come for

your benefit to Sir Thomas Vavasour's at H: The Queen goes to London also; we shall h little of your company here I fear."

- "Do the royal family remain in London inquired Monk.
- "No," said his host, "they return to k twelfth-night, and, according to custom, spend at Hampton Court. Queen Elizabeth did so.
- "Where is my friend Lord Leicester?" i quired Monk.
- "He was off early to Braintford to hasten the regiment quartered there for Ireland. All the troops that can be mustered are off thither. Smart work, I reckon. Colonel Monk, take can of yourself."
- "I will ride over to Braintford and join him —I must see the troops."
  - "Can't go-orders to the contrary."
  - "Why?" said Monk.
- "Here, read—mark—learn, as our pars say," and he put into his guest's hands a n from Lord Leicester, the very information should have had at first, but for the garra' old gentleman's determination that no win instrument should supersede his own oral position of affairs.

The note informed him, "that the regiment at Braintford, with artillery, would be en route for Ireland by Millford, on the morrow. That he had postponed his own journey for a week by command of the King, and consequently, that he, Colonel Monk, must do the same, and remain where he was at Ember Court, probably over twelfth-night; as despatches from the King would then be ready for his conveyance to the lord-general the Earl of Ormond, and that he should see him ere night-fall."

Colonel Monk read this hurried note again and Fin. Then he must be here—here for a forthight, probably, in the very house with one toany intercourse with whom he felt there a barrier insuperable—but why insuperable? He would fly and be at his post in Ireland, and in the golden regards of his King for attention to a soldier's first duty, obedience. Yet he had orders from Lord Leicester quite otherwise. What Lord Leicester to him?—he was colonel of a rgiment - Lord Leicester was no more - they vere equal. Yes, he would proceed at once to Ireland, and encounter Sir Phelim O'Neal and is butchers. Want of energy caused the blood • flow hourly. He would repair the fortune of war, retrieve the lost honor of England, and the be worthy of Lady Miranda's regard.

The following morning a party was propose for Ham, where the ladies were to remain sever days; Lady Vavasour being an aunt of the Ladies Seymour. The morning was clear and from and under the escort of Colonel Monk the particular galloped across the flat lands of Weston Green Thames Ditton, and Surbiton, skirting Kingsto through which from the disaffection of the inhab ants to the government and its supporters, no of Lord Hertford's politics would desire to pass

Sir Thomas Vavasour, by whom Ham Hou was erected, and from whom it has descende to the Dysart family, its present inhabitants, we standing on the steps of his mansion, when Colo nel Monk and his fair charges cantered up the avenue. He was a fine old country gentleman to high honour, and of warm heart, and so domesticated as never to have stirred from his neighbourhood for longer than a day; never going to London, save sorely against his will, when it we necessary to consult his attorney in Lincoln's in the had once been elected member for Kingsto which then returned members to Parliament, to attended the House only once, and the forem

in petitioning King James to relieve that borough from the franchise: the baronet being of
the same opinion as his King, that Parliaments
might be useful in cases of emergency, affecting
the honour of the country, when extraordinary
sams were wanting for striking terror into the
enemies of England; but that they were mischievous hotbeds for the propagation of rank,
goady weeds, and defaced the smooth surface of
the garden of government.

Sir Thomas little dreamed that "the order," then recently created, of which he was an original member, would ever require, in after days, a club, or association, with president, vice-presidents, and accetary, to protect its privileges, or he would probably have warned his successors with the vit:—

"Ye valorous sirs, in your armour and spurs,
Whose crest is a hand red and gory,
I prithee adhere to the sword and the spear;
A club will not add to your glory."

He acknowledged the greeting of his fair visiton by uncovering his head, the silvery honors of which fell flowing over his shoulders, even below his plain collar. His dress was that of a country gentleman of that day; and having said which, J must refer my readers to the thousand-time repeated minute description of costume and f niture which my contemporaries take such pe to set forth, that one would suppose they been brought up in Holywell-street or Casa street, Longacre, and served their time to appraiser, house-agent, or old clothes-dealer. I broker-like accuracy of our most popular autho when details of household or personal econom especially amongst the lower orders, are thous necessary to add interest to their heroes (s some of these are ignoble enough, without the distasteful particulars) has often surprised me inasmuch as the means evidently taken to acqui such intimate acquaintance with the domest habits of the lowest class must have led the authors into shuddering contact with beings a localities that no gentleman would willingly e We ought to be grateful to our ente tainers, when such dilations evidence person acquaintance with matters which nothing wot tempt us so to learn; and our gratitude should proportionate to the ordeal they pass through our amusement.

I know not in what respect Sir Thoms dress differed from that of country gentlemes

the period, save it were the cloth hose which none but old-fashioned persons were at this time ever seen in. Previous to it, country gentlemen ware wont to have them made from the wool grown on their estates, wove in looms in their own houses, and made by their own tailors. When any one quizzed the old gentleman on his sherence to cloth hose, he would quote Harrison's remark, in his " Defence of Britain against New Pashions," " that it was never merryer with Engand than when an Englishman was known by his om clothe and contented himself with his own casie hosen." Cloth appears to have been worn in England for a long period, for Chaucer mentions, in the "Miller of Trumpington," that "a Shefeld thwitel bare he in his hose," which hose continued from the shoe to the waist, without gaiters, all of one piece.

To resume. Colonel Monk and the servants dimounted the instant the ladies reined in their steeds, and he placed himself in readiness to assist their alighting: in this duty he was anticipated and superseded by the old knight himself, who received both into his arms as they sprang from their saddles right cordially towards him, as laughters towards a father.

"Before you say anything, fair tenants, confess to your old enemy, which amiable title one of you gave me the other day, that you are a pair of undutiful damsels," and he affected a tone of the pleasure, and subdued a trifle the sparkle of this cheery grey eye, which was always lit up on the approach of lightsome merry-hearted innocence, for his was a heart through which a rill of surshine was always running—

"Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest," whilst it threw downward glances on his broad chest, on which his hands were endeavouring, ridiculously enough, to smoothe down his rumpled falling collar.

Were another word in requisition by way of apology for the rumpled cambric, I might question if the massive frame of Lablache, to whom, as Sir George, both in dress and figure, Sir Thomas was a perfect prototype, a pattern, a double,—were as suddenly and as rapidly subjected in close quarters to the corporeal weight of even the slight transparency of Persiani's angelic frame, and the salute repeated ere he could utter "in abbrachia Elvira" to her "O mio secondo Padre!" his said collar and characteristic slouched beaver, standing out, in the propriety of

<sup>a</sup> punitan colonel, it could not fail greatly to scandise his godly-minded comrades, Sir Richard and Sir Bruno.

"Twould break our hearts to be sensible of the jutice of such a charge," replied Anabel; and she drew down her long-waisted velvet boddice to her hip, and herself up at the same time, with the succest hauteur in the world, into the shape she well knew was most fitting for this tightly adjusted and becoming riding dress. This lady Ambel was, when unrestrained, coy, coquetish, such, and buoyant, and the same unsophisticated little creature through every phase. Her eyes told plainly how pleased she was to quit a busy heartless court for the old home of her dear relatives.

"You honour my house by visiting me, Colond," said Sir Thomas. "To view within my
doon one of the line of the Plantagenets, our
ralers in our most glorious days, gives me true
plessure. May you live to assist in teaching
the brawling representatives of the people of
England (as those rascally burgesses of parliament have the lying impudence to call themselves), that England has no representative but
its sovereign. We must reinstate the lords of

the soil, Colonel—ship off all malcontents this God-send of a rubbish-hole the Genoese adventurer has found in the western seas—bring back feudal tenures; those days when fatherly love united landlord and tenant, when the latter would have as soon thought of breaking into the other's house as going a voting for parliament men, without the former's consent. Popular rights and pauperism were hatched together, Colonel, and swarmed like bees in June."

When he shook his visitor by the hand on parting, it was accompanied with counsel "not to overdo things in Ireland; for" said he, "those who have stuck to the old religion against such fire and slaughter men as Sir John Perrot, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others before them, are more likely to stand by the King than the new school of philosophers and reformers,—should this breeze at Westminster become a storm. Do you know what an honoured man you are?" said the old gentleman, turning round as he re-entered the house, and looking very wise and patronising, "My niece—Lady Miranda—half the peerage would be in your place to-day if they could. Deserve her first—you 've my good will."

. This was plain language, and Monk was pleased

that no one heard it; the fair companions of his ride remained at Ham, and he returned to the massion of Sir Dudley Carleton, generally the hospitable rendezvous of half-a-score ladies and gentlemen throughout the year.

In those times, before the roads were made good, visits of friends were always of some days' duration; every family was a community of itself: the upper servants, or retainers, being often the sons of gentlemen, were treated as friends; and the whole family dined in one common hall, and had a lecturer, or clerk, who, during meal times, read to them some useful or entertaining book.

## CHAPTER XII.

The King endeavours to arrest the five Members by advice of the Queen.—The lovers take courage, and they are but fiesh and blood after all.—The duel between Sir John Denham and Colonel Monk.

THE commander of the forces in Ireland desiring that the newly-raised battalions should have the advantage of Colonel Monk's experience and thorough acquaintance with field duties, the latter removed to Braintford for the purpose of organising the new levies. Seldom a day passed without a visit to Ember Court, or Ham House, where Lady Miranda still remained, sustaining with her tender cares the failing health of her relative, Lady Vavasour. One bright morning, on one of the first days of January, he had been enjoying more than two hours' sweet intercourse with this lady, insensible of the minutes that had tripped away since noon. In Spain he had practised the "viol di gamba" to wile away the slug-

gish hours of imprisonment, and he was now teaching its strings—in clumsy accompaniment to the accomplished performer on the virginals, who sportively corrected him for his inattention to the laws of harmony.

Sir Thomas entered in high spirits.

"Here's the very man come to write you a

"Who, pray?" inquired carelessly Lady Mimada, displeased at his interruption.

"Agailant bard, who handles alike well both

Ledy Miranda turned unconsciously towards Colonel Monk; it was an admission of something—a great deal in the latter's opinion; it was one of those telegraphic looks that tells more of the wines plots in the drama of life than a double Phy-bill.

"Hey-day! he's not the popular man here, I see," exclaimed Sir Thomas, disappointed, "though all the rage at Court—dines at White-bull—sups at the cock-pit—would be laureate should Davenant die; and you are rusticating in mittede while these petted wits are singing to ladies' eyes."

"In solitude! pray do not say that-I am in

your house — your guest ——" observed La Miranda.

"Your guest, gentle lady," rejoined the gentleman, shaking his head at the Colon but come—after riding hard from Westmin to be the first to bring you the news—"

"To me?" exclaimed Lady Seymour, gratefully, and she did not care to conceal "The knight might have spared himself trouble on my account."

In grey and silver riding habit, and full be much splashed, entered Sir John Denham; started back when the form of Colonel M decidedly domiciled with such cordial satisfac to himself, met his eyes.

Sir John was an adroit dissembler, but was too much for any moral masquerader un his circumstances. His good breeding restrai a scowl, but the compromise was its first cousi

Unheeding the rising of Sir John's bile, who was the real impediment to the delivery of speech composed under the most genial disciption in the world for frail memories—fleet motion horseback—his introducer cried, "Room the herald—room for the herald; I must it myself if he begin not—ods fish, but I's

smalt myself—a gill of brandy;" and he left the room for refreshments that were to open the mouth of the ill-requited volunteer courier.

The latter resuming self-possession bowed low to Ledy Miranda, and accosted Colonel Monk with particular expression of cordiality.

bear me to impart to your ladyship intelligence that I trust will be welcome, and if a grateful country bless their King for his courage and promptitude, it shall not be the fault of an humble contemporary poet if future history has not traditionary song, at least for records of the debt which it owes to the sagacity and loyal spirit of a daughter of Britain."

This fine lengthened exordium was too perand for Lady Miranda to pass it unnoticed.

"In what possible way can I be connected with Jour state affairs, Sir John?" said she, more seased than alarmed at his mysterious allusions.

"By her Majesty's favour the good service rendeed the state has not been concealed; and England will, I again say, bless the timely molater of her sovereign."

"A truce to parables, Sir John," said Vava-

it, the quizzing eye of Monk, who sat viol di Gamba on his knees looking up face with complacent patience, but he p "Palmam qui meruit ferat—that is—"

"That is," interrupted the old baron be sure — his Majesty ferreted them Billy did the rats at the fall of my God forgive me the sacrilegious simile."

"Of that there can be no doubt, for the stairs by the Abbey door whilst i were forming, after landing from the h the King; they would surround the Hon minutes after I left and arrest the whose treasons the saviour of her con under Providence, the means of discove

"A pity you did not stay to see the paid Sir Thomas.

"I was too impatient to unfold to ]

John Denham would condescend to talk prose, he would oblige us."

"Truth is stranger than fiction, as your ladydip must shortly know. The Queen was in extraces, for the King was never so obedient; I had it from Lady Carlisle, that her Majesty exchanned, 'Go and pull those rogues out of the home by the ears, or never see me again.'"

"Let the King only stick to this sort of conduct, and all will be right again," said their host. "His Mijesty's health, and down with the Parliament—you will pledge me to that, Colonel, I know."

"To the first, unreservedly; and to the second part of your toast, let them mend their manners;" and the Colonel, who did not see the necessity of that despotic doctrine of extermination of all who thought differently to the King. He was much surprised at the effect of this communication upon Lady Miranda; she was uneasy, closed the wirginals, and left the room, without taking the slightest notice of Sir John Denham, who, putting on one of his blandest smiles, opened the door for her departure.

The dénouement of the Queen's influence over the politics of Charles had achieved its purpose. Sir John had seen what he conceived to be its

triumphant result, and having some idea of Lac-Miranda' share in influencing the Queen's mi by what she had said, he hastened to inform he as it turned out very prematurely, of the issue of her counsels. He thought to win golden opinions by his zeal in a cause for which he very much overrated her interest. The gentlemen commended him, and the evening passed away is joviality and congratulations at the favourable turn politics were about to take. The old baronet cried with joy, the tears trickled down his ruddy brown cheeks from under his shapey brows, like a land-spring beneath a thorn-bush. He absolutely prevented his guests joining the ladies that evening.

"You'll all have leisure now to dally too much with the womankind. I always lov'd 'em, but found 'em confoundedly in the way at spring and fall; midsummer and Christmas were meant to be their time; we might do without them all the rest of the year. Sir John, what say you?"

Sir John could not, of course, respond to the ungallant axiom, but admitted that there was sad delusion in women, that men made a grievous mistake in entangling themselves and giving up their sovereign prerogative.

"You poetise against love as well as for it, don't you, Sir John? a sort of a Holland House loyalty, your heart. Glad I've no daughter to give, though perhaps you would not ask for her." Sir John leant back in his chair, endeavouring to imprompt u something particularly impertinent, and leave no doubt of his determination to be makeckled, without compromising his sensibility.

Twisting his curled black moustachios, displaying his white teeth, and throwing the most conquering expression into his features, as he accustomed to do with women to vanquish, he bid defiance to the attempts of tender passions to besiege his soul in these celibatic rhymes:

"Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we, are blind, And our corporeal eyes (we find) Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble Of virtues, all our joys may double, And into halves divides our trouble.

But when the unlucky knot we tie, Care, av'rice, fear, and jealousy, Make friendship languish till it die." Surrounded by bachelor comforts, whole hear edness is no uncommon boast with men of De ham's disposition; but with all this boldness language he did not seem quite easy under the eye of the colonel, nor able to allow his or to confront it. One who had watched his thoroughly had said, there must be a reason when could not, that was known to himself alone.

"Gadzooks! this is all stuff, Sir John. won't do, and does credit neither to your heart n your veracity. You know you are in love wi Lady Seymour, my niece."

Sir John turned towards the unsparing und with a remonstrating rather than a disdainit look; but he was rather glad than otherwise have a cause for avoiding the searching eye of t colonel, who sat opposite him. Had he n done so he might have perceived a greater chan in the countenance of Monk than what he f was in his own.

- "And you need not make rhymes to she you are ashamed of yourself; that is all I e say, Sir John," who hated dissembling, a called things by their right names.
- "The colonel here would not say so; no!" then twinkling the eye nearest the gen

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man alluded to in a way much to annoy him, though very kindly meant, he softly said, with a stake of his head and another wink,—

"Twould be to throw away a good chance if you did, Colonel. You shall have my good word—my good word—start fair, both, but I'd wat on the colonel."

The old gentleman said this in great innocence and benevolence of heart, quite unconscious of anything but of encouraging a little exciting ivalry, as he would beat Wimbledon gorse for a lare to course before a couple of matched grey-hounds.

"We all know the colonel's interest in the lady is great—greater doubtless than any prose a vene of mine could do justice to," said Denlam, and in a tone which was meant to be excessively insolent.

Monk's lip involuntarily curled contemptuously.

"Your verse against our friend's prose, or you pen against his sword—you know which I effect to back," said Sir Thomas, laughing, and a timely laugh it was, for there was thunder in the air, which the collision of but a cloud or breath would have exploded. The colonel now knew his man, and though determined not to

provoke a quarrel, yet was as fully resolved to brook any more flippant references to Seymour.

"Long life to both of you, and good wiv ye!—that is not a bad wish," said the ho host, who considered the happiness of life sisted in a well-pleased wife and well-paid re

The gentlemen were silent. Monk lot the continuation of allusions after the fashibits host; and Denham, because he could frame with sufficiently cutting epigrammatic n what he burned to throw in the teeth of his movable rival.

At this moment the curate of Petersham sonably dropped in. He was a peach of a pa a full-blown son of the Church proper, suff the pious predilections of his scholarship to go nate neither mysticism nor superstition in his nor the blooming surface of his ripened confect to be adusted or tainted with sanctimonious He shook his head at Laud's substitution of name of altar for communion table, and intration of some forms which the Reformers of time had swept out of the Church; though perhaps shaken a trifle more irritably at the tanism of Clement Walker and Bastwick.

He was one of those clergymen who identify the National Church with the nation, as well as talk about it. He discountenanced no amusement or occupation for making men more cheerful, and consequently more charitable, and likely to open their hearts to Christian impressions.

Both Monk and Denham left the table and withdrew to their own apartments, shortly after Mr. Bagley's arrival. Neither had exchanged any words after Sir John's sarcasm; the utterer of it feeling lowered by the absence of retort, which always reconciles us to an imprudent sally.

- Monk mount his horse early the following mornings, "you leave us to-day?"
- "I had better have left you last night, I think," replied Monk.
  - "Why so? have you seen the ladies?"
  - "I have not; but make my apologies to them; farewell, and thanks for your hospitalities."

Monk rode off. Whilst dressing that morning, Haversac cursorily mentioned that Sir John Denham's servant had been with him an hour ago to learn the earliest moment his master could be seen, "which," said he, "I answered 'as late as you please to lie."

"Then say this instant, from me, that be at Sir John's service in a quarter of an wondering at the same time on what subjecting the could desire his society.

Denham was pacing the hall when Mos scended the stairs; the former perceiving entered the library, expecting to be follow the latter, who, after allowing the knight op nity to speak, quitted the house for the stas he was wont, either on or off duty.

- "Haversac must have misunderstood the his master wanted nothing with me, or he have spoken," thought he.
- "This was not the case, however. D had entered the library for no other purpos to be followed by Monk; and discomfited miscalculation, remained there several n after the colonel passed its windows towa stables. He saw him return and enter the den, where he, too, immediately found I confronting him at an angle of a walk.

The colonel regarded him steadily,

- "You wished a few words with me I your service, Sir John."
- "You cannot be ignorant of my object the other. "Of nothing am I more so,"

natured friend last night, to disturb his rest with a collision. This alone, sir, prevented me demanding the meaning of that insulting look you vouchsafed when I remarked upon what a certain lady permits to be not an unfrequent topic of conversation amongst those who have the privilege of her presence," said Denham passionately.

"I never look at any one whom I do not think worthy my notice, so you must have attracted it; if this information is flattering to you, you are welcome to it, for I fear there is none other to give," replied Monk, now aware of the knight's object, and willing to cut shortly as possible a way to it.

Denham was working himself up to a passion pitch during six preceding hours, having awakened from a fevered dream produced by punch and deeply-wounded pride, united by as bad friends to digestion as oysters and port. In his night visions he had received a dismissal for ever from Lady Miranda, to whom he had proposed, in confidence of success. Stunned with the shock, he rose, and walked about his room until daybreak, fanning his desire for revenge with repeating the encouraging words of his host to his rival; and

at last succeeded in fixing them upon his ow mind as positive testimony of his rival's triumpl He walked, talked, and performed retributic upon the author of his wrongs so successfull and so often in imagination, that half a dow times he had fought, and six times slain his fc When his passions were really roused, they b came beyond the controul of reason—in fact, p reason to flight; and his imagination, gratel for a rise in his temperature congenial with h sway, became a fatal auxiliary to what th tended.

- "By what authority is your name made a tw with that of Lady Seymour?" said Denha losing all command of himself.
- "That noble lady's name should not be the spoken, sir you forget yourself," calmly joined Monk.

Denham's rapier was out the next instant, a both being similarly armed, the weapons we crossed. He was a skilful fencer, and might be been a victorious one in this, as he had been frequent similar rencontres; but nerves inflam by temper are no match for dispassionate on His weapon was soon twisted out of his har and hurled ignobly amongst some winter green

Monk could have thrust him through by the laws of arms, but he did not raise even his sword to his breast and demand a withdrawal of his expressions: with him he had no quarrel, and to appear authorized in the slightest degree as the champion of this lady, would be to take a liberty with her name that he shrunk from, in proportion to his adoration of her qualities and beauty.

He only remarked as he passed his disarmed adversary, "There have been no witnesses — let there be no chroniclers of this accident," and turned instantly away to avoid adding to Sir John's mortification by witnessing it. To spare him further, he left Ham earlier than was his intention, and than was the expectation of his host.

If Denham's pride was wounded before, it was now trampled ignobly under foot. The way fact of being worsted in a combat brought to by himself, and open to all misstatements, if known, was terrible to think, and this must be beneforth his lot through life. To be under a obligation to a rival so detestable as he now was made by his own act, was to endure a hell apon earth. Still it was his doom, and a doom from which he could never escape. He, too, quitted Ham; but before he went, had the reso-

lution to impart to Sir Thomas Vavasour what had transpired, taking to himself all the blame and only suggesting to his friend the propriety of maintaining secrecy as long as nothing dropped from Colonel Monk, to whom he expected Sir Thomas would do justice in his present disclosure

This was a wise as well as selfish step in Si John. He had relieved himself of a vast por tion of the burthen which the secrecy recom mended by his antagonist would have laid upon him; and he had obtained the customary re ward for unreserved truth, a lighter heart that before this interview with the baronet.

Sir John Denham departed the same morning for Egham.

When Monk next visited Ham he was please to discover that his late antagonist had acted properly and honourably, and, like him, askes silence from his host.

With Lady Vavasour he became a marker favourite. She frequently dropped expression which could not be mistaken of her desire the he should be agreeable to her niece, and though she did not openly chide his distance of manner (for she was quick to perceive its cause), she led no opportunity escape of delicately diminishing

by freedoms herself with the awful person in his presence.

The sweetness of manner, readiness to converse, emest gentleness of reply, of Lady Miranda, exalted him every moment in his own opinion; to be thought of importance by such a woman, to be an object of interest to her, gave a self-assurance stable and rousing to exertion. He found, with surprise and delight, that her fine understanding could grapple and perfectly comprehend subjects that he had no conception ever fell within the ken of a lady of her rank. Her sense and judgment are equal to her father's - superior, thought he: and, through her, the Queen may be waned in time to avoid evil counsels, and by foreseeing the mischiefs of a double policy, avoid then. It is time her Majesty should know what Lord Holland is thought of by those whom he re-Presents to be his dearest friends. A Queen Conort, like Lady Miranda, can alone save the state from a convulsion—perhaps civil war. What am We have a Queen who resembles, I fear, but little this matchless woman, or who can resemble her? none breathing. Colonel Monk never so happy as when sublimatising over the purities of the object of his heart's adoration;

for a week's social confidence had provided him with a new interest, and one that threatened sign of being a very monopolising one; he found, too his spirits rise, and how much a man's heart purified by the rapturous contemplations of spotless gifted woman. He was leaning from the open window, for the day was sunny, when slight rustle in the bushes attracted his attention. His first impulse was to retire from the window for his ear mistook not an airy step upon the frost-glazed gravel walk.

These days of uninterrupted intercourse in the same house, had satisfied Colonel Monk there were mortal affinities even amongst visible celestials, and that the barriers erected between actualities and imaginary creations, were on insurmountable from natural aversion to destroy the work of our own hands. We are never such willing captives, as when our illusions are our jailers.

Hers was the voice first heard; 'twas some immaterial observation, but viewing it as a challenge to go out, he was soon in the garden. Though taken by surprise in the first instance he was never placed more at his ease than during this morning's conversation. Colonel Monk

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found out from both, from her manner and the substance of her remarks, that he was become, what to a young man especially is flattering and delightful, an object of respect to a superior female mind. He had no difficulty in unfolding his fears for the royal family, and his belief that whilst they stepped over a volcano, they were never more lulled into a belief of security. Whilst Monk proceeded freely to condemn the Past unsuccessful experiments of the King to 80 vem absolutely, Lady Miranda Seymour's bright blue eyes filled with tears. She was hurt, and tears told how shocked she was to hear strokes of policy, extolled at her father's table masterly, right royal, and worthy of a great King, spoken of as unequivocally wrong and unjust; and the carriage of the Queen, which every lady of the bedchamber, of the robes, of. every department of the household, was wont to Extol as a pattern of condescension and domestic Virtue, so plainly yet gently reproved.

"Have I offended your ladyship by the remarks I have made?—pardon me, they were made but with one intention."

"I know it, I know it," repeated Lady Seymour.

"God forbid that a word or a breath of mine should ruffle that spirit!" returned Colonel Monk passionately: he felt it a crisis of his fate, that lips—his lips could actually utter sounds deeply affecting the soul of a being placed above him in all the gifts of fortune, person, and mind.

"For what purpose do you speak, then? are you so blind, Colonel Monk?" Recovering herself, she added, "you ought to know that your opinion, your judgment, have weight—ought to have weight with us all—I am sure it has with my father and—"

"Opinions, thoughts, judgments. Oh! Lady Miranda," (speaking rapidly and with a boldness that afterwards astonished him,) "would that feelings—," then staggering under a sense of his own temerity—"Nothing from me or about me can be of interest to a person whose sphere of life has been from her birth so greatly above the humble individual who addresses you."

At this moment they were interrupted, but both had mutually revealed what neither could have ventured to believe within the bounds of possibility.

Their daily interviews in the library, in the apartments, and gardens of Ham, and when he

haviour, visible to her sisters; but they regarded her with too much awe to venture upon anything personal as rallying her upon the change.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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## HAMPTON COURT;

UR,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

VOL. II.



# [AMPTON COURT;

OR,

#### THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Let any wight, (if such a wight there be,)
To whom thy lofty towers unknown remain,
Direct his steps, fair Hampton Court, to thee,
And view thy splendid halls: then turn again
To visit each proud dome by science praised—
'For the kings the rost, '(he'd say,) 'but thou for gods were raised.'"

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

#### LONDON:

ICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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### HAMPTON COURT:

OR,

#### THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

#### CHAPTER I.

Sir Thomas Vavasour's Narration of his friend Cavendish's Reminiscences of the Cardinal's Entertainment to the French Ambassador.—Pristine Chronicle of the Glories of Hampton Court.—Twelfth Night at Ham House.

Monk draws the Sixpence and becomes Ghost-layer.

"The court has repaired to Hampton," said Sir Thomas Vavasour one morning to Colonel Monk, "and you will remain here until everything is settled for your Irish Commission."

"I go to-morrow," replied the Colonel, "and visit Lord Chandois at Sudely, on my way to Bristol, where I take ship."

"Twelfth-night this year will be different to what it has been formerly, Colonel Monk. I've seen jocund doings here, that would make your young blood tingle for a week after. The King has not a hundred servants to attend him at Hampton Court. The Cardinal had, in his

VOL. II.

heyday, a thousand in his household; and army of servants, retainers, and dependants, better lodged than our King can provide i tithe of the number at this moment."

"Our sovereign is more scrupulous than Churchman, or he might fill his coffers as ex observed Monk. "I knew the son of Sir A: Paulet, who was shut up in the Middle Ter for six years for an old score, when Wolsey in trouble before the justice. Paulet said that father little dreamt when he committed the t of Lord Dorset's children to the stocks for a at Lymington, that his prisoner would in a years grow into a chancellor, and pay him or handsomely."

"A crawling fellow—your friend's father thought to appease the chancellor's old un displeasure by garnishing his lodging in Temple gate-house \* with cardinals' hats, other cunning devices gilt and painted," said old gentleman, charmed at so attentive a list to his reminiscences.

"I fear from what you say, that Ham Court has seen its best days," observed Mon

"Indeed it has; this Irish outbreak and Scotch war will keep the King too poor, if he draw any cash from the close-fisted of mons, for his Majesty to keep his former

<sup>\*</sup> As it remains to this day in Fleet Street.

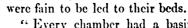
is this quarter. In this very room I remember, \* a boy, hearing with wonder Cavendish, who we the Cardinal's gentleman usher, telling my fither about his old master's glories. Cavendish been dead these sixty years. My young ears picked up when he spoke of the banquet to the French ambassadors—of his tables presided over by young lords and knights, officers of his house, and of his gold dishes, basins, and candlesicks; of the fourteen score chambers with silk beds, and fires roaring in all the chimneys; silver evers of wine in each, for refreshment before dinand jugs of ale when they went to bed; the walls of the dining-room covered with silvergilt plates, behind wax lights as large as torches."

The Colonel listening to the Baronet with \*pperent interest; the old man eloquent went . Who would not indulge in past recollections mencouraged? His eye sparkled, his head shook, his long snow-white hair waved tremulously joyful to the music of the chronicles his lips loved to murmur.

"At mass he (the Cardinal) had his bishops and abbots to serve him, and dukes and earls in give him water and the towel. Solomon was not, in all his glory, higher than he. Hampton Court was our Jerusalem, the seat of the great king. My old friend Cavendish went with his master to France, where he concluded a peace between King Henry and Francis the First, and had the preparation of the feast given at Ham ton Court by the Cardinal to the French ambisadors. He was never weary of telling us, nor of hearing, how, after hunting in Hanwor Park of the King's, which you know is fro hence two or three miles, they came to the palace, and were lodged in rooms hung with cloth of gold.

"My lord's officers," said he, "caused the trus pets to blow to warn to supper, and the said office went right discreetly in due order, and conduct these noble personages from their chambers in the chamber of presence, where they should su Ay, and supper was served both costly and fi of subtleties, with such a pleasant noise of dive instruments of music, that the Frenchmen, as i seemed, were wrapt into a heavenly paradise Before the second course, my Lord Cardine came in among them, booted and spurred, al suddenly, and bade the proface; at whose coming they would have risen and given place with much joy: whom my lord commanded to sit still and keep their rooms; and straightways, being not shifted of his riding apparel, called for chair, and sat himself down in the midst of table, laughing, and being as merry as ever saw him in all my life," said Cavendish. came up the second course with so many dishe subtleties, and curious devices, which were abo a hundred in number, of goodly proportion :

costly. The wonder was no less than it was worthy indeed. There were castles with images in the same; Paul's Church and steeple in proportion for the quantity, as well counterfeited as the painter should have painted it upon a cloth There were beasts, birds, fowls of divers kinds, and personages, most lively, made and counterfeit in dishes; some fighting as it vere with swords, some with guns and crossbows, some vaulting and leaping; some dancing with ladies, some in complete harness, jousting with spears, and with many more devices than he mid he was able, with his wit, to describe." Among all, one he noted; "there was a chessboard, subtilely made of spiced plate, with men to the same; and for the good proportion, because that Frenchmen be very expert in that play, my lord gave the same to a gentleman of Prance, commanding that a case should be made for the same in all haste, to preserve it from Penshing in the conveyance thereof into his country. Then my lord took a bowl of gold, which was esteemed of the value of five hundred marks, filled with hypocras, whereof there was Plenty, and putting off his cap, said, 'I drink to the King, my sovereign lord and master, and to the King your master,' and therewith drank a good daught. And when he had done, he desired the Grand Master to pledge him, cup and all, the which cup he gave him; and so caused all



" Every chamber had a basin and a silver, some gilt and some parcel gilt, a two great pots of silver in like manner, pot at the least with wine and beer, a l goblet, and a silver pot to drink beer in; candlestick or two, with both white lig vellow lights, of three sizes, of wax; an torch, a fine manchet, and a cheat-loaf o Thus was every chamber furnished thr the house, and yet the two cupboards in banqueting chambers not once touched. being past midnight, as time served, the conveyed to their lodgings, to take their that night. In the morning of the ne (not early) they rose and heard mass. and with my lord, and so departed towards W and there hunted, delighting much of th and college, and in the Order of the Gart

This was an unusually long narration old gentleman; but it was his favourite

bid my tenants from Wimbledon, Roehampton to Bavely Bridge—aye to Robin Hood's gate. They are in the hall I'll be sworn, and impatient for us to join them."

The Colonel assented willingly to accompany

his hospitable host.

Colonel," said the old gentleman, suddenly stopping at the door, "you go to Ireland—ay.

Now Sir Henry Piers tells me, that on this night in Vestmeath, they used to set up as high as they could a sieve of oats, and in it a dozen of could be set round, and, in the centre, one larger, all lighted; this in memory of our Saviour, and his postles, lights of the world; and Lord Hertford says, in some parishes in Gloucestershire, the folks light up twelve small fires of straw, and large one, in the fields, to burn the old witch to-night."

So they do in Potheridge, my father's Parish," said Monk. "The old witch they talk of, is a descendant of the druidical god of death."

"His Majesty made his offerings this morning usual, of gold, frankincense and myrrh, in the chapel at Hampton Court, and plays at hazard to-night for the benefit of the groom porter—I had the honour of playing with his father this night thirty years ago there," said the old gentleman.

On their descending to the hall, a shout of joy burst from the tenantry, and the wives and



and game, with the Baronet's favourite made of beef, onions and potatoes fried washed down with tall leathern jacks of

A cake, the diameter of the largest a Sir Thomas's cellar, was placed on the tathe meats were cleared away. It was of flour, honey, ginger, pepper and pl which the maker had thrust at random sixpence, a pea, and a bean, as she ke The house-steward divided it into so m as there were persons. Much excitemer ing, nudging, winks, nods, and rough smiles and laughter accompanied this

\* If a satirical prophecy in "Vox Graculi," may be relied on as authority, it bears testim popularity of twelfth-night at that period. "( of January the author declares, that, "this day houres of five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten, y places till midnight well nigh, will be such a spice-bread, that, ere the next day at noon, a browne loafe will set twenty poore folkes' teet

Still no one had the bean, though slice after dice was awarded.

"There will be no sovereign over your people to-night; they grow republican," said Monk, smiling, to Sir Thomas, by whom he sat.

"That you will prevent, as long as you wear a word, I know, young gentleman," replied the Baronet.

"But they may depose their King," said Monk jokingly.

"Then it will be your duty to bring him back again," quickly rejoined his host.

At this moment, "Here it is — here it is. Old Oliver Crummet is king," burst from several mouths at the bottom of the table, and a few minutes after, "Joan Bucher is our queen."

"That's only fair, sin her sister wears the turnagant's bridle at Walton this Christmas," remarked a farmer's wife; though the possessor of the pea, the queen elect, looked as if she wished the allusion had not been made.

"Who has the sixpence, my friends?" inquired the good host, his countenance beaming with benevolence and heart happiness. "You must lave a slice of cake like the rest, Colonel.—Here, a slice for my guest, a young Colonel who has seen more service than some old generals."

The cake carver immediately sent Monk a slice, the farmers as they passed it up, and aspecially their daughters, peering at him eagerly.

"Noll Crummet has drawn the bean—J. Bucher the pea. Who is to be the ghost-la to-night, my good people?" inquired Sir T mas. "Let us drink the King's health, munch our cake—mind and not swallow the cathough."

He then filled a large peg tankard from jack, looking first whistfully into the former if to take an observation that the pegs were o the mock gravity of their good-humoured la lord delighted them, they knew it meant that stint or mark was to be put on any man's draw

"They may drink to a merry pin—I will take them down a peg,\* to-night," said he, whe placed on the table the tankard, which been lent to Sir Thomas for this occasion, his sister Blanche, Lady Arundel of Ward Castle. After taking much less than an eight the tankard, the anciently prescribed quant before the pegs were removed, Colonel M raised it to admire its elaborate carving be

<sup>\*</sup> The sayings still current "of being taken dov peg," "being in a merry pin," had their origin from a pegs anciently placed in large tankards to mark each son's share of its contents. The custom was introd by King Edgar, who, in order to restrain the hab drunkenness, introduced amongst his subjects by the D caused pins or pegs to be introduced into drinkingand ordained a punishment to those who drank be their proper marks.

he passed it to his next neighbour, who eyed his modest draught with a chuckle which spoke plainly that the Colonel's slight should have the amende ere it quitted his own grasp. It was a noble old cup of oak, containing exactly two quarts by ale measure.

"What is this?" exclaimed Monk, ejecting from his mouth the sixpence that had been baked in the cake

"It meaneth that you shall salute ghosts to-night, and must compel their flight from our furters, at least," said the old gentleman. "Discharge your duty."

Monk looked at Sir Thomas for explanation.

"Neither more nor less than to go from the top to the bottom of this house, and to score a come on every beam with this sixpence."

This occasioned much merriment; but Monk hardly supposed that he should be called upon to undertake such an exorcisement of spirits at short a notice.

"The Colonel ate our cake and must take his luck like the rest," said Farmer Crummet, the monarch of the feast.

Had any other tenant but Crummet laid this law down, it is probable that the drawer of the sixpence could scarcely have escaped its liabilities with honour; but this person had lately been beguiled from his parish church to wait, like Peter Pipe, upon the inspiration of Master

Windemall at Kingston; and by a singular cincidence, Joan Bucher, the queen elect, has been drawn aside the same way. Seeing that bellion towards the sovereign of the supper universal, Sir Thomas, to humour his tenant and not disinclined to encourage Church and King spirit amongst them, called Crummet from the bottom of the table, and putting a few crowninto his hand, bid him officiate as ghost-lay for his guest.

The company applauded. "'Twould be unnatural," said they, "to give Presbyterians to lead in pastime or parliament, as to make the cross-grained factious member for Hunting prime minister; "indeed, Crummet, from the similarity of his name, was not unfrequent jeered at as Nol Crummel; told to go to the Paliament House and earwigh is namesake with additional grievance, or to go pair with Jobucher, the miller's widow of Wimbledon His who had begun to talk of pulling down the grow of the Idol, and making waste the high places Belial.

"Master Crummet is about to move a grading remonstrance, Sir Thomas," cried a bacon-fact grazier from Ham Common.

This sally caused much laughter, and was plauded as first-rate wit amongst the stau peomen surrounding their high-church landlo for the vote of this remonstrance in those ds

of censure upon ministers does in these; and it was worded not only to impeach the ministers, but to charge much of the maladministration at home and abroad upon Charles himself.

\*Be off to the rafters quick, Nolly," cried some of the younger, and more boisterous ones,

" or the ghost will be there before you."

Cannot you conjure away Pym, Hampden, and your namesake, to Virginia plantations? Pity the King did not let them go there when they were in the humour," said the curate of Petersham, who sat half way down the table, sanctioning and promoting the festivity of his flock.

Crummet, though willing at first to accept the guerdon and discharge the duties of the finder of the sixpence, became dogged; and, as he passed Colonel Monk in his way to ascend the staircase, under an escort of two, to see that he flinched not from his duty, he growled, "My namesake, as they calls him, may live to set you about his business, as I am about yours, Master Colonel, mark me."

The beams were all crossed, though not witha protest from the officiator against superstitious customs—waiving those he was not paid

to take part in.

The wassail-bowl being drained, Sir Thomas as a signal for their departure, and shook

each by the hand, expressing his wishes the might live to meet on the next Epiphany. Younger he told to be good boys and keep morrow, Saint Distaff's day, quietly; for it the custom to burn the flax and tow being to the women, (not a farm house, it be remembered, but had its half-dozen spin wheels before steam and machinery drove pretty employment from the hands of dames maidens under cottage caves, to the implications on the evening of the first delabour, after the twelve days of Christmas; women repaying this interruption to their dustry by sluicing the mischief-makers.

"The curate shall give Master Herrick's before we go," said Sir Thomas.

The worthy disciple of Doctor Hammond whose feet he had imbibed all that worthy clain's reverence for Bacchus, immediately che ed in a canonical barytone,

'Partly work, and partly play,
Ye must on Saint Distaff's day;
From the plough soone free your teame,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burne the flax, and fire the tow.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Bring in pailes of water then, Let the maides bewash the men.

Give St. Distaffe all the right, Then bid Christmas sport good-night; And next morrow, every one To his owne vocation.'

"And now, my good people, may God bless you all—give you sinews to dig—plough your fields, and fence them well, that all men may say when they come among ye, 'He's a tenant of the old fellow at Ham House.' Read the Bible and 'Tusser's Five Hundred Good Points of Husbandry,' and you will prosper in this world and in the next. Remember what that wise old man says of to-day,

When Christmas is ended, bid feasting adieu,
Goe play the good husband thy stock to renue:
Be mindful of rearing in hope of a gaine;
Dame Profitte shall give thee reward of thy paine."

for the Baronet kept early hours, and encouraged connected with himself to do so; and it must remembered that they sat down to supper after six.

## CHAPTER II.

Midnight Ramble through Bushy Park to Hampton Cour—Appearance of the Ghost of Lord Strafford to the Kinand Monk.—Distress of the King.—Ashburnham and Denham at cross purposes go in chase of Monk.

TWELFTH-DAY arrived; but what a falling off from former commemorations in this palace!

Parliament flatly refused granting any supplies towards the King's housekeeping expenses; for the truth must out; that kings, like subjects, must go to market with the ready, or live on short commons. The House insisted on the amende for the breach of privilege, and the outrage which Charles had undoubtedly committed in entering it with armed men; which he as resolutely refused to do.

The struggle between pride and necessity was a severe one, for a man with his prejudices and temper. The Queen's anger was far more violent. Her unhappy husband and his contumacious Commons had an alternate share of her ill-nature. London was too hot to hold the Court, so down it came to the appeasing platitudes of Hampton. The first two nights, after

laving Whitehall, were spent at Richmond Pahee; there, the Queen sent for Lady Miranda mour, Lady Carlisle, Lords Holland, Essex, d Hertford. Both ladies flew to the presence their royal mistress, who wept-raged-scoldlaughed—and everything but sulked: that not her nature. They were ushered into the pal presence but by a single groom of the ambers and two pages of the presence. It was met, but the sconces were unlighted; and in e old ebon apartment, illuminated by the fireth, did the Queen embrace her affectionate inds, tears trickling down her pale cheeks upon relace of her full ruff. Their hands were still eld in hers-her breast heaving with sobs, audik and distressing in the highest degree. Lady wile, having witnessed similar paroxysms at the tiod of the bedchamber rebellion, before alided to; and quelled by the unlooked-for resotion of the King, was not so deeply affected as recompanions. In this case, the daringness of husband's presuming to be inconvenienced by y quantity or quality of persons or things his fe thought proper to call about her, took away the breath that had been otherwise spent in sentations; so that it was not until Madam int George, the priests and parasites of both es, were packed off to France, that her eners were concentrated for the explosion that owed. The blowing up of a detonating powder manufactory might have benumbed membet it is impossible for any concussion, sha wholesale earthquake, to have shattered nerves in one spot than the effusions whileved the soul of the gentle Henrietta at I ton Court on that occasion. Lady Carlisl also her reasons for silence—the most succeeded for allaying a feverish spirit: to a cextent she had occasioned the causes of wrath. Mr. Pym had taken the hint h gard for him could not restrain her from g and absented himself from the house the othe intended capture.

Lord Holland, we have seen, did the kind office to the other four; so that whe King had seated himself in the Speaker's and looked round the house, carefully so the countenance of each thunderstruck me he was correct enough in the speech he win the bitterness of his disappointment—th graded, humble position he had placed hin, flashing upon him for the first time—

"I came hither to apprehend traitors, see the birds are flown."

From that moment he was morally dead monarch to be respected by his people. I teeth of royal warrants, judges' warrants proclamations, these gentlemen, instead of pying the lodgings in the Tower, kindly pr by the King, were conducted through the state of the state

d the shouts of the people; and, ouses thought proper to remove from ry place of meeting (Guildhall) to r, in a fortnight's time, were escorted ater, by a greater number of barges an had ever been seen on the river. and a had conveyed to the Queen all

Monk had imparted to her respectversation he had overheard in the e-chamber; and the Queen, insti-· fears and hatred to the men, without t of the means for confuting their ad left her husband no rest by night I "he had asserted his dignity," as by pulling the rogues out by the y Miranda believed she had done arting this to the Queen; she would it again; but now that such fatal s had sprung out of her revelations, pirit was grieved and saddened. de of human nature she had little riewing every act in its sunshiny ssigning fair motives for faults; she the errors of mankind occasions for han censure. In Colonel Monk she ly excellence of motive for all his erved energy to carry them out.

this unison of feeling, distance of imperceptibly increasing. Not that a desire for each other's society, less

ambition to be worthy of each other's respect, but to her exquisitely-framed mind, the very contemplation of more familiar intercourse-any tightening or individualising of the social compact, was distressing. The very thought seemed a shadow passing over the bright vista before her. Colonel Monk was not aware, whilst led beyond himself, how irretrievably he was disturbing mundane relations. He could not retreat without humiliation, nor go forward without disturbing the halo of his entrancement. He found himself as it were beholding a phantasmagoria; to approach which but a pace, the unrealized visions of his heart in a moment vanished. Indecision is dangerous amusement, though exciting,-disappointment the inevitable reward of voluntary blindness.

Like philosophers in the laboratory of an institution, they suffered their minds to go on experimentalising, delighted in discovering new affinities, then relinquishing them familiarly as precipitates or discoloured fluids in glass bottles on the table, to be washed out for fresh experiments on the morrow.

They soon found that all interests cannot be so abstractedly viewed; principles are stagnant, and firmly rooted, but feeling is the very balance-spring of perpetual motion. The creations of the busy heart are not the sculptured perfections of the hand: they cannot be left on a pedestal,

to be admired and passed by — simultaneous longing for their realisation, grows with the instinct of all living nature, and is subject to mature's laws—an indisputable fiat in universal comony—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever thrills this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of love,
And fan its holy flame."

Colonel Monk dared not to aspire to one of the alternatives, of attempting to win a lady's regard. Her being was to him too ethereal, and too for removed from any possible circumstances to connect it with his own lot, to permit associating together thoughts of what he was, what she was, and what they might be to each other. It was a complication of grossness from which he fled. All this while he was congratulating himself that he had found a world of perfections which were before but visions, and for the remainder of life would he piously worship where they were shrined. In possessing her he would become, in some manner, her equal; and the spell of adoration would be broken.

Colonel Monk was to leave for Ireland on the morrow, and knew not how many months or years might pass ere he saw again the Lady Miranda.

Every one at Ham was in bed and asleep but binself; and finding it impossible to rest, he quitted the house and walked slowly towards the river bank, opposite Twickenham Ayot, musing

by the dark silent stream, whilst its ripple agai the sides of a boat floating on the water of ducted him to where it was moored, though n distinguishable to the sight. Into this he stepp and pulled up the river to divert his though "How grand, how awe-striking is silence thought he; "what are all that are called gra religious ceremonies to be compared with i What is all that hands can raise or human im gination contrive for effect on the senses, to th stillness of inward communion with imperceptil power, that accompanies perfect silence; wheth in solitudes or in the inhabited parts of the earl Nothing exhibits more forcibly the perfect disting tion between finite and infinite perceptions, the unattainable range of spiritual vision, the the medium through which the commonest our senses judge of all mundane objects. The impressions derived through space govern o notions of sublimity. Our reasonings on propo tions, length, depth, and heighth, were given 1 wisely for a corrective to our pride of heart; @ of the endless counterpoises of our moral stru Nevertheless," thought he, looking to wards the palace, "kings erect, with years of toi heaps of stone and more perishable materials the this. Oh, when will man obtain a glimmering the nature of infinity? As immortals, will no our feelings be for ever the same?" Thus musiq he had rowed to Teddington, unconscious o

i only apprised of his situation using of the weir. The chestnut Park loomed off in the distance; and she whom it contained were see. His abandoned boat was to the rails by the fisherman's passed the low square tower of the ast the clock struck eleven. wards the palace, flanked by the aged chestnuts, from time immeof this wide and level country, wed ancestors of King William's -the longest straight avenue in

ne bridge, over the moat at the marred; all was still within: he the King's garden, the gate of hed, on the same side until he awbridge leading over the moat ower. The bridge was downl, on touching the wicket, was used to find it yield to his hand. at in the upper chamber of this en was on watch. No-that ercome with the bowl he had to the laws of countries, that no om Christmas-day till after the siphany, except he do it out of edience to the priest. He was te affairs, having enacted king in

the privy kitchen to the still-woman's queen, st flourished, a popular monarch; ordaining the Christmas should last till Candlemas, according to Magna Charta. Comfortable with cake an ale he scorned to entertain fears of a leaguer # such an hour, and on such a night.

All within the palace appeared sunk in slur ber; his tread echoed down the Tennis-cou lane, and reverberated from buttress to buttres He touched a strong nail-studded door, a fe barrier against intruders at this hour-they mu all be closed-no, it fell back gently, and he wa in the cloisters of the Chapel-court; the symp thetic hinges, ancient and rusty, creaked no Why was he here? He could not expect to pe four great gates thus, and be in the Base-cour far beyond the spot he now had advanced to, with out impediment; yet thither stepped he confident forwards. The apartments of her who was the loadstone of his moral system were in the easter range of this court; to look on them, sensible what they contained, and waft to them siles adieux, were all the consolations left, and wif that intent he paced up the cloister.

Hark, was that a step? No-it was the ect of his own-nay! it falls on his ear again. Wh a deep-drawn sigh, an aching bosom surely the heaved heavily—a step again—it stops. Heaven! it is a living man—a melancholy dejects one! The figure stands close to him. At the ugh the bars of this close cloistered the moonlight from the height of perpendicular above the slender is, which shot up like a grove of into the thin clear air. In an inow of the figure was before him on the outline full about the head; ig sable plumes and a velvet hat; lders were graceful and the figure; it was no youth who lingered sorthe chilly moonlight passage; there iding air of oppressed greatness not I less respectfully because pityingly. of melancholy in sacred privacy must ched unabashedly.

onk felt he was an intruder; he ng to disturb the griefs of this noble in suffering himself to be found, as 1g here at this hour; what dreadful he could not bear the thought—to one, that pure dweller in the bower 1t distress! what unnecessary exponerity! A flood of these harassing 1rst upon his mind; yet he stood 1able to move or retire. There was in every motion of the sad gentle-1rd unconsciouly beside him, that ege to move, breathe, or thrust on the figure any diversion of thought. attitude, the halo of interest around

the figure, drew Monk irrisistibly into stillness, though its breath ascended in mist within a few inches of his position other side of the partition-wall that divide His eyes were fixed on the shadow. W tation has seized it! What agonized to A white supernatural light is suffused: third person in the cloister - Horror! entombed Lord Strafford! With hand towards Monk, the spirit utters, "Fo THOU ART THE CHOSEN ONE TO BAISE 1 OF THAT MAN; -- BUT THAT MAN-" hand of delicate whiteness encircled in a finest Valenciennes point, fell loosely to and the regard of the spectre was now fu upon the party still screened from Monli by the wall; so sternly, so blastingly, tha he would not exchange places with the in whosoever he was, for all that the king: earth could give. The unhappy man was against a pillar in a state of heart-rendin tion, and the shadow now illumined wi clearness by the unveiled brightness of the seemed a reflected rebound of misery, a tional judgment upon the irrevocably object of the spirit's wrath. All the kno mies of the once great earl rose to his min

Pym, who had from first to last ope sued him to the scaffold, Vane, the tree whose distorted evidence had comforted sciences of his miserable judges in point of law—the peers, the intriguers, the envious; absolutists, who had banded with levellers for his ruin, upon what devoted head amongst them were those regards, worse than wordy curses poured?

Now the spirit receded, as retiring from the spot altogether, and was dim in distance of the cloister. Monk thanked God from his heart, for From his heart's core he pitied what he knew must be the condition of the miserable wretch, writhing under the ban of the vanishing implacable spirit. He was stepping forward to discover himself, and offer consolation, when the earl, as in the fulness of his physical and mental vigour, as he had last seen him at Holyrood, when he stood on the right hand of the sovereign to receive the addresses of the city of Edinburgh, was close to him, and his looks said as plain as possible, "touch not-speak not to that man-leave him to his conscience;" then receding a few paces, the spirit raised his hand as before, only pointing it in the direction of the object of its displeasure, and in a deep sepulchral tone, which fell distinctly and heavily on the lowroofed cloisters with all that indescribable oppressive weight of the last throb of the pulse of a dying man, in the stillness of the death-bed chamber, "Put not your faith in princes.—Askest thou thy fate, -thy reward? Ungrateful deceiver! learn thou to regard mine with cheek unblanched."

The apparition gradually faded away into gloom of night; but both of those to whom was visible, could not fail to notice when it spot these last words, that its hand was raised in the direction of its neck; whilst from a gash, the had not before perceived, trickled drops of blood

At this moment an owl flitted heavily throug the gloom, like one of the Dirse sent to conclud the scene between Æness and Turnus,

Quæ quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis
Nocte sedens, serum canit importuna per umbras,
Hanc versa in faciem, Turni se pestis ab ora
Fertque refertque sonans clypeumque everberat alis,
till all the manhood melted in the Rutulian lil
wax. Like his unhappy sister Juturna, Charl
could have groaned,

alarum verbera nosco Lethalemque sonum.

Colonel Monk now lost no time in steppin from behind the wall that had concealed his from the mysterious object of Lord Strafford denunciations, to raise him from the ground; for the moon now entirely clouded, indicated a longer by his shadow, his position or state; by he was heard to fall heavily with a groun internal anguish after the words "put not you faith in princes." To raise him partially was the work of one moment, and to discover that to object of his sincere commiseration was his prince—his Majesty King Charles himself, was that

half another. His embarrassment and horror were extreme; no one was near the King, no one are himself was privy to his being in the cloister.

He could not leave the King after what they alone had together witnessed; yet, how account for his position to his guards and attendants, they might be here instantly. The King's reason might have flown—the vital spark fled. His own attnation beyond the power of explanationfound hanging over the lifeless body of his King, at such an hour! Instant immolation by infuriated soldiers and servants—lingering tortures for extortion of the seeds of this mysterious stroke of Providence. He thought of Felton, whose execution he had witnessed at Portsmouth before he went to Rochelle,—of the tortures endured by his friend Don José Ignacio Antoligny, at the inquisition in Seville. Were the dreams of future distinction all to be vanity?-his aspirations for military renown, thus to be cut offdignee attached to his name! Now he gently moved the King's person; but it lay as lead in his arms. The strange words just uttered by the ghost of the great earl vibrated in his ear, "Thou art the chosen one to raise the son of this man:—but this man—" Dark, inexplicthe! then the words he knew he had heard in the gallery leading from the banqueting-room Christmas night. Their remembrance revived him. Through an aperture or door on the

head of a staircase, lights gleamed on a of the cloister; steps also were approachin essayed once more to raise the King, this time successful in lending aid to the tion of suspended animation. raised his eyes towards Monk, and rivette upon his countenance, as though he would him through. The moon entirely cloude recognition impossible. Whilst the and anxiety of the King were opening his satisfaction of the name and rank of him so strangely been united with himself i warnings and revelations from one who l fered a bloody and violent death, his self compressed them. 'Twere better that the should go away unknown and unavowed, confessed to be the sharer of them wit narch. The sound of steps increased. T was on his legs, though his arm was laid the wall upon which his forehead reclin his breathing was short and distressed. Monk was retiring; but the King sei wrist, and whispered hurriedly in his ear,

"You, sir—you, you—you saw the —
"I saw and heard all, your Majes
plied the colonel in a low but decided to

The King grasped Monk's wrist as in all hope was flown that to himself al seen and known the spirit and the door he threatened. He was again about to the name of the companion to whom accident had joined him as beholder of the dreadful vision; but paide a second time prevailed against the leasting emotion of natural curiosity. At last, with an effort which agitated his frame to the degree that the staff upon which he leaned fell to the pavement, he uttered in a fearfully deep trae.

"Not a word!—my protection, when in need of it; be this token your claim; but away to the uttermost parts of the earth!—silence, or you life." And the King took a ring from his fager, and hastily slipped it on that of his unknown companion.

"Your Majesty shall be obeyed," replied Moak, in a most respectful, nay affectionate tone, for his heart melted within him to behold the anguish endured by the unhappy King, at a time when all the world was supposing him amounded with every earthly happiness.

The falling of the gold-headed staff, and its chattering roll along the pavement of the cloister, directed the attention of the persons the King had heard approaching, to the spot where he stood, and in an instant the Prince of Wales has by his side.

We have sought your Majesty everywhere. Odds-fish! what a cold shivering place for a midlight ramble, father! Buckingham, Wilmot, lock Ashburnham and I, have coursed some miles during the last half hour up and down that hall passage, stair, king's hall passage, long gall lery, water gallery, watching chamber, holidated closet, the sixteen chambers over and about the gate, and poked our heads into that proper free-hold of ghosts and rats, where no mortal hast trespassed since Anne Boleyn's sprite frightened the maids-of-honour away from the east side of the middle quadrangle."

"You should have been in your own chamber at this hour, my son," said the King, really relieved by the rattle of the Prince, which allowed him to take breath and collect his thoughts

"I was half undressed when Murray frightened me with the news, that the King had no been seen since the closing of twelfth-night games. Never were huntsmen so at fault. No trail, no scent, no view; on we burst, no cove unbeat. Lady Seymour will never speak to magain, that's flat, and Denham tells me the only mode of recovering lost favour is to send for the sulky captain — colonel, I beg his pardon, who fished me out of the river."

Monk, who had during this speech of the Prince, been standing breathlessly quiet between two pilasters of the cloister, in furtherance as in intended of the King's commands, could not restrain a slight rising of his chest at these words.

"But whom have we here? Who is with the

King?" said the Prince in a louder tone than before, suddenly discovering that a third person was close to them in their darkness. "Ho! Muray, Ashburnham, a light!"

"Charles! this gentleman and myself were in council on affairs of moment," said the King, sutheritatively, and in a manner indicating clearly that no further request for more information should be made.

"But I cannot, indeed," said the Prince, quite elevated with the effect of the change of strosphere on the wine he had been imbibing with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and Sir John Denham; "'twas mighty well for all, the Westminster rogues inclusive, that I found your Highness\* out in time. This very night the Duke of Hamilton was telling us the old story over again about Lord Gowrie and Alec Ruthven's getting my grandfather into that dark study at Falkland, where he had been murdered but for Sir John Ramsay's striking Ruthven with his dagger the moment he found him."

"Perhaps not, Charles," said the King, who no believer in his father's version of this faccountable outrage.

<sup>&</sup>quot;But Ruthven had his arms round my grand-

Masters of the Ceremonies, Court Newsmen, set me let down as one unlearned in titulars. Highness, Majesty, Grace, are found severally addressed to royal personages.

father's neck. Was not that evidence enough to run him through in twenty places as he wa by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries: It was only two minutes ago, as we came down the staircase, that Buckingham and Wilmon swore they wished no better adventure that finding your Majesty in such a situation, and playing these loyal lairds' parts. I would have performed Ramsay's: my royal father, this Damascus poniard should have left little for young Steenie to do;" and he whisked the steel against which the approaching torch-light glance startingly, within half an inch of Monk's face and finished by punching the knob of its handle against Buckingham's back, which the young duke acknowledged by a tom-cat yell.

The King grew uneasy. "This gentlems has my warrant to depart instantly," he said "his business is urgent. State reasons, int which it were prying in my son yet to inquire.

His hand, which during this short parley with his son, was closing tremulously over Monk arm, now relaxed, and the latter, willing to relieve the King of his presence, taking the his and bowing respectfully, moved quickly in a tatally unknown and opposite direction to that from which the Prince had arrived. The consequence of his ready acquiescence in the royal will soc appeared to be, that he was quickly lost in labyrinth of corridors, passages, galleries, as

courts, and exposed to be seized upon as a suspicious character by more than one of the night warden of the palace.

The party with the torches now approached; but the King obliged them to precede him in the retrograde movement; nor would he permit any to return in the direction he had seen taken by the unknown companion of his night's adventure. "Jack," said he to Mr. Ashburnham, " who met the King on the staircase leading to the pri-"ate spartments, "a word;" and this faithful and constant attendant upon the King's person during the last fifteen years of his eventful life, stepped side and lent his ear to his royal master, " return the way I have now come from the chapel cloisyou know every turn in the palace; you will find a gentleman—a—yes, you will find a gentleman in the courts, or near them; if the gues be shut, and he wish to go out, rouse the varders."

"By what sign shall I know him?" inquired the cautious confident; "what name?"

"Is of no consequence," replied the King;

<sup>\*</sup>The reminiscences of "Honest Jack Ashburnham" are wanting to our collection of personal memoirs. As he have wrote his life and times, we will some day do it for him. The late Earl of Ashburnham has written a clever memoir of his ancestor, and done his best to defend him spainst charges of connivance in that sad bungling business which ended in the Carisbrook incarceration

"follow him till he is a hundred miles from hence, or rests for a day."

"Your Majesty shall be obeyed," said the confidant.

Now the King had two objects in view, in thus despatching Mr. Ashburnham after his unknown fellow-ghost-seer: first, to know that he had faithfully and quietly removed himself to a distance, and, indirectly, to ascertain his name, which he sugaciously expected must transpire fpom Jack's known indomitable curiosity and tact in picking up information about every thing and every body, for his master's amusement. He would therefore learn the unknown's name, without confessing his own ignorance of it to his emissary, who proceeded forthwith to grope his way about the palace in pursuit of this object.

The colonel had paced through many long passages, descended flights of steps, crossed quadrangles great and small, when traversing the base court to the gate through which he had entered the first time in disguise, two soldiers relieving guard, it being now nearly one o'clock, challenged him. He, an officer, could not commit such a solecism in discipline as to refuse a sentinel's challenge, yet he had an order from the royal lips to bear himself away, even to the antipodes, unknown and unheeded.

"The word," said the sentinel, and the cheek of his musket brought to port, and the rattle of the bandelier, proved that he was in carnest.

leman of the household that came first to and he would be suffered to pass. Scornve any name but his own, it was passing when at this moment his eye rested on -mullioned lattice of the bower, to cast rard upon which he had risked so much. was burning within the thick damask -it was displaced the instant his head d-the curtain, too, moved, and at the ant held back from the window, but comthe court were the azure orbs in all their brilliancy, plainly distinguishable by a mended above, striking obliquely upon The hue of the rich mantled cheek was l an intensity and concentration of regard the collected serenity, which at other med to bid defiance to anything human g its lustrous unwrinkled symmetry. oldiers spoke a few words together; their as, whether this suspicious person should

diately arrested, or whether they should metchlocks upon him in the King's name

and, wrapped round in his large Spanish cloak how could she perceive whom it covered?—by the necromancy of the eye to kindred hearts, and by that electric recognition created for the purpose.

The language it communicated decided him His own name should never pass his lips where it could be used jestingly with hers. The sneed of Sir John Denham quoted by the Prince, the peace of that angel of his path, who had left her pillov in the gloom of midnight to shed her brightness upon him, and guide his steps from danger, resolved him to fight his way through all the sentinels of a fortress, and carry his secret with himself. He drew his sword, and before the matchlock gentlemen had gone through half of the military process of getting their awkward gunporder machines into working order, their heads being fuller of the fumes of yesternight's good chest than the code of ball-practice, he had with his rapier struck both weapons from their grap-They drew their swords to parry further attacks, crying with all their might for assistance. Colonel Monk had actually driven the sentinels close under the (then) groined arch of the tower of the best, or outer court; but the gates were fastened, and assistance was coming from the guard-room.

Ashburnham, too, had marked his man, and stealthily creeping under the wall towards the gest to facilitate the latter's escape. Chagrined and provoked beyond description at being found are

thily cagaged in a battle with sentinels, derory at once to his rank as an officer, and to his wer as a gentleman, he looked distractedly id for some friendly portal or opening through he might rush and escape. As to the solhe could have killed them both, had he a to perpetrate so wicked and unnecessary Their misdirected weapons were clashing t his, when one fell prostrate at his feet, the heavily over him. Colonel Monk had no o thank his stars for this abrupt termination affair so disgustful, before he felt some obastling about his legs, like the sweeping tail Newfoundland dog—keys are rattling in the t; it is open; the stars are plainly shining th it in the wide heavens without, absolutely ng him to breathe freely without the walls. Iurrah, Colonel! be missing, not a moment e-though what brought you here, God 1. I don't forget, my friends, neither do you duty: but you'd find it easier to escape from -bush, though on the deer-horns in the hall, to go out of this palace. Evans will let you th the outer gate. Away!" is was all uttered with immense rapidity in rping tone from between his legs, but the on to the ivy bush in the hall convinced el Monk that his friend in need was no than Sir Jeffery Hudson; though how he by his side, or more properly at his feet, at that most seasonable of unseasonable howas as great a mystery to the colonel, as it doubtless to my readers.

Ever since the handsome behaviour of porter in rescuing Hudson from the perse tions of the half-mad, half-spiteful, all-dr set, amongst whom he had fallen on Christa day, when he was nearly being impaled on antlers, and left there to dry like a stoat or barn-door-they had forgiven old grudges become great allies. The porter was still w from his wounds at Sir Jeffery's hands in oven, about which, for the latter's sake, the le said the better: and as we do not wish to cre a prejudice we will drop it, and record how Jeffery, disregardful of loss of dignity and ca had quitted the ambrosial presence of the Qu and her ladies, after a party made excessive merry at his expense, had broken up, for humble abode of the porter, who, for the be recovery of his cruel punctures, was occupy the great western gate-house, over the most: a vestige of which gate, we regret to say, rem at this day. To this gate-house Sir Jeffery directed his servant to convey very unexcepti able diet and potations, and was assisting gigantic friend to diminish certain visible qu tities of the same when the clang of arms: combat in the court close to, and within inner gate-house, attracted their attention.

first Jeffery scarcely dared to open the and peep out in the dark upon the bels-an effort requiring some courage, conthat three warriors were dealing death them with no invidious distinctions or preferences; and that the obfuscated nce of the guard directed their swords other quite as often as against the spy re endeavouring to capture. This triwarfare having continued some minutes, ent of mischief as a late tripartite armed ty; the colonel being for the sake of pleasantly enough alternately the apex rute angle and the right-angle of an isosangle, to the lines of attack. The dwarf d that he knew one at least of the party, r. Ashburnham pushing the unclosed open at the same moment in his face, eeching him for God's sake to let this party , the dwarf resolved to bring the matter se by disenabling the others to impede icable arrangement. He therefore stole the soldiers, crept under each of their d threw them down, as we noticed at the he third belligerent.

k and Ashburnham were through both or Evans was at the outer one and closed them,) and in the park by the river's fore Sir Jeffery had recovered from his of laughter, whilst he sat, his tiny limbs gathered beneath him, upon the stomach of the uppermost prostrate man-at-arms. The dwarf was too knowing and sensible to have winked at the absconding of Colonel Monk without some explanation, probably, or salvo to his conscience; but he was also too good a courtier to refuse anything to the man-of-all-work of the master of all; therefore he enjoyed his cheerful large unalloyed with misgivings at the expense of the gentleman forming his ottoman, like a couple of doubled-up sphinxes moulded into a classic fasteuil by the magic chisel of a Gillow.

It must be stated in justice to his loyalty that when he saw two of the royal warders at the gate attacked by an invader, his first though was to screech aloud in emulation of the times cackle of another biped about as big as himself and effect the salvation of the towers of Hampton, as the biped is recorded to have achieved that of the Roman Capitol.

It happened that another eye had detected the drawn curtain at the window where the light burned; and though the distance across the court was a hundred and sixty feet, it could not fail to recognise by the contour, as well as the manner of carrying that fair head below the lattice, the watchful tenant of that chamber upon whose windows he had gazed unheeded departed by.

He barely distinguished the open wicket, so

hesitated in believing that he saw a man pass through it, so suddenly was it closed after his egress; but his part was immediately taken, and as much for the sake of diverting his mind, as from the curiosity to know who had been the here of the skirmish at the gate, to intercept him, he plunged into the subterranean passage · we have mentioned, as once leading from the left wing of the palace below the pavilion to the river. Sir John had been invited to the palace to give a stimulus to the Christmas gambol, in honour of the magi on this Epiphany, which every one felt Dever more needed it. He had had the luck to hit upon that part of the divided cake which is honoured above all others with a bean in it, and availed himself of all the privileges of its regal Character,—nay, he had recited with pathos, that would have melted the heart of any lady, save the one he addressed, verses composed by himself for the occasion; —had thrown his fine features into types unmistakeable, of mental anguish; fixed the rubbed-up lightnings of his fine dark eyes on the unmoved, incorrigible, unimpassioned ones of the fair beauty; and received nothing for his eloquence in prose and verse, but stately, though affable, acknowledgments, that were infinitely less digestible than downright indifference. In the latter he would not have been at a loss to discover a motive, and the existence of a motive, though a hostile one, was more flatter-

ing than the deadness of general politeness. King was moody, the Queen peevish, one seemed contemplating the arrival of dreaded calamity; so that to the elder p of the court circle, Sir John was the sme bottle, the snuff-box, the quarter from w wit and anything that would amuse was exp Johnny Buckle found he was wasting his a on impatient listeners, and had crept off from royal withdrawing-room to the Prince's lods where that hopeful scion of the crown was siding over farce in as business-like a man his father was countenancing tragedy. To Sir John repaired after the King retired, a supposed, to his apartments, and the Que hers. This the Sovereign was found not to done, but was indulging himself in a raml the long galleries and avenues of the palace, pure restlessness, rather than from any design knowledge of where he was going; having relief in these solitary walks whilst his sul slept, several times before.

On the spot where the secret door con towards the passage underground, the path vide, one leading direct across the home-park hare warren to Kingston bridge, and the through the garden by the 'fysshe he across the spot where the canal opposite eastern front now runs, to the flower-pot or, as it was then called, "the great gates up the stoone bridge."

olonel Monk was not only annoyed, but ly surprised to perceive another by his side time to time, whilst he walked from the gates towards the river. It was so dark. con and stars being now completely shroudh clouds, that the footsteps of Ashburnhis unwelcome attendant, were the only of his presence. He stopped, uncertain way to proceed. Of the paths through rk and garden he knew nothing; but his ment told him that pursuing a parallel line he east front he could not fail to take the st route to Teddington. He had not remained stationary before a third person them,-it was Denham, emerging from oor in the vault, who sprung forth so aly, that Ashburnham, cautiously stepping in the colonel's wake, was thrown s belence by the shock, which was very oming in a king's counsellor, to run down eep bank towards the towing path at its Denham exulted in the thought that he had thwarted his hated rival; for all his fears alousies had returned amid the ill-humour rated by feeling his way through the vault, was as black as Erebus.

There must be a cause for Lady Miranda's ing to be at her casement at such an hour," At he; and if the party he fancied he had slip through the wicket was not the one he

feared him to be, he must be a servant, an sary conveying tokens, or letters perhaps this unapproachable dame to the soldier of tune. His rage was ungovernable when he that the object of his rough assault was a tleman from whom he had not parted an since, and had the mortification to hear the gentleman had been on the trail of a third who, from the description of his cloak, he gait—remembering the figure by the firest the guard-house, as well as one other occal fresco at midnight; Denham had no was the object of his hate.

During this rencontre, recrimination, and nation, in the first of these positions, Ashbu always averred his cloak was pierced with a pointed instrument. The colonel, in the while, had turned down a path abruptly side of a thick hedge unseen to his pursue had crossed the pleasaunce, leaving to his three fountains and fish-ponds, and was "gates on the stoone" before they had fi cursing each other for mutual misleading.

## CHAPTER III.

Agony of mind into which the King is thrown by the apparition of Lord Strafford.—Sleepless night in the royal closet.—Begins his Book of Meditations.

AFTER the Prince, enjoined to silence by his father about the individual with whom he was found, had repaired with his companions to his side of the palace, the King himself, ettended only by Mr. Thomas Stanley, his favourite groom of the bedchamber, sought his wwn private apartments. He thought not of courting sleep, although he insisted upon the retirement of this gentleman; who had no sooner departed, than the overloaded bosom of Charles found relief in tears. He had ever been exact in his religious observances, and devoutly punctual in his times and forms of prayer, even in his boyhood; so that his elder brother, Henry, heir presumptive to the crown, and the darling hope of the people of these realms, until death cut him off prematurely, was wont sportingly to say, "that when he became king he would make brother Charles Archbishop of Canterbury." A prayer-book and a kneeling-cushion, prie-dieu, elaborately carved, the devotional assistant Queen Elizabeth, stood before a lamp who light also fell upon a thoughtful tale-telli picture of Domenichino above it, the maid-servant catechising St. Peter, "Thou also was with Jesus of Galilee," and the Saint's ill-disesbled disclaimer of his dear Master, as he sat by the fire with the servants of Caiaphas. peculiarly delicate white hands of the distress monarch were laid, as they were accustomed to be, on the crimson-velvet desk, and his face we concealed between them. For a quarter of hour did he pour out his soul in earnest prayer to his Creator and to his Redeemer for the remission of wrath upon their servant for serificing his duty to Heaven, sinning against knowledge, vielding in a moment of weakness to the fears of the Queen, and fleshly apprehesions. He sought for pardon, by the judgment already fallen upon him, by the daily gastings of his conscience, and by his bitter repentance; he prayed to be endowed with the "knowledge of holiness, which is understanding, by which kings govern, and princes hold wisdom."

"Teach me," sobbed the broken-hearted King,
"to learn righteousness by Thy judgments, and
to see my frailty in Thy justice; while I persuaded shedding one man's blood to presse
after troubles. Make me prefer justice, which

is Thy will before all contrary clamours, which are but the discoveries of man's injurious will.

"It is too much that they have once overcome me, to please them by displeasing Thee. O never suffer me for any reason of state to go against my reason and conscience, which is highly to sin against Thee, the God of reason and Judge of our consciences! O Lord, I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. But Thou, O God of infinite mercies, forgive me that act of sinful compliance, which threatens greater aggravations upon me than any man; since I had not the least temptation of envy, or malice against him, and by my place should at least so far have been a preserver of him, as to have denied my consent to his destruction."

The royal assent to Strafford's execution had long lain heavy on Charles's conscience, well knowing that he was the encourager, and supporter to the utmost of his minister in all the acts for which he was attainted of treason, and that on his own head alone should retribution have come; and that his first duty was to protect his noble-hearted, confiding servant, who sought but his royal master's honour, and for this had abandoned his great popularity and early friendships. Frightened by threatened popular tumults, and persuaded by the Queen that "it was better that one man should perish than



to succumo to expediency, and, in confessions, admitted that this single ment to popular presumption was the of the rebellion that deluged En blood, and rendered the whole of h one scene of humiliation and disgrace ing with earnestness, his head rose cushion, his lips still moving, thoug were closed; but strengthened in s proceeded, these opened adoringly tows and absorbed with terrific rapidity of the picture immediately above his crime, the sorrow, the repentance of denying his Master to men-the repri prise of the abandoned Saviour-ing severest punishment-its never-dying

The striking resemblance of the countenance of the Man of sorrows of the painter, to that of his sincerest voted friend, who had risen from the upbraid him in his own palace with Peter, smote the unhappy monarch so that his head fell again upon the degroaned through very despair. The

How long he remained in this state is not known, but his haggard countenance in the morning told the Queen that her husband had passed a night of horrors, and but too plainly manifested to his attached gentlemen of the bedchamber, Thomas Stanley and Endymion Porter, when they entered his chamber, that their royal master's couch had been untouched. At their entrance, two hours before daylight, the usual time of rising with the King at this season of the year, he only raised his head from a table at which he was writing, and continued his occupation whilst these gentlemen respectfully and silently stood by for half an hour longer.

In this cabinet were but few books. They consisted of Barker's Bible, (commonly called the Breeches-Bible,) "translated according to the Hebrew and Greeke, conferred with the best translations in divers languages; with most profitable Annotations upon hard places. Imprinted in London by Robert Barker, printer to the King's most excellent Majestie, 1615."

There were also the Meditations of Saint Augustine, the Sermons of Laud, and a book in crimson morocco, lettered and embossed richly in gilt characters, entitled, "The true Effigies of our most illustrious Sovereign Lord King Charles, Queen Mary, with the rest of the Royale Progenie; also, a Compendium or Abstract of their most famous Genealogies and

Pedigrees, expressed in prose and verse, with times and places of their births, 1641." It tained heads of the King, the Queen, and Pr Charles, and whole-lengths of Marv, Jan Elizabeth, Anne, Henry in his cradle, and elder Charles, who died. Some were by Ho and one by Robert Vaughan, who was a pro engraver in this reign, and executed, besides merous portraits, some of the maps in Dugd Warwickshire, and cuts for Ashmole's Theat Chemicum. A print of James Marquis Hamilton lay on the table, with one of Ro Vere, Earl of Oxford, slain at Maestricht 1632, with laced band and scarf over the mour; Charles himself on horseback, in arm truncheon in his hand, by William Marsh who engraved many portraits in this, as wel the preceding reign. An edition of Shakespe Poems, with an engraved head of the illustr bard by the same artist, representing him wi square stiff band, and a laurel in his hand near the last volume.

During this commission of his meditation paper, the King several times regarded Endys Porter with a melancholy smile, as much a say, "We, Porter, have seen gayer days gether;" for this latter gentleman had,

<sup>\*</sup> Another engraver of this name, who execute cuts for Fielding's Joseph Andrews, died in Red Street, Clerkenwell, in January, 1771.

with Sir Francis Cottingham, his secretary, been his only attendants in his romantic journey into Spain, when Prince of Wales. They had never before seen their master so engaged at this hour; but the white vellum-covered book in which he was writing had the appearance of being but that morning commenced; which was the fact: the first entry had been made in the King's spiritual journal, known afterwards as Eikon Basilike. The King placed it within his escrutoire, then carefully locking it, told Porter and Stanley that, with their assistance, he would change his dress. This done, they followed him to his private chapel, where Dr. Hammond read the morning Prayers of the ritual, in which the principal officers of the household, in number about twenty or thirty, joined. His Majesty then breakfasted in his private closet, and remained there writing mtil ten.

The King has not visited me since supper," aid the Queen, raising her auburn brows to Lacly Miranda and Lady Carlisle, who were in attendance in her cabinet after a breakfast upon brawn and claret at sunrise. "Let us surprise him;" and she rose to execute her threat, followed by both her ladies.

During their passage through the four apartments, lying between the Queen's private chamber and the King's writing closet, Lady Carlisle said softly to her friend, "Remember you not



became?"

"Perfectly," said Lady Mirand was the dreadful night to be?"

"It is past," replied Lady Carlisle young gossips of pages would have with fables, had any one within fir Hampton been favoured with a visitat Ghost's revelations would have been before sunrise as one of Lord Holland secrets."

"And do you credit such tales, Lad inquired gravely Lady Miranda, looki this lady's face, which was not the weak mind.

"How can I do otherwise? H palace been visited every Twelfth-n restless shade, proclaiming itself a will not rest until it has disemburder said Lady Carlisle.

"Does it speak? How shocking ed Lady Miranda, much interested.

" Not since our Vine's usion or

Males, which, the Queen tells me, makes his Majesty more nervous on Twelfth-night than any ⇒ther night in the year. You must have observed him last evening; what small attention he paid the laboured witticisms of your devoted slave, the poet of Egham!"

" Name him not," said Lady Miranda.

"His is a good name; his father was a baron of the exchequer, of the oldest family in the county; nay, his muse is attuned to the cause you love, chivalry and loyalty; and your noble father hugs him to his soul," rejoined Lady Carlisle, with some pleasure at piquing Lady Miranda upon her literary suitor.

To avoid any recurrence to the distasteful subject, she urged Lady Carlisle to inform her somewhat respecting these spirits that were accustomed to give the congé to Christmas at Hampton Court.

"The catalogue is rather a long one, and I am a bad chronicler of ghost lore. We will have Dr. Hammond, the chaplain, this evening to supper in the Queen's closet; he delights in telling the stories, and is good-natured enough to vary every narration with the addition of some horrid incident, which nobody could invent but himself; but it is rather bold to challenge him, my dear Miranda; few ladies whose ears have drank in the Doctor's horrors dare to pass alone



nightfall. Even the room wherein we had spiritual visitants."

Lady Carlisle might also have recour in this very room, not fifty years be Queen's audience-chamber at Hampto did Queen Elizabeth, with fire in her ey cheek, and in a voice that no one ever gainsay, command a serjeant-at-arms t to the House of Commons in Westmin out by force Mr. Morris, and other and commit them to the Fleet Prison ! ing against the measures of her minis in this very room did this ruler of free men (for we have a comfortable notice free and easy in the day's of good Que reply to Mr. Wroth, who had carried House a most abject petition for the en of his fellows, "that her Majestv had c them for causes best known to hersel press her Highness with this suit w hinder the whole good they sought; House must not call the Queen to a what she doth of her own royal author her Majesty liketh no such question

• he should deem it presumption in any to prescribe to him the time for calling a parliament."

And now all fear of his displeasure was flown. No one trembled as heretofore, and the House leclared respectfully and firmly, that satisfaction must be had for his and his predecessor's encroachments on the constitution. He had never been aught that the constitution meant anything but the royal will; and the Queen, since his marriage, was daily confirming him in his error. He had made concessions—great ones, but they were all poisoned with his subjects' suspicions of his insincerity.

Perceiving Lady Miranda's curiosity excited, Lady Carlisle proceeded:—

"The doctor can tell how Mary, the Scotch Queen, appeared to Elizabeth, and put the queen to flight the next day: she never came here again, and died soon after at Richmond; Lady Jane Grey passed over Mary's bed, and, the doctor says, left some blood marks on the sheets that could never be effaced. Anne Boleyn's and Catherine Howard's ghosts scared their murderer more than ever did Herne the hunter, at Windsor; and poor young Edward was visited in this room by his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, to whose execution he had innocently assented.

"They vanished towards Kingston church yonder, that we see so plainly through the avenue from this window. There is one who owes our king a visit, Lady Seymour, and some Twelfthnight may see it."

"The Earl of ——" said this lady anxiously; but she was prevented finishing the inquiry by Lady Carlisle's placing her hand before her mouth.

By this time the party had reached the door of the King's writing-closet, which they entered without ceremony.

The King started, and seemed distressed at the interruption. He had not yet recovered the loss of rest, and the mental agony which he had endured during the previous twelve hours.

Lady Carlisle was satisfied that the King had suffered more than disturbed rest, but she said nothing; but the Queen rallying her husband on his woe-begone looks, desired him to lose no time in equipping himself in riding costume, and escort her into the park for an hour's horse exercise, prior to the hard frost setting in. The proposal seemed to please the King, who promised them he would be in his Spanish boots and riding-cloak before the Queen was in velvet and sables.

Lady Seymour was in no humour to be of the equestrian party, and took no pains to conceal her disinclination from her royal mistress; not being accomplished in the courtly discipline of having no will, taste, or desire, but those of the heads that wear the crown. A white frost had spread itself over the ground in the early part of

the morning; the turf of the park glistened with crystals, whilst the thin bracing air raised the spirits of the mounted party, consisting of the King, Queen, Lady Carlisle, Lady Abergany, and two more ladies, and a dozen noblemen and gentlemen of the household, who galloped over it; the hoofs of their horses striking with a cheerful and hearty sound the frost-bitten earth.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Adventure in Bushy Park.—The Colonel escapes unhurt from the gate-tower.—Nelly Pipe quits her lover at Richmond.—Flight across Ham meadows.

COLONEL MONK pursued his way across the gardens and park altogether uninterrupted, blissfully ignorant of the collision that had freed him from espionage. His boat was found, which the current and his oars soon bore to the spot of its old moorings, at the foot of the avenue opposite Ham house; but as it wanted several hours of daylight, and being in no humour for bed, he allowed himself to be carried onward by the stream. Insensibly it glided past Twickenham, Strawberry Hill, Marble Hill, the ferry at Rickmond, the site of its present elegant stone bridge, to the Eyot opposite the magnificent palace erected by Henry VII., in 1501, where that monarch died, and where his son, Henry VIII., resided until he exchanged it for Hampton Court: if our readers can imagine after what we have thought it our duty to say upon the relations of the founder of the latter palace with his sovereign

that Wolsey's retirement to Richmond manor was a voluntary arrangement.

The heavens were opaque; not a planet, nor ghost of a star glimmered in depth of night; still he pulled on, clothed in darkness, when suddenly boat stranded upon the Eyot between the branches of a tree, the river being particularly high, and the tide at high-water. Where he was, it was impossible to guess, darkness was aro and him, and danger of another taste of Thames water was rather imminent. The boat was so SILL II, too, that any attempt to obtain a purchase assinst the boughs, for shoving off, appeared certain to ensure a capsize. To add to his discomfort came reflections that circumstances might arise to induce a visit to his apartments at Ham some one or more of the inmates, and then the consternation and curiosity his absence would excite in the quiet well-regulated household of Old Sir Thomas Vavasour. He recollected that Since Christmas-day he had been in twenty dilemmas and perils, yet they had all been turned Off in some way or other for his advancement; but the sustainment of his credit, without any thoughts of increasing it, in his present ridiculous Position, remained to be seen. The wind blew sharply, and the overcast sky promised nothing short of a snow hurricane; a pretty matin spectacle for the maids-of-honour on the green when they rubbed their bright eyes at the casements of

Richmond Palace. Would they believe that shapeless mass of snow heaped up in the Ii cockle boat, left at ebb-tide suspended, or jamz amid the shrubs of the Eyot, was a colonel of Majesty's grenadiers, the gallant cavalier verined in his caracolling steed with grace, by side of the Lady Miranda?—rather, the nest of overgrown Solan goose in the bushes. Wouthey sally out like the ladies of the Egypti princess?—what a Moses in the bull-rushes them to carry off to the Queen!

Both Ashburnham and Denham had motive known only to each, strong enough to remit exertion, scheme, or stratagem to obtain the national of the hero of the skirmish at the gate, who have vanished into the air like the drummer of Teworth; a noted bewitchery at this period. To credit of the former, as well as the vanity as self-love of the latter, were at stake.

- "I would have given twenty gold nobles have proved you another man, Master Ashbur ham," said Denham, with vexation.
- "I fear the alibi would be equally serviced to neither of us," said the other, drily. "May ask, sir, was it you that I saw leave the wicket the western watergate ten minutes since?"
- "Where think you I came from when I foul of you?" replied Denham. "I was likely to pass the gate at this hour."
  - " May I ask the object of a gentleman of s

quisite mien, in now braving the winter's night mir?" inquired Ashburnham, in a very déferential, obsequious tone, as if the state of his assulter's lungs were an object of deep concern to his mind.

"To rub off in the free air the trammels of a Pelace, perchance," said the other, shortly.

"You found the egress easy, Sir John?" said
the persevering Ashburnham, not doubting the
entity of Denham with the party for whom he
as employed to keep such a good look-out.

"Dark as Hades!" said the person addressed.
You had evidence of my anxiety to escape the byss, Master Ashburnham."

The last-named gentleman was dumbfounded, for it did not occur to him before, that the door of the secret passage under the pavilion opened pon the scene of the violent shock that had nearly embedded him in the bottom of the Thames.

"Had Rufus accompanied me, our salute had been rougher, my friend; it is not his fault that my motion was not seconded," said Denham provokingly, instead of apologising for the damage his eagerness to quit the vault had done the person of poor Jack Ashburnham.

"Your motion was strong enough to my thinking," said the latter. A thought struck him, and he added, "By the vault you left the

- "How else?" said Denham.
- "We may part then. I will not disturb you meditations, or check the inspirations of which we shall all benefit, Sir John," said Ashburnham, now desirous to think quietly over by himself of what was best to be done for tracking the myterious departed; but Denham was not to be put off. It was plain that Ashburnham was in quest of the party whom, he was determined, should be known to himself as soon as to the King's emissary, and no mode of doing this appeared safer than never quitting the emissary's side.

"I have an interest in knowing who the man is you are in search of," said he boldly to the somewhat perplexed Mr. Ashburnham, who now doubted whether it was prudent to impart to the other his own object; but the temptation of Denham's bloodhound overcame his scruples; and having mentioned in a confidential tone that the party whom he was following, had unfortunately quitted the palace, before he could put him in possession of some important information, and place a packet in his hands to take to Whitehall; Denham untethered his favourite dog, and they entered the plaisance.

The fine creature bounded over flower borden and terraces, evidently hot on the recent scent of a man. They could hardly keep up with him restrained though he was from ranging by his

voice, and had passed the gardens and ry gates, and were tramping along Bushy t a pace that made them both pause for Denham was an athletic man, and exn manly exercises; but his fellow manwas much otherwise. At a deep gully versed the park, and swelled into a pit e of the present Diana Water), several ran smelling against Denham, who was t, and engaged the attention of his own pices at the same moment being audible the leafless trunks of the chestnuts. the hounds only whined, sniffled, and their noses about his knees, a less timid n the poet would have been startled, and fit to stand on his guard against midtack.

nd for your lives, and surrender, or a bolt is good arquebus shall find a bedchamber inside pocket!" exclaimed Sawyer, the rerderer, who, at the head of his party in ghtly round through the Deer Park, was his side.

hat right have you to stop a loyal subthe King's park?" asked the poet, boldly his back against a tree, resolved to sell dearly.

eechcroft, Ringwood, and Coverdale, stand ir guard, and seize this man in the name of oyal Highness the Duke of York, ranger of Bushy Park!—Bind his wrists! throw his on the ground!—and you, Coverdale, place you fourteen-stone bulk upon him. Do you hear Be alive, men, for we must give chase with the hounds to the rest of the gang." Then, seizing Sir John by the collar, he exclaimed, "After Robin Hood's pranks, eh! master; but you've shot your last bolt—your time's up, "Master Clim o' the Clough."

Denham shook the hand of the verdere roughly from him, but intended no further vengeance for the affront, as it was plain a few words would set all right with the keepers, and perhaps turn them into opportune auxiliaries.

"We are gentlemen crossing the park on an affair of moment, and will give our names to those having a right to demand them. Assist us on—you shall be nobly rewarded."

"The King's verderers do not list into the privateering service," said Sawyer, in a milder tone: "not after a hairy skin or cloven feet this chase, I reckon; though you, young gentlemen, must have one of Will Lilly's sky-scrapers, double, treble, night magnifiers, to know the difference between a hind's fetlocks, or a wench's ancle—such a night as this."

Denham quickly explained to Master Sawyer's entire satisfaction that the speediest way to win ten gold nobles was to aid the search of himself and a friend after a party that their hound was

tracking when taken off his sent by instinctive sympathies for the feminine member of the verderer's canine attendants.

- "Ward off—ward off," cried he to his dogs, who surrounded the party against the tree, who was keeping them at bay, ready, like dogs, to fly at his throat on a signal whoop from their master.
- "But you spoke of another gentleman," replied Sawver.
- "Certainly Mr. Ashburnham where the devil are you hid—up a tree? Come down, come down; no one shall harm you, man," said Denham.

In his excess of fright Ashburnham had sprung a distance from the bank into the shallow stagnant water, over a considerable thorn, and stood Quite insensible to the perishing medium about his feet; and the strain and shock endured by his lower limbs; in an agony of vexation, from hearing above, his name uttered to the woodsmen, interverently and lightly. Feeling that the honor of the Crown was compromised in the profane repetition of the name of its servant, he would have risked freezing hard to the ground, and remaining rooted there like Daphne rather than lessen his importance in the eyes of those who correctly regard mysterious-looking pages and private secretaries as the mightiest men of the earth.

However, now that the dogs had drawn him,

there was no disguise, and he scampered out of the pit on the opposite side.

"It would be advisable," said he softly to be poet, "that neither the name of the party seek transpire, when we find him, nor that either of our names be again mentioned."

Sir John saw there would be no securing Jack's co-operation if he derided openly this caution, and remarked—

"You must have lined your hams with whalebone, and wound up your heels with Dutch spring, to have cleared that bush, Mr. Ash—"

"Hush!" interrupted the other, "I meant to take but a step out of the way of those infernal hounds."

The clear perforation of the thin ice that glazed the pool evinced, next morning, not only the extent, but the velocity of his fear-impelled leap, the spot of which continued by the name of "Jack's Jump" for many years, until the final laying out of the Diana Water filled up the gully.

The dogs, all noses to the ground, tracked rapidly a scent to the river's side, below Teddington church, where they whimpered from disappointment—the object of the hunting was gone to water.

"We are foiled," said the verderer: "what do you purpose to do next? we will take but half, and let you off the other: bad luck, no fault of ours."

The verderers hearing this very proper speech, drew up by the chief's side each separately, jostling delicately the persons of the man-hunters with the civil purpose of enlightening them upon the number of partners in the firm, who had so generously offered to take ten shillings in the pound for judgment debt. Ashburnham made no move to seek his purse, but his companion was sbout to pay the demand, when laughter, chatter, and singing, in male and female voices, broke through the night from the direction of the road leading to Hampton village, which crosses that from Twickenham to Hampton Court through Bushy Park. A covered waggon came rumbling on, the bells of the horses, and the shrilly bursts, half-giggle, half-screams, from the rosy-lipped garls, and the outright laughter of their male com-Panions, struck up a cheerful concert in the solide, and produced a pleasant warm feeling over e park wanderers, not unwelcome after the dis-Pointment of bagging the cost of a wine-cask.

"'Tis Susan of the chandlery, and Lucy of e wafery, at Richmond," ejaculated one of the

"And Nelly Pipe, too, the hussey!" said

"Ay, and Robin, the yeoman butler, Tim of the grapery, and all the rest," said another. "Shall be join 'em?"

So the jolly party of servants, attached to



Richmond, your honors," said Maste "they will give you a lift in the wag fancy to continue the chase: may be has crossed over, and we shall hear so his whereabout by daylight."

Ashburnham hung back, reluctar himself in company unbeseeming his though he might have felt secure und from recognition in the dark. Denh such scruples, and, assisted by the mounted the waggon, whilst his co this midnight chase walked by its sie pleased, nor with any well consider where he was going. The reserve accession of a visitor had occasioned soon banished, for the poet astonished the groundlings with rough and read the broad style permitted in the societ women of that day, though banis beyond the confines of Tartarus in the

Rapturous applause rewarded his

ndertoned conversation was carrying on in n while between two persons of opposite the fore of the waggon, accompanied, as a fancied, by some very tearful exclamam that of the gentler one. He listened. w, Nelly, dearest, on my oath—my we will be married, and you shall come Hampton. Your uncle will forgive

gue upon you and my uncle both! I am see with the whole palace; my lady will a me. What's the benefit of marrying y mind is changed. I wish we had never this wicked waggon; O, I do! I do! r, you are a deceiver."

w could I see you quit us? Remember mises."

break every one, which you never forget

r, you are cruel."

have I not lost my place through it?"

u again; and she shall know all soon; r will say a word for us."

e talking, truly! it's the like of you or xplain. Explain truly all your falseness, Miranda Seymour. You dare not go you know it."

uncle will never forgive me: you know

he hates you, and there is no love lost him and your father."

Her lover thought this might as been considered before he had ventur please his father, the chief cook, a strict and one little disposed to mingle his b that of one whom he considered a Puritan; for his nephew had long bee patient, and much-enduring suitor of ing Miss Nelly. This young person unceasingly proclaiming the unusual nature had made to her of that phys loom, called heart, was never heard to of the opposite sex's possession of that i chattel. It always has been the right to know many more things than they upon to acknowledge.

The generosity of Sir John to charmer was not unknown to him; and is the term strictly applicable to the su our superiors, when the consideration not to be spoken of. Nelly had learnt from that to marry without a dot was an unpand culpable neglect of the rights and tions of a wife, who, henceforth, the bearing a fair reference to her station entitled to wield a sceptre of connubmacy.

She had now a dot, which made Lucille co-heiresses to a very pretty 1

to be lightly spoken of in any aspect of their dition. It is utterly impossible to compred the constitutional peculiarities of some men, ch less to understand the facility with which many obstacles to Anthony's union with the tty waiting-woman were swept away like cobbe from the corners of his heart, after his vaintance with her dotation. Not that he l ever swerved from allegiance to her-woe to him if he had! but from being a denizen, would rush incontinently into the responsiities of fealty due from a natural-born subject: father's anger, the lord-steward's displeasure, a subsidiary officer marrying without his cont,-all became objects of no account.

His importunities to Nelly were redoubled, aided by Lucille, (who was in the lover's fidence, and not entirely disinterested in her asel, hoping thereby to ascend from a laund-to a lady's-maid,) he succeeded in carrying off to be spliced to him, Anthony, in the holic chapel in Richmond Palace; Lucille esaid effecting, by her mediation, the salva-of a soul from the penalties of heresy, during friendship with the runaway.

velly's ill-timed remorse nearly drove her r mad; for she, to pique him, actually gave to the libertine Sir John, and listened with ended pleasure and acquiescence to all the ed nonsense that men of his character lavish of the statement of the



waggon had arrived at the ferry.

Colonel Monk, rejoicing that ass near, answered the hail.

" Poaching on the river at this time we must see after that islander, Beech Sawyer.

Colonel Monk began to be impatier

" Cannot you bear down here quick! me off? I am nearly frozen to death supposing that the parties were actua the ferry without descending to the ay

"Good Heavens! I know that v Nelly; "it's the officer who rode ou with my lady when we were at Ham."
" Who?" inquired her lover.

"That's what I shall not tell yo yourself," she replied, bridling up.

Sir John only caught the words, that voice," and he resolved their ut not depart without making it known to

All had descended from the waggo

"What! my noble Rufus, my fine fellow!—we'll make you a pilot to-night; he shall carry a rope to the ayot, gentlemen."

Denham, finding his dog recognised, concluded that his own incognito would not long be preserved.

"Here, Rufus, lad," said the verderer, taking a rope from the waggon, and attaching it to the dog's neck: "hie over, lad: now, master, there—you on the ayot—hollo to the dog if you'd not be chawed up!"

The dog plunged into the stream, and was bailed by the stranded officer in too mandatory stone for its disciplined obedience to withstand. The animal swam towards the spot from whence it proceeded, no object being distinctly visible at syad's distance.

Rufus was a formidable visitor; but the colonel was well accustomed to his species in Spain, and had seen some of those whom Pizarro had employed to hunt the Indians in Mexico. He have how to quell its hostile instinct and reduce it to obedience. The rope being attached to the boat's bench, and a signal for hauling given, it was soon dragged, by the united strength of the waggon party, from its critical posture in the and and trees.

Once in the stream, the colonel unloosed the wpe, to the indignation of his rescuers, who shouted out plainly their opinions of his ingratitude.



hours before; no longer disinclined and rest.

The shivering contents of the wa quickly transferred on board, and so strong wrists and clenched hands of landed at the ferry-house, which stood covered by the terrace of the Castle admiral himself being knocked, by his passengers, off his own quarter-deck in of his craft.

Anthony had good reason for emifriends without delay, and would have the moment after placing Nelly on b fickle-minded young lady undissembli pentance at the abandonment of he place. When such productions as sweet and ripe, they are the creatures and wiser than Solomon must be the can foresee what they will scheme nex

Sir John Denham was provoked t maiden's coquetry as qualified as his o Nelly could have been conveniently t cesson, though so liberally supplied with it, do nothing in return, to the patient persevering old gentlemen who squat in old chairs from morn to devy eve upon the river hard above Richmond bridge. She had given them all the slip on springing from the boat,—the path was well known to her,—and was speedily a mile from her deserted companions, and within hail of the object of her expedition.

"Nelly! Nelly!" in an agitated and very illcontrived sotto voce aside inquiry, disturbed the still atmosphere, first on the right, and then on the left, of the newly landed group, or rather gropers, for the night was still pitchy dark; the pretty words painfully audible by vocal refraction from an angle of the palace—then gutturally hushed, though increasingly importunate.

"Nelly, dearest, where, by all the saints — where art thou flown to?"

"Flown already, or absorbed in river mist, become the wife of Will-o'-the-wisp, may be," said Sir John. "False and fleeting as Iris, and as trackerous a hope-raiser—a night rainbow, forsooth!" and with such savage oddities as occurred to his imagination did the poet inflict consolation the forsaken swain for the evaporation of the companion of his hymeneal excursion.

"She has slipt through the postern-gate before to-night, Master Tony," said one of the domestics. "I warrant she knows the escapes and entrances to Richmond Palace as well as Hampton Court."

"Marry, gone through an embrasure to twig old cast-off lover of a warder—we shall profit her past privateering, and so be let in, in a twinkling of a portcullis," jeered another.

"What lady's-maid but knows the paces roun the scarps and counter-scarps of a garrison, s well as the sentinel?" said a third.

This was not to be endured, as the grown porters and yeomen of Richmond Palace would have found to their cost, had these forward ascriters of local knowledge to his sweetheart, beevisible to her lover. He had to endure gibes, by saw not their authors.

Now the fair fugitive's dress was spotless white in honour of the expected rites of morn; we shrouded, though it was in roquelaire and cambe snatched up hap-hazard from the servants' hall a her concealment by her lover at the moment consent was extorted for this very imprudent elopment.

Love having lent the eyes of a cat to Mast Anthony, the clerk of the kitchen; in the glot he saw, or fancied he saw, a flitting whiteness the meadow—now the lawn of the Duke of Bucleugh's villa. He follows; but how fast the fodisappears! Is it but a mist from yonder stant pond; a dreamy exhalation from somnol frogs? By supernatural locomotion was she ac

ding assuredly. In this civilised country but two beings delight to frisk it after dusk around our pillows:—was it on night-mare back or bat-back that his love was riding?"

He was not wrong—the white lady of the medow was his own Nelly—the plump, hazeleyed pink-and-white plaiter of muslins, liberally cadowed with "a heart that can feel for another;" whilst the length, breadth, origin, mishaps and Progress of her own catastrophe gushed into her mind, an uncontrollable desire arose to put her mistresses in the highroad towards similar ones. The sound of the colonel's voice, known to herself Mone, called up this philanthropic idea. thought she, was he pining like the Swedish Pirit the Neck, on the waters—his ladylove in better plight in her low darkened chamber; entirely from misunderstanding each other's sentiments from the want of some motherly gobetween-and was she not a married woman, or as sood as one? and who knows a young lady's mind well as her fille de chambre?' The penetration Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves" was sur-Perced by that of Nelly; the thought bore with it an indemnity for her own folly-she was drawing the sting of her mistress's resentment, receivpardon-perhaps promotion by a seasonable word to the colonel—and then what dare her Tony's uncle say? Reconciliation—gratitude an establishment of permanence—all came tumbling over each other's backs leap-frogwise in her noddle, and kept up the game with her organs of imagination till they were dizzy. There could be no doubt, Nelly opined, that these seasons of unnatural calm (for what right had a young lady, her own mistress, ever to be calmed?) were fruits of the pining process—unrequited love—moments of abstraction—such as her own Anthony underwent when he popped his watch into the saucepan of hot water instead of the king's eggs, and held the latter as time-keeper in his hand for half an hour, until detected by his ears, poor fellow! resenting its affronting silence at a moment when every tick was to be of numerical value.

"Hark! the plash of oars—she is within hail of the invisible waterman; the darkness gave her courage—she ventures to cry, first tremulously, then beseechingly."

"Stay—stay a moment only; a moment with you, sir, I must see you for a moment."

The astonished colonel heard these words, and wondered by what means the speaker intended to see him, when he could not see himself. Another spirit, thought he: river sprites as well as land sprites have taken a strange fancy to me lately; the sooner I quit this haunted district the safer I shall be. This is a return for my slight in delegating my service to them last night. The voice was a female's, and now came from the Petersham meadows, below the church. Still he

, a regular licensed ghost, with her permit he shades in her pocket, might take the of exercising her caoutchouc privilege, and e water. A ghost is franked from bridgeboat-fare. The louder she called, the r he rowed, until they both were within itories of Ham.

, the colonel's servant, Haversac, after ing to go to bed, had stolen down towards ws, for the purpose of sitting in committee le and beer bill with Sir Thomas's grooms, ling his master's bed-room door unclosed, red by the night lamp therein. It was at his lord had neither undressed himself, the repose. The door in the porch leading gardens was open, regardless of burglars, h no Richmond Anti-felons' association sted.

bed to-night, eh?—thank you," uttered e-quarters' tipsy attendant as he strode up on the avenue, muttering—

and steel a light was imparted to his pipe, an staggered about, overcome, as he afterwards fessed, with the shock of his master's irregrities. He would have sought him, could have moved for a moment in a straight lake resolved to await his return.

## CHAPTER V.

parition in Ham Pastures.—Nelly's race from nd to Petersham.—Delicate Interference.—Comhe dark in Ham Park.—Lovers' Quarrels.

ischarging the peripatetic duties of his inted sentry-ship in the garden, the paced the avenue a great many times in avity, and, like other volunteers, began over the evanescence of the charms of appointments. The range of his night reasonably be expected to have bey this time enlarged, but for dimness which must account for his being enin the swing bars of Petersham meadow sate, striking his pipe against the post, ff at a tangent down the slope, and only himself up, to utter the most terrificat ever resounded through the woods



he shouted in utter fright, calling upon sacred names not a few, for protection. It was no delusion; or if it were, it was shared with the clear head of his master, who pursuing his course up the river, was now but a few yards from the enchanted spot. The colonel was for a moment in greater danger than he was on the ayot; the apparition appalled him, and but for his recent personal introduction to the world of spirits, the oars must have dropped from his hands: the next moment he resolved to land, and approach the strange spectacle. What wanted the spirit with him?—why had it followed him so imploringly on the bank? That cry was no woman's; the imprecations were those of some horror-struck mortal like himself: some victim perhaps to an engulfment in the awful and supernatural glare emitted by the yawning earth from which the spirit appeared to rise as a phænix. The hootings subsided into groens: again the female voice fell on his ear; but its tone was changed, he fancied, painfully so: he sprung on the bank—the light was vanished, but the white form perfectly visible to his eyes, now practised to the darkness, seemed to approach nearer and nearer.

"What art thou? what wantest thou with me this night?" he exclaimed, with a slight tremor. "I conjure thee to return to where thou camest." This demanded, he drew himself firmly up, and

nerves for some terrific revelation; t groans of most abject anguish, rum-a deep dyke at some distance from whilst he spoke.

r! mercy! O that I should come flames, gnashing of teeth, and the !—carry me not down lower," was miserable accents from behind the

onel was too much absorbed in the fore him, to heed these sounds, or ave recognised the voice of his servant ider consternation and contusions: the esult of the fire-born phantom, who fied his ale-laden carcass, until it had to the air like a mortally wounded the last from the bruises attending This scared creature was himself of the terrific vision that had driven the cheeks both of master and man. rt to disengage his breeches from the e gate post of the kissing stile, the mtents of his pipe had been jerked white muslin robe of poor Nelly, who, eath, was running with outstretched pen mouth, to unburthen her mind to ; and she little calculated on starting ng a jaunt.

stely her dress blazed up; but the prevented ascending above her knees

by the cloak which enveloped her shoulders, a shielded her form.

The white apparition and the colonel sto face to face: the impulse which had led her quit the side of her protector was still unweaken—the nerves of the warrior were less strong th those of the waiting-maid: his tongue cleav to his mouth, and his pulse beat fast, expectia reply to his conjurations.

- "It is Nelly, Lady Miranda's waiting-women that was, I mean, your honour. I'm doing son thing very wrong; but it's too late to repent n—I'm going to be married."
- "Going to be married!" exclaimed the tounded colonel, scarcely knowing whether to angry, or to laugh at the veil that had risen in the child of fire; more displeased with hims than he had been for many years, most certain he was, and with good cause too; he sto self-convicted of cowardice, before a love-s damsel.
- "Going to be married! Is that all?—w means this? what subtlety? what art? w foolery is this? how many are there of you?"
- "Only a moment, sir. I may not see again. I shall be Mistress Gravymeat to-more and Master Anthony will be my husband."
- "Well, and what of that?" inquired the more wondering colonel.
  - "Because I may lose my place; and you,

nything with my Lady Miranda. Oh! know, sir, how much she takes on about ng to Ireland. If the savages massacre she 'll die certainly, and I shall lose my dess your honour—"

ious Heavens! poor girl, art mad? from hast thou escaped?" said he, supposing some poor lunatic, who had wandered as is did in those days, about lanes and living upon the charity of the inhabitants. hony will be after me, and I shall never again, if he find me here. O, sir! one

e thing!" ejaculated Monk.

rcy! mercy! Saint Michael and all the

ive mercy upon a sinner!—let me not a cinder!" groaned Haversac, from the

there! Haversac, get up; come out, rge of this poor thing; see her into the

lor—what will Anthony say? I am cried the girl, weeping piteously. "I ant to tell your honour that I was leaving y Seymour to be married, and to ask good word to get me back to favour. 's family love His Majesty, the Qeeen, and take the word of myself, that its n fault that her ladyship and you, sir, the like. She's many a weary hour,

sir. O sir! don't let that man touch me—let me alone."

The cause for this last petition was Haverne's attempt to rid himself of imputations upon be courage, by a brisk handling of their occasion. No sooner did he hear the conversation between his master and the maid, than he perceived how matters stood. In fact, he knew much more about the eratic politics of the servants at Hampton than was necessarry to disclose. rather too high in the bosom of Lucille, on account of his French smattering, and the admiration be expressed for her country; abusing it thoroughly to some one else within the twenty-four hours, by way of balm to his conscience; for the greatest rogues are more likely to be false to their love, the false to their country. The soft round Gelder rose and French white cheeks, and rich brown orbs of Nelly, were, he soon found, a prize more worthy his might, than the sparkling hawk-eyed nymph of the mangle and crimping-iron; but the conquest of the former was as impracticable as that of the latter appeared easy.

He seized Nelly by both arms, and then putting his own round her waist, bid her deem herself fortunate she had fallen into such amiable guardianship.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Save me! save me from the brute!" cried she; "let me go home."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Where is thy home, young woman?" in-

quired the colonel, still mystified, and not a little disgusted at the rude, sudden, unhallowed touch of a chord of feeling so sacred, by a menial, who should be ignorant of all approaches to the beautiful Miranda's heart. He wished for worlds that he had not addressed the supposed spirit.

"I go to Richmond Palace, sir: let me return now; I quitted my friends but to speak to you. Be not wrathful with a poor girl, a humble well-wisher of you, and your dear beautiful lady. I came here to speak to your honour; I meant no harm: pardon me and let me go."

"She'll be safest at Ham, sir: our prize, fairly sir; taken within the lines," said Haversac. "Can't grant parole, sir, to folks of low condition: contrary to articles of war, young woman." Saying which, upon the presumption of long service together, the corporal orderly took up a hole in his belt, buttoned his vest up to his chin, and was proceeding to take the sobbing maid up in his arms, after the manner of the Roman, in Vernet's picture of the Rape of the Sabines, when Monk peremptorily exclaimed—

"Conduct this wench to her friends at Richmond: see her safe. At this hour no honest woman should be abroad."

Richmond church struck two: he turned on his heel, and sought the first path through the meadow to the garden of Ham-house, entered the mansion through the door he had left on the latch, and his chamber where his lamp still burnt.

Before committing himself to slumber, the hardy soldier fell upon his knees, to pour out his gratitude to his Creator, for the protecting hand that had so signally upheld him in conduct and character, during this eventful night, and to seek encouragement and direction for his future path. This fervently his whole spirit sought, steeped in the conviction of an awaiting destiny, alternately and involuntarily raising in its regard sensations of exultation and fear. "Teach me, O teach me to do what is right in thy sight, O Lord, and strengthen me to gird on my sword for the cause that is blessed in heaven!"

As he prayed, there seemed an atmosphere of serenity and calming power to fall around him as a mantle, and words as yet unshaped in his adorations and petitions to Heaven sprung from his lips, eloquently ardent to the throne of grace.

It was for her that the sounds burst involuntarily and unpremeditatedly from his mouth. His frame shivered at the same moment with a consciousness of his audacity. His greatest tie to earth was become a heavenly dispensation, resulting in fore-knowledge; or how would he remain on his knees addressing God with a feeling of acceptation after the disclosure? He had made his Creator his friend by the confession. He was strengthened, comforted, confirmed by it. His

sensations were akin to those of one who is permitted to place himself firmly upon the first step on the ascent of all his aspirations.

The slumbers of Colonel Monk this night

were sweet.

On awakening, the words of the female he had heard rather than seen over-night, came most forcibly upon his mind.

"The fool must have had ground for what she said," thought he. "Hers is a daily, hourly observation of conduct, looks and manners; but to come to me at such a time—the sentiments of Lady Miranda Seymour, the talk of a servant: bah!—it is foul;" then he mused a full hour beneath the bed-clothes; the probability of her veracity was a dream too delicious to be curtailed. "But was she set on to entrap him? Perhaps by Sir John Denham, whom report made her fond adorer." This thought fired him with resentment, and banished those he began to entertain of proceeding to Richmond immediately, and taking leave of the lady before he set out for Ireland.

Though he did not do so from this apprehension, she became dearer to him, more his own than before. He felt claims had arisen it would be bliss to discharge. He rode to Brentford with an escort of cavalry by the towers of Richmond Palace late in the afternoon; so late, that lights were in the chamber occupied by Lady Miranda.

Nelly's pride was hurt at her ungracious reception from the officer to whose account she would fain assign entirely her midnight scamper across the Petersham meadows, forgetting in her resentment her own anxieties for a mediator to avert a change in the boudoir administration. She stood angry and off her guard, when the velveteen sleeve of her scorned military admirer passed round the whimple of her cap, and threw fromher head the roquelaire that had enveloped it.

Haversac, emboldened by his master's departure, proceeded to imprint two crumpling memorials of his hard beard and moustachios on Nelly's juicy lips, accompanied with a smacking report, as if glorying in his atrocity. His triumph was but short-lived; for Anthony, true to the distant white object, continued the chase until it was invisible, through a small valley in the meadows, and afterwards was barely distinguishable at its further extremity on the rising ground. The fences, stile, and hedge-row bank, had concealed the blazing burst that had so alarmed our friends, the colonel and his orderly; neither was he aware of the existence of the former in the neighbourhood.

Experienced sportsmen know the yelp of every hound—experienced shepherds the bleat of their fleecy charges, and by analogy, a lover ought to know more unerringly, the smack of the lips of her who is to be his for ever.

Winded, bothered, and mortified as Anthony was, both at the cause, as well as the labour of his chase, the labial crack no sooner thrilled through the air upon his ears, than every muscle was re-strung, and he started in the directest of all possible lines towards the spot whence came this naughty noise. No crow flight or railroad line could be straighter; though it is doubtful, whether his defiance of the right of proprietorship and violation of the law of trespass in dashing through glade, coppice, garden, and hedge, could surpass the professional and characteristic defiance of such obstacles, by the projectors of the latter.

The Slough electro-galvanic telegraph could scarcely convey a reply quicker from Windsor to Buckingham House, than these felon kiss echoes brought one to their luxuriating plunderer. Nelly had scarce run up the first sharps of the first bar of her most effective scream; one that before now had brought the flat of Anthonv's carving-knife more than once upon the back of Sir John Denham's valet, than her lover rushed upon the poaching corporal, forcing him backward several yards. Haversac drew his short sword and darted at the clerk of the kitchen a lunge that would have saved his further supervision of the charges of his Majesty's spit and oven, had not Nelly clung round the neck of the armed man, and with woman's wit pressed his

acceptation of the bone—I mean the flesh of contention; and so magically instantaneous was the pacific influence of contact between her pretty round nose and the topmost tendrils of the coppice of hair surrounding his mouth, which she declared afterwards to her lover was a very nasty one—that the deadly weapon fell from his hands.

Like Delilah, she had disarmed her adorer; and like her, she was as ready to sacrifice him. A scuffle ensued, which ended in all three coming to the ground in a miscellaneous display of the softer limbs that night concealed from the contiguous owners of the rougher ones.

Expressions, not laudably mild, escaped thick and unsparing from the mouths of the candidates, for Nelly's favour, which was pleasingly varied by the baying of Sir John's bloodhound, who, darting through the gap in the hedge made by the jealous lover, dropped amongst the group as they lay on the ground; and before they could recover breath to defend themselves from the dog, Sir John Denham himself was standing over them.

To escape from the slobbering, snuffing attentions of Rufus, the girl sprung towards his master, and besought his protection by name.

This was a mortifying recognition; but he bore it unflinchingly, only replying—

"Who then are these struggling men? Was it for them you left me, false one? Your rebel

future is one, I perceive, by his voice—but the other?"

" The colonel's."

"What! the colonel! Colonel Monk! Egad,

that's not he, by my life!"

"No, no, no," impatiently replied the girl; his servant, Corporal Haversac, a wilful loon that tents other folk's business less than his master's."

"Now, Nelly, we will return to Richmond, and leave Sir John and that ruffian, whom I have thrown there, to dream away his nonsense," said Anthony, desirous to prevent a renewal of the knight's sweet speeches, of which he had enough taste in the waggon through Twickenham that night, and to which he somehow attributed her sudden extraordinary flight. Nelly was quite as willing to return as himself, and they started off at a brisk step to join their fellow-servants in the palace at Richmond. Sir John and Haversac were left on the ground alone. He stirred the latter with his foot, but only elicited a groan.

"Not dead, then?" muttered he. "I've known gold rouse a dying soldier. So ho! my friend, here are angels for thy pouch, an' thou

respond to a question or two."

"Oh!" groaned the man, "I'm dead, I'm killed. How can I answer questions?—O Lord!
O Lord!—what want ye with a dying man?"

- "Five gold angels—five gold angels," deliberately uttered Sir John: "you will be fitter company for the angels above, with a golden namesake in your haversac," said Sir John coaxingly, perceiving that he had administered a surer reviver than all the sal volatile and Eau de Cologne in the Queen's boudoir. The partially-stunned man raised himself and grunted—
  - "Who be ye?"
  - "A friend," said the knight.
- "A friend! well, ar'nt my service a good one? and what can you better me, man? Speak, for my head is not improved by the blow that spit-and-dripping-pan elf gave it. I'll reckon him ere long—;" and the bruised corporal seemed unable or unwilling to raise himself from the sod.
- "A worthy master yours," said Sir John, hesitatingly. "Colonel Monk, I think."
- "Twas master as gave that girl to my charge—she was making love to him on some lady's account. I heard her last words, the jade! She a lady's substitute!"
- "What were they, my worthy friend?"—an angel was slipt into the corporal's palm.
- "A special despatch from her missis—a special messenger. Tis not I that should tell master's peccadilloes, though."
- "Peccadilloes! what mean you, man?" inquired Sir John eagerly.

"I means what I says, and I says what I means, my lord, or your worship. Could you but lift me up and see me home—my noddle is all moulting here."

Denham raised the man carefully; he could not have been more tender to a fainting lady during their progress across the home-stead to the garden-gate: the hand of the shaky corporal, whose groans stimulated the gift, received more golden guerdon from his supporter; but all that could be extracted in return, were these short broken sentences:—

- "May I never see such a sight again!—the cloud of flame on the Red Sea, that did pilot's service to those fresh water Jews, was a farthing rushlight to it. Angel, sir! Blessus! never such an angel sprung from the stars. Went off—gone in a moment—who but Nelly Pipe talking to the colonel!—No, do—Colonel won't take—mistress must speak for herself—no flag-of-truce—put all in Haversac's hands—taken her to the donjon in Richmond tower, but for that dish-cloth mummer—"
- "Bit her lip through—carry the mark to her grave—fine creature!—fine creature!—Missus no go—Colonel, stand fire, never say die to a woman."

This garbled sputtering was enough, however, to inform Sir John that Colonel Monk was abroad but shortly before his arrival on the field,

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and that something delicate and interesting had transpired about the very distinguished lady who troubled his mind. Not choosing to be seen in company with Monk's servant at this hour, he quitted his scarcely sensible patient the moment he had put him within the gates of the shrubberv, and in no amiable mood sought his way to Rich-There he found Mr. Ashburnham eagerly collecting the rumours generated by the disappointed lover amongst the servants in this palace; but however amusing the story, he had contrived to weave from them for the royal ear, it afforded no key to the object of his journey. It is true Sir John Denham positively assured him the person they were both interested in recognising was no other than Colonel Monk; but Ashburnham did not see a clue to the reasoning, as twenty persons, as well as this officer, might have been on the river near Richmond that night, and there was nothing to assume he had even crossed it, much less been so high up as Hampton Court.

It will be proper to state as accurately as I am able, with what consideration the much mystified clerk of the kitchen, son and heir to Gabriel Gravymeat, master cook to the King of Great Britain, treated his recovered prize; what explanations he called for, and what satisfaction he received therefrom. Most of my readers will be inclined to allow such a request, not excessively absurd in a lover who findeth his be-

trothed on the morning of her marriage scuffling with a drunken dragoon, and "waited upon" by another party of not very irreproachable morals, and will probably be grieved at learning that Nelly carried herself very high towards her lover, and refused to satisfy him at all for running after the colonel.

"As you love me, say not to any one that I have seen him, or spoken to him," lisped the coaxer.

"Or been kissed by his servant afterwards; perhaps he-" growled the baffled one.

"Another word," exclaimed Nelly, indignantly, "and I leave you for ever."

"Which you are very welcome to do," resolutely uttered Anthony, worked up by her exactions upon his patience, and anticipating what he supposed to be the privileges of a future husband.

"Oh, Anthony! and is it come to this?" exclaimed Nelly, with difficulty restraining a sob.

"Then why not satisfy me? Who has such a right to know why you are wandering about at two o'clock in the morning? Besides, the gentleman with whom I found you as thick as beans and butter, was not Colonel Monk. There is something between you two very mysterious. That ring, or the money either, was scarcely given you for oiling the locks and approaches to your lady."

- "Ask Lucille—she saw him give me both," exclaimed Nelly, excessively provoked at her lover's doubts.
- "But not the consideration for which such valuables were presented to a waiting-woman," Anthony was tempted to say, though the next moment he would have withdrawn the expression with half a year's salary.
- "I am no woman in waiting for you, sir," she replied immediately, and swinging her arm from within his, walked independently by his side.

It was in vain that Anthony strove to pacify her—she had taken her resolution never to speak to him again.

At Richmond Palace she repaired to the apartments of one of the eight women of the bedchamber on duty about the Queen, who was expected there this very day.

Her friend was alarmed to see her enter at such an hour; but, after the door was secure, succeeded in convincing her that she had acted a most spirited part towards a young man who was quite unworthy of her. Of course she did not rise until late in the morning; and took the first opportunity, after her mistress's arrival, of falling on her knees, and asking forgiveness and restoration to her place. She pleaded what she thought must be successful beyond all doubt; her revelation to Colonel Monk, of her mistress's attachment to him.

"And I told him, my lady, that he ought to be ashamed of himself in not speaking his mind, and how you took it to heart."

The emotions called up by this untoward disclosure, disgusting alike in the manner, and in the person of the self-elected interlocutor, had never before been experienced by Lady Miranda. Her sensibility was deeply wounded, and her delicacy outraged most grievously—the cruel exposure stopped all power of utterance. The poor creature, the cause of it, was beneath her anger; on such a subject almost below her reproof. Miranda scarcely saw her after the words fell on her ear; but turned into an inner apartment, shut the door, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Poor Nelly! the occasion of this outburst, still knelt upon the floor confounded. She had wit enough to perceive that she had hurt her lady beyond forgiveness; but the exact limits between her two offences—running away the previous night, and her well-meant disclosure to Colonel Monk, was by no means distinct to her mind; to whom infraction of the discipline of an establishment was high as any in the category of transgressions.

She rose; her first impulse being to leave the room, and have it out in a good cry—the maid-servant's best bill of idemnity; but prudence and a little bit of self-respect, and self-approba-

tion kept her where she was. The rooms inhabited by her mistress, when on the rota at Richmond, were as familiar to her as those at Hampton Court, and much was to be done in putting things straight on her arrival at the former place. She thought, that from that moment, her mistress avoided speaking as formerly to her; but still did her duty, though she found that instead of binding her mistress more to her, her thankless mediation had estranged her; and that her life, with this and the abrupt termination of her engagement with Anthony, was under a cloud. Sir John's ring she still kept, rejecting stoutly all his attempts, direct and indirect to seduce her.

Anthony Gravymeat's ire getting the better of his discretion, it was soon no secret with whom he had found his sweetheart in Petersham pastures, and he talked so much of 'inconstancy,' 'disgraceful conduct,' and 'ingratitude,' that the worst impressions were made upon the minds of his fellow-servants. Their thoughts, whatever they were, did not show themselves under the form of pity for his loss. He had all the disadvantage of putting his friends in possession of a varied knowledge of his misfortunes, without obtaining the proffer of any antidote to them. He found how indisposed the world is to be compassionate to those who are loud mourners. He had, too, the additional vexation of jeers from

Denham's servant, who on an imperfect acquaintance with the girl's possession of his master's ring and money, teased him unmercifully.

His father, the chief cook, was too much occupied with his own professional duties to attend to the rumours in the kitchen of his son's love affair; and besides, would never believe, until the marriage certificate was produced, that his son had married a Puritan's niece.

Anthony had, at this time, an offer to go to Lord Holland's at Kensington, in the same capacity as his present one at Hampton Court; which offer, as his wages at the latter place were irregularly paid, he joyfully accepted; encountering thereby his father's displeasure, on exchanging the royal service for that of a nobleman who entertained at his table the opponents of the King's government. The old chef de cuisine regarded them with so mortal a hatred, that had Anthony sweetened their soup with arsenic, after their "declaration of fears and jealousies," and demand of the militia from the Crown, he would have owned him as a chip of the old block, though swinging at Tyburn had been his son's reward. Anthony had no objection to be farther from his tormentor, who remained with the Court until it moved to York, when Lady Miranda returned to Ragley Castle to her parents, before she rejoined the Queen at Oxford. Though a little out of the order of events, I am sorry to

say that Sir John Denham, amongst his acquaintance next day, dropped hints of surprising midnight assignations, hurtful to the morality of the colonel: he was in possession of enough to set afloat serious scandal: nor did he omit to avail himself of its effects, in his bearing towards the soubrette. Amours with persons in her class of life, with the temptations in his power to offer, had occupied many loose hours; but his heart never being embarked in them, he seldom would put himself out of the way to sue for favour. With this girl it was a different thing: she, being won, could not help disclosing much that he wished to know about her mistress; but then, the difficulty of managing an intrigue, whilst about her ladyship. and able to be useful to him?

In unequal connexions of this kind, women are mostly as deep as men; and when they yield, it is for causes always more rational than those the boastful vanquishers, as they suppose themselves, can plead. Her mistress was too pure and generous to listen for an instant to scandal in reference to her inferiors. Such topics could not possibly find a place in the conversation of the ladies whom she honoured as intimates; so that shafts at Nelly's character fled gallingly about the palace without cognisance of her ladyship. A knowledge of her mistress's character was for a long time a shield against Sir John's profligate overtures. Whilst with her, she had nothing to

fear. His promises, his vows, at last succeeded, and she consented one day, after a tiff with her uncle, Master Pipe, about a new dress which he had promised at Whitsuntide. Pipe lifted up his eyes with horror at the petition, and told her such vanities did not become one who might be called in mercy before long to be a partaker in the riches of the kingdom Christ was about to establish on earth for his servants, one of whom he, Peter, assuredly was.

"Prelacy and monarchy will pass away, my child," said he; "and those only who have passed through much tribulation and persecution, and have borne like me a testimony when it was hurtful, will be placed on the steps of the throne of the Lamb in this realm of England, which is the island Saint John saw rising from the sea."

"Then, uncle, I am not to have my brocade stomager, tuck and cap?" inquired Nelly in a tone of purport.

"Thou art darkened in what thou talkest about, girl: knowest thou not that I divide my heritage amongst the saints?" said the cellar chief with triumph.

Nelly did know this, and much did she grieve at her uncle's being the dupe of shepherds, whose care of their flock was according to the weight of their fleeces for shearing. She expected daily to hear of his discharge from the service of the Crown, which would, ere this have happened, but for the uncertain position of the King's affairs.

Nelly's avuncular prospects looking gloomy, the voice of the stranger sounded sweeter; and, on Lady Miranda's giving her leave of absence for a week, during her ladyship's visit to her aunt Vavasour; she assented to Sir John's entreaties to nestle in a most romantic cottage, furnished expressly for her on Englefield Green, at the foot of Cooper's Hill, immortalized by his muse. Her elopement was characteristic: she remained from day to day in Sir John's power; at the end of which she was mistress of more of his purposes and thoughts than he contrived, with all his wheedling and opportunities, to be of her mistress's, and quitted him intact. Sir John was an unscrupulous seducer, but no violator. nity saved his conscience, though it could not his character; in truth, without rousing a sentiment to make favours a sacrifice, he had no desires: indeed the latter, if the truth was fairly told of most men, take their rise artificially, or at least from second causes, which women are armed to defv.

Sir John's house at Egham was a repertory of luxuries from all parts of the world. Profligacy was secondary to his adoration of excellence; and when he sought at high cost the possession of a beautiful woman, it was from the pleasure of gazing at the best models within the reach of

nature's perfection, as he would upon an antique sculpture—a Venus, a Diana. In his sensuality, like that of Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, Anacreon, and their tender types to this day, there was little of any grossness. It was in the luxury of case that Denham loved his

"Cœnam non sine candida puella;"

and ease loathes the violent shade of debauchery. Sir John learnt enough, however, during his blank chase, to be convinced that Colonel Monk stood too high in Lady Miranda's heart for any present dislodgement.

. The third day of this unprofitable and not very creditable attempt to possess himself of the person of the maid of Lady Miranda, an accident saved him further trouble in this respect.

Without any right whatever to controul her protector's conduct with others of her sex, his mistress-elect felt division of the unasked allegiance to herself an affront: downright jealousy could not have assumed a higher tone. The Italian page and she met in the fields near Englefield in a secluded spot by the river bank. He had been bathing, and was now dressed; but what youth would voluntarily stow away in his cap such long streaming sable hair? The eye of a woman is as penetrating as the lens of a microscope, and more certain, for it is, analytical.

Not a little self-conceited for her resolution. she packed up at least what she had brought with her; and was, after a walk of three hours, found mollifying her rigid uncle in the buttery at Hampton Court. In her box, which was brought to her the same evening by the Staines' carrier, were, among sundry gifts that ought, under circumstances, to have been left with their former owner, two letters accidentally fallen from a pocket-book of her unsuccessful besieger. letters were in a woman's hand, encouraging Sir John to pursue his suit with Lady Seymour; at the same time, written in a spirit of unaccountable bitterness against her, and dark inuendoes, which might be interpreted into the direst hate or most uncontroullable passion for Colonel Monk. Both letters were from the same party, and both from London; "these haste, post-hate, ride for your life," being scored on the upper part of the superscription, or where the date place of franked letters used to be.

The second upbraided for want of spirit, and sluggishness, and warned against compromise too deeply with the politics of his friends, whereby he would lessen his chances of success by allying himself to a falling cause, wherein he might suffer both in person and purse.

It ended with—"Be the husband of Lady Miranda, and I promise you as high an office as your father bore: cease to follow her, and I

destroy you, take your possessions, and give them to another."

The strain was wild—of a person intoxicated with a belief in his or her power of visiting the person addressed with good or evil. Both letters were signed "Young England;" a fanciful, unintelligible phrase, and one likely to be used by some monomaniac, who had pursuaded himself that his era was to be a new start in ethics.

This letter, read by the unlettered soubrette, contained, to her mind, threats to be noticed by a justice of peace. She would first show them to her uncle: no-he might take it in the light of a prophecy; go to Lilly at Walton, defeat the detection of young Master England, and leave unpunished this threatener of fire and slaughter, and taker of such liberties with the name of her mistress. They were awful letters—there was no doubt of that; she feared to retain such combustible materials in her possession. However, there they were, and must remain until she returned to Richmond. Yet, why remain at Hampton Court until her mistress's return. thought she; Lady Anabel shall see them. She was never so anxious to shorten a holiday before. The next morning saw her round form wrapped with warm, thick Yorkshire serge, seated in the identical ferry-boat that conveyed her from Twickenham Park on Twelfth Night. She landed safely, paid the ferryman a penny but ran not off at a tangent to the right this time. The warm wood fires in Richmond Palace threw a comfortable glow upon the panelled ceilings, and glistened like many-hued stars upon the stained casements.

She sought Lady Anabel, informed her that letters to a friend of hers had been given her for the purpose of putting a beautiful lady on her guard against a villain, and craved her lady-ship's advice what to do with them.

Lady Anabel consented just to glance at the letters, Nelly concealing by stratagem the superscription. The allusion in them to her sister suffused her fair cheek with crimson. Her heart became full and uneasy, with something of the nature of indignation for the first time in her young life.

"I must, and will, show these to my sister. But, tell me whom these letters are to?" exclaimed Anabel with energy, to which she was before a stranger.

This was what Nelly wished; and shown without their address to Lady Miranda they were, but not read, until she knew to whom they were addressed, and that she had that party's permission and desire, she declared she would not again take them in her hands. The contents, however, it was impossible to avoid hearing; for her sister, who could not see any force in delicacy with unknown persons, who dared to write about themselves, would not rest until every word she remembered was repeated. She knew also that the letters must have been addressed to Denham, and judged, from her maid's partial confession, they had been given her by a servant of the knight upon finding them lying about, with the name of the maid's mistress mentioned in a way that is of all others the most interesting to ser-She contented herself with comvant-maids. manding Lucille to restore the letters to their owner, which was obeyed by their return to Egham in a blank envelope. He had missed them on Nelly's abandonment of his protection, from whose profitless responsibilities he thought himself well saved on such reasonable terms. They could not have fallen into better hands for his present views; and he contented himself with observing their effects in the quarter where he could not believe but they had been seen.

## CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Monk receives a Letter from Miss Phelps, which is intercepted by Nan Clarges.—Goes to Ireland in Command of a Regiment.

I SAID that Colonel Monk did not quit Ham until late in the afternoon.

Passing through the ancient village of Mortlake to Kew, at the corner of a lane by the church, where the bank rises to the right, a horseman galloped to the front, thrust a letter in the hands of one of the two advanced guards of his escort, then, turning down the lane, was quickly out of sight. One of the troopers made a dash after the letter-bearer, but his comrade recalled him, and delivered it to their colonel.

After reporting his arrival at quarters at Braintforde, now Brentford, and calling at General Lord Lindsey's lodgings, and Colonel Sir Edward Filton's, he took possession of those prepared for himself. Here he was occupied some hours receiving reports from the adjutants and serjeantmajors, and in giving orders for march on the morrow, at day-break, for Bristol. It was late when Colonel Monk returned to his quarters at a little inn at Brentford, and was undressed for repose, when the letter, which he had thrust into the holster of his saddle-bow, flashed across his mind; Haversac was roused, the holsters were searched, and the letter found.

The letter was written with great care, in a very fine Italian hand, and evidently by a female, whose initiation in penmanship was not under an English matrices.

English writing-master.

"Be worthy of yourself, colonel," it began; "trifle not with your destiny. All that you down all that you say—is well known to me. By writing to you, I incur the censure of the weak-minded of my sex. Such are not my companions,

neither should they be yours.

"Pride of birth, rank, name, the meanest of all vain exultations, you must shun. Your lot must not be cast with their possessors. A day will shortly come when they will only be named to be despised. Turn away from them, and take counsel with souls who soar above these distinctions; waste not thy heart in vain: thy love will never be repaid. If thou wishest to be guided in assurance and manly hope, and thy mind strong to great deeds, turn not thy back upon thy better nature; be supported by a genial spirit.

"Recollectest thou not the chapel of Teresa in the cathedral at Seville? This is written by her 114

upon whom thou didst gaze so earnestly that day, and who knows thee better than thou knowest thyself."

Colonel Monk read again this strange epistle. He was lost in amazement; not that any circumstances of time or place alluded to by its writer were forgotten; the evening vespers, the solemn service—the stately aisles—noble transepts—and richly bedecked chapels: he now almost felt on his cheek the sun as it then shone through those glorious windows; and heard the music of the choir in his low-roofed, rough-floored chamber in which the ignited wick of very mucilaginous coarse oil struggled to make itself observed in the darkness which enveloped the room.

"I have seen that eye since—ay, and lately—but where? the writer of this, evidently alludes to this sacrilegious gossip, connecting my name with that heavenly creature. O it is disgusting!"

Still he had not the slightest conception who his correspondent was. It was written in forcible English, yet there was internal evidence that the fair writer had been in early life abroad. Pushing the odious lamp away, and throwing himself on the bed, he endeavoured to tranquillise his mind, and banish from it the strange vision.

He fell asleep: but dreams, strange, inconsistent and uneasy, busied his brain until Haversac entered with a light, to announce that it was a quarter to five; for, like a good soldier, he was always a quarter of an hour in advance of time.

"The trumpets have sounded the reveille, the dragoons are mustering, and all right for roll-call, by the time your honour's on parade."

"Is any one stirring in the town?" asked

Monk.

"All alive to see us off, and women a few, with some scores against the merry ones," replied the corporal, brushing his master's clothes, pipe-claying his belt at one end of the long narrow chamber, and rubbing the mud from his large full boots. His master's breast and backpieces had been well polished over-night, and his scarf of bright blue silk laid out for attaching to his shoulders.

The morning of the departure of Monk's regiment to the west was bleak and black, yet most in Braintford were abroad; the Three Pigeons inn was all alive, and the little town in as great a bustle as on its market day. Its foremost squadron, in columns of threes, right in front, was already beyond the outposts of their quarters on the Windsor road; and the baggage-waggons, escorted by dragoons, were slowly moving in the rear. These recently raised dragoons had been organised by Monk with great care, equipped in a way at that time novel, rather experimental, and were a kind of footmen on horseback, who performed the services of infantry and cavalry, as was needed. They wore open head-pieces with cheeks, and strong buff coats with deep skirts. The dragoons were of two sorts-pikemen and musketeers, the pikeman having a thong of leather about the middle of his pike, for the convenience of carrying it; the musketeer also having his musket, the butt shaped like a dragon's head-hence the name-hanging at his back by a belt, his burning match in his bridle-hand. From the shoulders of the dragoons with firelocks. which were beginning at this time to be called carabines, hung a belt with flask, priming-box, key, and bullet-bag attached, as well as a long These dragoons, on the march, were allowed to be clever rank-and-file, because serving frequently on foot for keeping or surprising narrow roads and lanes, bridges and fords: ten men were wont to alight, and the eleventh held their horses; and to every troop of a hundred, a hundred and ten men were allowed. no uncommon thing to find some of these dragoons, instead of carabines, carrying blunderbusses of a large bore. These were called also donner bucks, of which blunderbuss is a corruption, donner buck being a German term, meaning a thundering gun-donner signifying thunder, and bucks a gun; and the troopers were certainly not nice as to what they crammed into these widemouthed thunderers.

Colonel Monk remained until the last man was past, to ensure the departure of every rankand-file, and was mounting his charger at the door of the town-hall by the torch-light, when the same horseman, the bearer of his former mysterious epistle, galloped up the street, thrust towards his hand another missive, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was right-about at full speed out of the town; the clatter of his horse's iron shoes on the pavement dying away in the still morning air, a spark or two glancing from the ground as they struck a flint stone. The letter fell to the earth before Monk could grasp it, or take measures to stop its bearer. Two persons only were near him at the moment-Haversac and a woman, who had been scrutinising the departing soldiers and officers attentively, as if seeking one in particular. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, was above the middle height, of commanding port, and features expressive of firmness, and capable of intense passion. Her nose was prominent, her mouth not unpleasing when she chose; at other times to be dreaded; for the flexibility of feature with which she was gifted made all, who thoughtfully regarded her, aware of the effects she had the power to produce. Her eyes were small, black, and sparkling, and her brows unfemininely thick. Black hair hung in careless, natural curls round her coppery face, and low over her shoulders. She was no born gipsey, yet was not unfrequently taken for one. as well by reason of her face, as of her dress. A pet matron of the ladies' committee at a Magdalen could not look more prepossessing; nor can my friend Dragon, the vulture at the Zoological Gardens, look at feeding time more threateningly and more seriously terrific, than was in the power of the features of this female to invest her face. She wore a black broad flapped beaver hat, tied over her face with a crimson handkerchief, and a scarlet cloth cloak enveloped her figure.

The morning was yet dark; but a strong red glare from a seasonable log fire, which had been burning all night in the middle of the townhall, converted by the soldiers into a guard-room, fell through the great open door on the varied costume of the regiment, as it paraded in front of the edifice, prior to marching. It had brought out into bold relief many brawny steel-coated forms, in buff and bandelier, crowned by bushy beards, thick moustachios, and eyes blood-shot from the illimitable hospitality of the Earl of Northumberland, whose seat, Sion House, was contiguous to the town. The inhabitants, after surrounding the troops, for leave-takings, bestowal of good wishes, and more substantial tokens of good-will, according to the strength of friendship so recently formed, wended their way to their several homes, occupying their own minds with speculations on the several destinies of these soldiers-whether they would march for ten, fifteen, or twenty miles that day; who would be

quartered at Datchet that night, who at Old Windsor; whether any would be drowned in their passage across the channel; when they would reach Dublin; whether Dublin was like Braintford, and whether the inhabitants were as wild as they had been told they were, by a Thistleworth blacksmith, who had been in Galway, and only escaped being murdered by crossing himself like a Good-Friday bun.

The one street that made Brentford so dear to George the Second, by reminding him of Hanover, from its dirty and dingy houses, was comparatively deserted, when quitted by the rear-guard; which was the moment chosen by the bearer of the letter for its delivery.

- "Ha! ha! ha! you think to have that, do you, 'Traitor?'" cried the woman we have described, who was standing in a manly attitude, as if contemplating the armed warrior approvingly, and at the same moment snatching the letter from his feet, and stalking into the hall, round the fire of which were some loiterers warming themselves.
- "Give me that letter, Haversac! I have reason to know it is for me."
- "To be sure it is, sir the same man we saw yesterday, at Mortlake, brought it. I saw his black horse, with white fetlock, by the hall firelight;" and accosting the woman roughly, he demanded the letter she had taken up.
  - "You!" she said contemptuously; "your mas-

ter must ask ere he has it; nay, he shall not have it — off hands, or as my name is Nan, I will cast you amid the brands." With this she broke from Haversac with a force for which he was quite unprepared, strode with an air of pride worthy Grisi, in Semiramide, into the hall, and deliberately cast the letter into the fire.

Monk saw this gesture from the door, and demanded of his servant who that drunken or mad woman could be.

- "We all know her," said Haversac; "better leave her, sir no one managed her yet, or ever will. She's possessed, they say, of the devil, sir."
- "Mount, and away then," said Monk, wisely declining any more allusion to the strange unaccountable energy with which the woman had borne away his letter, and the air of triumph, when, witch-like, she had cast it into the burning brands. "Can it be possible," thought he, as he gathered his horse's reins together, prior to mounting, "that she can know the writer? No one is about, there can be no harm speaking a word to her, here she comes."

He was anticipated by herself.

- "You hold no correspondence with that quarter again, Colonel Monk. I have watched for you, praved for you, know God will bless you. This must not be," uttered she, loftily and censoriously.
  - "You know from whom that letter that you

have thrown into the fire, came, then?" he seriously asked.

"Know !--marry I do, and so do you! I say it must not be. Colonel, let me warn you of false allies. I have saved you once:" and, uttering these last words in a hollow tone, not to be heard by his attendant, she turned away, and was lost in the darkness which overspread the narrow street.

"Who is that strange woman, Haversac?

she of this place?"

"She is, and she isn't," replied the man, who had evidently been awed in her presence, notwithstanding his bravado.

"Her name?" inquired Monk.

"She has no name --- no name, for certain;" he replied. "They call her Nan, mostly, Nan Clarges."

Monk overtook his regiment, which by forced marches arrived at Milford in three weeks, and in Dublin in two days more.

After paying his respects to the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Ormonde, and Lord Leicester, he took possession of his quarters in the Castle,his ears shocked with recitals from every one, of the hurricane of murder, and incendiarism, which had overspread the greater part of Ireland, and was still perpetrating to the very gates of Dublin.

No hand has yet adequately portrayed the VOL. II.

horrors of this massacre, by the Irish Catholics, of every Protestant, even the wives and children of Protestants. No age, no sex, no condition, was spared; the wife weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them, and perished by the same stroke.

In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was everywhere let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends: all connexions were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand, from which protection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished Protestants, living in profound peace, and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continued intercourse of kindness and good offices.

"That woman, Haversac," said Monk, the day after his arrival, "who accosted me so oddly at Braintford; has anything more been heard of her?"

"She's not of our regiment, sir, though she was at Braintford, off and on, whilst we were there. She's said to be the daughter of one of those women-shavers in Drury Lane,—there were four of them fined for a riot, and one transported. Did you never hear the song, sir, about them? It began,

"Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five women shavers,
Who lived in Drury Lane?"

A queer lot, sir !"

"I have heard that song, and have some recollection of a man named Clarges, who was farrier in our regiment at Rochelle, having married one of these notorious Amazons. This cannot be his daughter. She is much changed, poor thing! -a bold, forward girl; free, pert, witty, with sense and resolution. She made more than one shirt for me; but that is more than fifteen years since, when I first joined under Lord Wimbledon, in the Spanish expedition; the boldest and most unscrupulous woman in conversation attached to the regiment, but said to be the most virtuous. I thought she married a man out of the regiment. I am sure I heard so - and refused to cohabit with him on account of a dream. Strange that I should have thus met her again! for I saved a follower of hers from being shot. She thanked me in remarkable style, though she hated the man, and refused to speak to him afterwards."

Thus mused Monk. He would have given a large sum to know who the writer of the letter was, and blamed himself for not offering a trifle to Nan for the information. Her abrupt address and departure bad defeated his object, if it had been made.

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During two years Monk was fully occupied with the arduous, ungrateful employment of quelling rebellion amongst his Irish fellow-subjects. The nature of the outbreak, the indomitable resolution of the Irish to resist the English Protestant Government, the outrages committed, and the necessity of striking terror into the perpetrators, rendered his duty a revolting and bloody one. He received the thanks of King and Parliament for his exertions, and achieved more than any other officer of his rank in the struggle. had the discouragement, however, of knowing that the thanks of the Court were hollow, and that he would probably reap no reward by his even-handed conduct. His determination was to act up to the letter and spirit of his commission, let who might be in power. Though the most exciting events were daily occurring in the political world, involving personal contests, in open field, between the King and a majority of the Legislature, he purposely abstained from making inquiries about them; and avoiding, at all times, their discussion, lest his zeal and usefulness to his countrymen should be impaired. His chief object was the comfort of his troops, and the perfection of his regiment in soldierly duties; and he succeeded at last in making the raw levies, provided by Government, who had marched with him from Braintford, the finest body of men in the service. Had he done nothing more than

insist upon the introduction of a uniform dress, his name would have merited the applause of the army.

Though it had been the practice, even in very ancient times, to dress small parties of soldiers, or life-guards, in a uniform manner, the English and Belgians were, as far as I can trace, the first who brought large bodies of men uniformly dressed into the field; for when Philip II. held his entry into Antwerp, in 1549, he was received by eight hundred horsemen, dressed in violet and crimson velvet, and by four thousand infantry, all dressed exactly alike.

The seven thousand English, who in 1557 decided the battle of St. Quentin, were mostly dressed in blue uniforms; and those who aided the Dutch at the battle of Nieuport, in 1600, had vellow coats. I should rather think that the English troops spoken of by Meteven, were mostly volunteers, with their attendants, dressed in the buff coat, which constituted the half-military dress of the period. The chivalrous and enterprising spirit of the age induced noblemen and gentlemen, instead of lounging away their time in Paris or Florence, to make campaigns along with foreign armies, or to fit out even entire armaments to support a cause favourably looked upon by the country at large, and to undertake adventurous expeditions for the discovery or colonization of distant countries. was no foreign enlistment bill in those days;

no notions of international etiquette prevented Colonel Monk and his officers from bracing their constitutions by hardy discipline in camps, and nerving their arms in fields, with which they felt no little pride in having their names associated.

To mark their sense of the signal services of Colonel Monk, the Lords Justices who represented the King, appointed him Governor of Dublin; but the Parliament intervening, the authority was vested in another. This occasioned him little regret, as the post, in these critical times, required talents for statesmanship, which he believed he did not possess. By singular coincidence at the same period, Sir John Denham was pricked for Sheriff of his county, Surrey; and appointed by the King governor of Farnham Castle; but his skill in military affairs being less extensive than those in gallantry and cultivation of the muses, he resigned his charge, and repaired to the King at Oxford.

During his stay in Dublin, Monk went seldom, if ever, into society, and never was heard to speak half a dozen sentences with any lady; but refused every invitation to mix in the gaiety, such as it then was, of that city. Towards beings feminine he appeared to have acquired an aversion that was a source of amazement to the tender-hearted natives. His unsusceptibility and unimpressibility afforded matter for speculation

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amongst the ladies of the vice-regal lodge, who settled the question by leaving his heart in England. Laughing him out of a "smite," as the lasses of Erin term this apparent constancy to some unknown fair, was out of the question, for the colonel was not a laughing man; but all the licensed stratagems of dear woman were in activity in this garrison coterie, to entrap him into partial admiration of one of its members. Colonel Monk was invulnerable. Had any one asked him if he were in love, he would have been unable to answer the query, or have replied conscientiously in the negative, for the original of the revolution wrought in every relation of his mind and feelings had nothing in common or akin to passion, as he would have understood the term. The sentiment which possessed him, he only felt was not to be desecrated by bestowing it upon a pusillanimous and transient admiration, which crouches and shrinks to nothing, if the voice of jest or reprobation be raised against it.

Religion and love are the two master-passions of our natures, springing from the mysterious union of our heavenly and earthly elements. For the soul and for the heart, devotion to one object above, devotion to one object below, are sufficient; by them we are lifted out of ourselves; by them we are exalted above this fleshly scene, and by their influence is a world formed within ourselves, rendering us for a time inde-

pendent of fate or fortune. They establish in our bosom an empire of its own, where the heart sits enthroned, in the calm majesty of its own virtuous happiness. No one had ever stronger conviction of the truth of these laws of our moral being than Colonel Monk and Lady Miranda; yet neither of them confessed to a passion.

## CHAPTER VII.

The Irish Rebellion. — Massacres, — Failure of the City Plenipotentiary.

MONE found that Ireland had been governed by a system of keeping up an English interest in the country, and managing the great Irish lords, by creating and fostering jealousies amongst them, and alternately elevating or depressing the rival interests. In this way was Gerald, Earl of Kildare, at one time as chief governor of the island, pursuing the rebel Irish, storming the strongholds of the King's enemies in Munster and Ulster, sending the most acceptable of presents, the grim head of Shane O'Toole, from the glen of Imale to John Rocheford, Mayor of Dublin, then summoned to Hampton Court, to answer for his usurpation.

On the appearance of the Earl of Kildare before the council-board in this palace, Wolsey, with that swelling hauteur that marked the purple churchman, and gave occasion to the couplet not more remarkable for its alliteration than its bitterness,

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred, How high his honor holds his haughty head!" accused the earl before the King, in a taunting style, that wounded the fierce nobleman more than the matter of the allegation. Kildare repelled his insinuations, and added, "I serve under the King's cope of heaven, when you are served under a canopy. I drink water out of my steel skull-cap, when you drink wine out of golden cups; my horse is trained to the field, when your jennet is taught to amble. When you are begraced and belorded, and crouched, and kneeled unto, then I find small grace with our Irish borderers, except I cut them off by the knees."

In consequence of the instructions conveyed by Denham, the Marquis of Ormond concluded a truce with Dannough, Viscount Muskerry, Sir Lucas Dillon, and Nicholas Plunket, on the part of the Catholics: the King's dissensions with his Parliament having stopped the necessary supplies, the sinews of war, for want of which Colonel Monk and his troops suffered severely. A year previous to this he had remitted all the savings of a frugal and laborious life to his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, to be laid out in adding to his father's comforts in declining age, at Potheridge; but by the decease of the latter, about this time, the filial pious purpose was not needed. He hesitated not a moment in placing it at the disposal of Lord Leicester, the Lieutenant-general of Ireland, for the public service; and Lord Hertford, gratified by his friend's patriotism, immediately

sent twenty thousand pounds to the King for the same purpose, and other wealthy peers did the In a pecuniary view he had now the world to begin again, was in a wretchedly poor country, and attached to a badly paid service. Though no one was more aware how great an auxiliary the possession of wealth, as the means of power, is to accomplishing the objects of laudable ambition, and knew that he had hopelessly denuded himself of all the advantages he might rightfully expect from it-vet he felt a prouder man, and not a whit the less ambitious man for having done so. He did not know before how far his property and that of his father, his name and known descent, might have wrought the kindnesses shed upon him. He now was a beggar—he could not muster a hundred pounds; but he felt a lighter - a more exulting man. What pleasure he had experienced in dilating upon his destitution to Lord Hertford, in his letters, to that noble peer at Oxford! He knew that lady Miranda would have his poverty painted in the saddest, most melancholy colour, and it was a glorious thought! If she now preserved any respect for George Monk, thought he, George Monk is born to deserve it.

Saved from the contents of a culverin, when disabled by a sabre wound in his sword arm, by the devotion of a private soldier, who rushed between his colonel and destruction, he desired his preserver to attend him in his tent the evening

after battle. This man bore an exemplary character for attention to discipline and orders, though in some respects so singularly awkward as a soldier, as to be the butt of ridicule for his comrades. Monk found he had enlisted at Windsor, the day after the corps had broken up from Brentford, and gave his name as Clarges; and on being further questioned, said, that he was the brother of the female so well known to the regiment when in the latter place; a relationship all acknowledged to be undoubted, from the extraordinary resemblance between them. This man he promoted, making him sergeant of his own regiment.

An unwelcome and unexpected visitor appeared one morning at Monk's quarters, the very disagreeable, vulgar person, whom he remembered to have seen leading the attack upon the poor dwarf on the night of the Christmas keeping at Hampton Court.

Lionel Phelps, who was the bearer of a letter from his sister, requested with an air that would have been provoking, if it had not been ridiculous, that an answer should be rendered thereto the next day. Monk opened it, and read as follows:

"You cannot, Colonel Monk, be surprised at this third letter from myself."—"Third letter!" thought he. "When did I ever receive one before, from you, young lady? unless you are

young England?"-" I have your interest at heart, and am the only being who understands the bent of your mind. The promises made to you in my last have been fulfilled. If I heard not from you to the contrary, I was to be assured that you felt as I did, and that you, the descendant of Henry the Third, the founder of English liberties, would never be found in a struggle for freedom, but on the side of the people; that struggle, which then might have been averted by resolution on the part of the King, and by turning a deaf ear to that French scourge, who by her overbearing, proud, and insulting conduct, has done more to bring on this sad state of civil war, than the counsels of all those whom my father and his friends consider the country's greatest enemies. I rejoice that you have yielded to your better nature. I knew, that left to the light of your own reason, it would be so; and approve of the prudence which has veiled your counsels from the eves of our enemies. A blow is now about to be struck at the root of the King's faction. I have imparted to my father your disposition, and willingness to declare for God's cause, and have only stipulated for one condition; that I should make the communication to you myself, of the high trust to be reposed in you-I now do it. You are to be Captain-general of Ireland, in the room of Lord Leicester, who will be summoned to resign his authority, and committed to the Tower. Repair, then, without delay to London, and share the throbbings of a genial breast. Leave the old tyranny to fall, as it certainly will, and be assured that none will be more pleased to hail your accession to the cause of righteousness, and of the people, than the humblest servant of Jehovah, the God of battles.

" ELIZABETH PHELPS."

"Gracious Heavens! What does she mean by saying I have acceded to her proposals?—Is she raving? What proposals can a flighty enthusiast make, that men of sense would listen to, or authorize to be made? Oh, that letter! that letter!" thought he: "that letter, which my sergeant's mad sister threw into the fire in the guard-room, at Braintford. The hand-writing of this is the same; both of these and the former, one. I am disgraced—compromised!—and this ill-conditioned emissary, this low-minded swaggerer, her brother—to be mixed up, perhaps, with his name;" and he inwardly groaned at the bare idea of being compromised through such a man.

Loth as he was for conversation with Lionel Phelps, with whom were none but the most repulsive associations; still the sooner he was in possession of all that had been really said about himself, the better for preventing any mischievous misrepresentations. A serious difficulty arose in his mind. A private interview might be subject

to all the colouring this fellow chose to give it. Monk was habitually cautious, and dreaded entanglement and mysteries; he never spoke upon subjects that interested him the most. He would say that one never learned any thing by showing the inside of the heart; but that the value and influence of a feeling is lost after its verbal portraiture is communicated to another. He always considered that his tongue was created to be an auxiliary to his hands for the supply of his wants, and was seldom allowed to sound without danger, save for that purpose. But if he repaired to Lord Leicester at once, or to the Marquis of Ormonde, what had he but the credentials of a woman's letter? It was due to the misled. infatuated young woman not to expose her egregious miscalculations of an auxiliary, until he had better evidence of her sanity. Yes, he would see Lord Leicester in the first instance, and then subsequent malicious representation would lose its aim. In the mean while Lionel Phelps had been amongst the soldiers, tampering with them, and directly inviting them to "quit the ill-paid service of a tyrant, and fight for the representatives of the people, who," he said, "only warred against the King's evil counsellors, and would set him up in greater splendour than ever."

The only reply made to this inconceivable folly was a blow, that knocked the plenipotentiary of Bishopgate under the table of the guard-room.

No one seemed inclined to molest his rising, or to treat him otherwise than contemptuously;—and rise the youth did, crest-fallen, and flabbergasted; the sand on the floor had powdered his carrot locks, giving them the appearance of scraped horseraddish, its white grains hanging on his stiff, coarse whiskers; and his embroidery and velvet was in worse case than when roughly assaulted by the struggling Sir Jeffery. "If your colonel be Colonel Monk, he has joined us, and is to be Captain-general here. I came hither to bear to him our appointment. You'll all have the cat for this," growled the discomfited ambassador, as he slunk to the door.

A dead silence ensued; the men looked at each other, and the non-commissioned officers exchanged words; but they were few. All seemed smitten as with a thunderbolt into voiceless bodies, or collecting themselves for one simultaneous unanimous explosion of scorn and indignation.

"You lie! you false-hearted dog, you lie! Repeat but another word, and I will send a brace of leaden contradictions through your head," exclaimed one of the soldiers, levelling his pistol at the affrighted envoy.

"This must be cleared up," said the noncommissioned officers; and several rushed out of the guard-room, for the Colonel's quarters, determined to have a denial from his lips, of having any communication from Lionel Phelps, as well as his permission for their dealing summarily with him as a spy.

None of the soldiers were more energetic in the defence of their colonel from the imputation upon his loyalty than private Clarges, as he then was. He had never on any previous occasion been known to lose his temper, being a very guarded sort of character, especially with regard to women: one of whom he had never been seen to accost since he had entered the army.

"Villain!" quoth Clarges, giving Mr. Phelps a box on the right ear, which shook the sand out of his curled locks, and before he could recover himself, another on his left, "down on your marrow-bones, and recant your black-hearted scandal against the colonel."

"That's a woman's compliment, Clarges," said a soldier; "let him taste this;" and he applied a propelling subdorsal application with his foot, that sent Phelps through the door of the room, down a flight of steps, into the Castle yard. Indignities were now aimed at him, which, but for the colonel's passing the spot, on his way to Lord Leicester, had terminated the career of Master Phelps. He was much displeased, and ordered the perpetrators of the assault under arrest. Lord Leicester read the letter Monk placed in his hands, shrugged his shoulders, declared it was too important a document to be withheld from the Lord Lieutenant, and that he would advise

the colonel, for his own sake, to leave it, for that purpose, in his lordship's hands, and on no account have any communication with its bearer, whose treatment at the hands of the soldiers he considered well deserved. Monk was now displeased with himself, that he had not spoken to Phelps prior to placing the letter in the captaingeneral's hands, from whom it seemed unlikely to return, and he thought that the commander named. his correction of his own men in an imperious and discourteous manner. His dissatisfaction was increased when he found that these had not only been relieved from arrest, but had received the thanks of the Irish war-office for their prompt discountenance of treason.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Monk arrested at Bristol.—The Court at Oxford.

—Potency of the Ring.—Restored by it to Royal favour.

-Scene in the Queen's apartments at Merton College.

On the eve of Monk leaving Ireland for Bristol he attended a feast given by the officers of the English army, on occasion of the truce entered into with the rebels; and had, now that fear of his authority was gone, to bear the injustice always heaped upon men who do not throw themselves into the heats of the party they espouse. He heard with indignation that it was currently reported that he was cognizant of a plot for putting the Irish chieftains in possession of certain strong posts, for accelerating the conclusion of a peace with the arch-rebel Owen Roe O'Neil. These absurd rumours, he was provoked to find, had not only been spread to his prejudice with the Government, who at this moment doubted every man's fealty; whether it, the said Government, was administered by the King and his one hundred and forty members and forty-nine peers at Oxford, or by the ma140

jority of the House of Commons and a score lords, with no king at all, at Westminster; but was far from being disbelieved by the family of Lady Seymour, whose esteem above all others he prized in the world. He parted from his friends that evening sorry and sad. These were times for the slightest incident to ruin the reputation of a public man. All were struggling for the chances in the great game about to be played; and Colonel Monk's share of good repute was envied by his less fortunate competitors for ho-This was because he had never striven DOUT. for them, and had avoided committing himself with violent party men. He found, however, that he was under no charm, and not invulnerable to the shafts of scandal, even though scandal was based upon untruth and improbability. People had much rather be deceived into a bad opinion of a neighbour than a good one, because they can much better afford to throw away scorn and abuse than charity and approbation. Those who had ever been the most earnest in endowing him with qualities to which he did not himself lay claim, indignant at being defrauded of their respect, even by mistake, now made ample amends by yielding an eager belief to all the disparaging rumours with which he was bespattered; and if two wrongs can make one right, there is no doubt they were justified in acting as they did. I do not mean to say, that such feelings as these were universally prevalent regarding Colonel Monk, for to this ungenerous conduct there were several honourable exceptions.

His hopes, in the quarter of all others where he desired that a good name would most tenaciously maintain itself, received a severe blow. The scene he had left was a distressing, yet an instructive lesson. In vino veritas it may truly be said; it is only at such unrestrained seasons that the real opinions of men, whose conduct when sober is disciplined to the conventional external politeness of society, peep out.

These inexplicable concurrent circumstances, which had alienated, by their being exaggerated, friendships and kindly feelings of two years' uninterrupted growth, happened, as we have seen, previous to his embarkation for Bristol, where his feelings were destined to sustain another shock, by finding, on his arrival in that city—his regiment being under orders to oppose Sir W. Waller in the west-that the governor had a warrant. both from the council of the King at Oxford, as well as from that of the Parliament in London. to arrest him. Little did he think that the spretæ injuria formæ of a slighted lady had instigated the last, and that the devilry on foot to dispossess him of the affections of another adored one, from whom his heart had never wandered, had accomplished the first of these astounding orders. Young Phelps had crawled

jority of the House of Commons and a score lords, with no king at all, at Westminster; but was far from being disbelieved by the family of Lady Seymour, whose esteem above all others he prized in the world. He parted from his friends that evening sorry and sad. These were times for the slightest incident to ruin the reputation of a public man. All were struggling for the chances in the great game about to be played; and Colonel Monk's share of good repute was envied by his less fortunate competitors for honour. This was because he had never striven for them, and had avoided committing himself with violent party men. He found, however, that he was under no charm, and not invulnerable to the shafts of scandal, even though scandal was based upon untruth and improbability. People had much rather be deceived into a bad opinion of a neighbour than a good one, because they can much better afford to throw away scorn and abuse than charity and approbation. Those who had ever been the most earnest in endowing him with qualities to which he did not himself lay claim, indignant at being defrauded of their respect, even by mistake, now made ample amends by yielding an eager belief to all the disparaging rumours with which he was bespetered; and if two wrongs can make one there is no doubt they were justified ithey did. I do not mean to say, "

ance of a pass, which was necessary in the disturbed state of Gloucestershire, for his safe conduct to Oxford. From Bristol to Oxford was a journey at that time of several days; and he lodged the first night at Pirton, a house of Sir Edward Hyde's, late the halting-place of the King and the Duke of Richmond, on their way to the west.

Arrived at Oxford, he repaired immediately to Lord Digby, the Secretary of State, who expressed his sorrow that any uneasiness should have been given to Monk's mind on what had transpired in Bristol, and that here his friends at court were indignant as he could be at the charges, and scouted them entirely. Lord Digby introduced him to the King, who repeatedly assured him, in the kindest manner, of his entire confidence, and that he now entirely disbelieved the charges against him.

Lord Hertford's reception was accompanied with a certain degree of awkwardness: a consciousness on his lordship's part, of having lent but a too willing ear to Sir John Denham's recitals of the current Dublin scandals.

"The visit of a known contemner of the King's authority from a hostile body, with an offer of promotion and command in their service, together with his secret interviews with a female—a sort of vivandière and confidential agent of rebels in arms—are, it cannot be denied, circum-

stances pregnant with unpleasant surmise, my friend," said Lord Hertford; "and in these times, since the defection of Lord Holland, Lord Essex, General Fairfax, and others it is painful to name, it becomes our duty, as his Majesty's advisers, to throw aside all private friendships that stand in the way of public duty."

Monk fully admitted the justice of his lordship's remark, but was not the more inclined to offer explanation, especially to one who ought to have known him too well to nourish a suspicion of his honour.

In the evening he attended the Court at Christchurch. The King's manner was peculiarly gracious to Monk; his Majesty appeared anxious to efface from the colonel's mind any remembrance of the affair.

"I must have that doughty sergeant of yours before me, Colonel Monk. Were I to revive my predecessor Arthur's feast at Carleon or Usk, I would swear him in for a true knight. I am his debtor for the intelligence which makes my heart light again on your respect, Colonel."

Monk looked for explanation—of course he could not ask how his reinstation in his royal master's good opinion could be assisted by a lieutenant of the king's halberdiers, which Clarges had now become.

"My son, too, owes thanks to Lieutenant Clarges, as well as to his late colonel."

"Gratified to hear that his conduct merits my recommendation and your Majesty's approval," said Monk bowing, still wondering to what his Majesty alluded.

"Our council have considered it for the weal of the service, that Major Warner, who stands high in your esteem, Colonel Monk, should in future take the command of your regiment," said the King, with embarrassment.

This was sad news to Monk, who breathed thickly, all anxiety for an expected equivalent.

"We mean no slight, or mark of disapprobation of your past command in this, Colonel; but Major Warner had the promise of your regiment, by the Queen, before the happy discovery to which, of course, we need not allude. Depend upon our future protection, Colonel; these stirring times will not let us lose sight of you."

Monk burned with indignation at royal ingratitude, and as he rose from his knee, after kissing hands, the words of the spectre of Lord Strafford, heard by him too before whom he had knelt, rushed to his mind, and at the same moment he was conscious of wearing upon his finger the very ring given him by this inconstant monarch three years before.

Were it presented to the royal eye, would it not change the tone of that voice,—in fact, would the new colonel of his regiment remain an hour

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in his command after the wearer of that ring had breathed out to the royal ear the identity of their dread companionship, with restless wanderings of the tenant of a bloody grave? He knew it would, and therefore it never should; and felt stronger, being the victim of the denial of rights, which he could grasp with his hand, did he choose to put it out, than in the entirest, most triumphant cession to his remotest claims. If my scars, my twenty years' service under the banners of England, the periling of my life for—but let it pass—let it all pass; for what are services done, in comparison to what are expected? What kings or ministers ever reward the former?" thought he.

That evening his brother Nicholas Monk, and his kinsman Sir Richard Greenville, were with him at his apartments in Pembroke College, and from them he learnt that, principally by the artifice of Sir John Denham, the mind of the Queen had been poisoned, and by her persuasion, as the King had confessed, was his regiment bestowed upon his major, who had not been so true to his chief as to lose sight of his own advancement in his colonel's disgrace. Monk was mortified, nay, much distressed, to contemplate separation from a corps which he had raised to the highest state of discipline of any in the army, except the dragoons; like objects of his care at the opening of the campaign.

For some time his friends indulged his disinclination for conversation. At last his brother suddenly observed, "You must not turn misanthrope, George; for there is one being in the world, at least, who has no thought but of your honour."

"Twere hard to find her—him, I mean," sighed Monk; a short, very short time since, such a delightful reflection would have filled his bosom with a gush of exultation, for to her, the adamant throne of his worship, he would have looked for sanctioning this happy, too happy belief.

"Come, cousin, Lady Seymour is not worthy your chase. She who would give herself to a poet, a mere poet, who when made governor of Farnham Castle, had not metal to keep it, but sneaked down here for otto, civet-musk, and eider-down cushions; and match with this Thames-doting poet, when she might be the wife of a Devonshire man, is unworthy a descendant of Richard Plantagenet."

"No more of her, if you love me, cousin Greenville," said Monk sorrowfully.

"And none you shall hear from me," said his rough relative. "If ever a true heart lay under a rough coat, it is under that of Lieutenant Clarges."

"He saved my life; I shall never forget that," said Monk, with emotion.

"You and yourself would be unlike, if 'twere forgotten; but he has done you as good service,

and made no boast. When Denham and Warner juggled you out of your regiment, and were doing their best to make all Oxford believe that George Monk was in correspondence with those canting rebels in the city, and contriving special articles for the Irish, who, to my mind, are not half such bitter enemies to the King as some on this side of the channel, off started the lieutenant to London: some say he walked half the way, for, dare-devil as he is, he likes not a horse: and comes back, all in the course of a week, with affidavits sworn before that trump, Sir Richard Gourney, by the man who brought you both the letters, to the purport that he did not speak to you, and placed the first in the hands of your troopers, and the second he threw down in the street, and that he believed that you knew not from whom they came. Nay more, he frightened the writer of them, who, instead of being old Lenthall, Denzil Holles, or one of the damned cropt-eared cabinet in St. Stephens, as the obliging knight of Egham more than insinuated, turns out to be a crazy-brained girl, half Italian, half cockney, who having been brought up in a Spanish convent, and taught to adore something visible and satisfactory, runs after all the roaring preachers: who have now possession of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the churches of our reverend father in God, the Archbishop, whom Heaven preserve from their claws!"

This was a long speech for his cousin; yet opening to Monk a good deal that was new, and throwing a valuable light upon some things that were old, it was both instructive and amusing. He was curious to know how his late valorous sergeant would tackle the imperious Miss Phelps, and he asked the question.

"One would believe in Hermaphrodites, for this man has woman's wit; he made this correspondent of yours (of whom, cousin, you should be proud,) believe you were condemned to be shot, showed her a copy of your sentence, (which it was well the rawest ensign who ever sat on a court-martial did not see,) and appealed to her to save you. She would speak with her father; but the sergeant was too sly for that; he had a confession all cut and dry; God knows how he could frame it, unless he be deeper in your secrets than sergeants are in their colonels'; and brought off her signature, as writer of the letter to Oxford.

"When Lord Digby read them he took up your cause right loyally, and old Hertford declared that he always thought Sir John had been imposed upon; for the knight, forsooth, was so extremely jealous of the honour of all servants of the Crown."

At this, both Nicholas and George Monk indulged in a gentle laugh, though the extraordinary zeal and busy ingenuity of the man Clarges

became to the latter, because unasked, rather a source of apprehension.

"What extraordinary intuition!" he remarked; "had I myself instructed him, he could not have done more."

"Give the devil his due," said Nicholas Monk; "Greenville has forgotten his cleverest manœuvre, and what had more effect than all the rest."

"What in the name of Heaven did he do more?" exclaimed Monk.

"He produced a sister of his—such a sister! Ned Hyde shrugged up his shoulders on seeing her, and said, 'Nihil muliebre habet præter corpus gerens.' To Christ Church she came alone, swore a round oath as glibly as her brother would, that she had picked up the letter sent you by your Bishopgate Dulcinea to Braintford, and burnt it; ay, and that you never saw it at all."

"True, true," said Monk; "but did she say her motive for so doing?"

"They pressed the wench hard upon that point, for the story would not hold water without it," said his brother.

"And what did she reply?" inquired Monk eagerly.

"That she had taken a liking to you beyond all men, because of your kindness to her brother, who was in your regiment: who, she said, was for ever speaking of you, and recognising in your correspondent's letter-carrier the servant of a notorious city agitator, she declared with an oath, no officer of King Charles should be blurted about in folk's mouths for having his doxy from a mangy flock, when bonny lasses, whose fathers had bled for Queen Bess, could be got for asking."

"Meaning her brave self, of course," said Greenville, laughing heartily: "there's a chance for you; she can supply the place of your Irish conquest to whom you behaved as stony-hearted as St. Kevin."

Monk was thinking what he should say to Clarges the next time they met—what acknowledgment he should make him, and deeply regretting his present impotence to serve him, when Sir Richard, starting up, exclaimed,—

"That's old Tom of Christchurch: I will put myself in a horizontal position within our

dean's lodgings-farewell, cousin!"

The two brother's, left to themselves, conversed for an hour longer unrestrainedly on the unsettled and gloomy aspect of the King's affairs. George heard, too, that Lady Miranda had been persuaded by her father to give a promise to Sir John Denham to become his after a twelve month's probation, and that the knight, to his own astonishment, no less than to that of other folks, had passed nearly through the ordeal, and

was become in the eyes of her ladyship, a regenerate character; that is, he neither gambled nor engaged in those heartless follies called gallantries, nor encouraged conversation of a loose or unsettling tendency, and seeking the more but to list her in the honour of God, had discovered an avenue to the lady's bosom. With Abraham Cowley, Lord Falkland, and worthy dons of colleges, was his time now mostly past; in fact, no one ever could see him discoursing gravely with the Bishop of Oxford without repeating those lines of Shakespeare's in Richard the Third:

"See where his grace stands between two clergymen,
Two props of virtue for a Christian prince;
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And see a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man."

Monk determined to leave Oxford immediately for Ham, the seat of his friend Sir Thomas Vavasour; or if he was not there, to Ember Court, Sir Guy Carleton's, from either of which places he could familiarly visit Hampton Court, dear to him with such interesting recollections; and to sigh over its glory. He was anxious to know how it was kept up, who lived there, and whether the rising spirit of democracy had invaded its halls or desecrated its apartments. Now that he knew his fate, Oxford was no place for him. His finances were low, and he was, to

all appearance, in disgrace. For one who had, from earliest boyhood, dwelt in camps, the grey tranquil bowers of literature had small charms; black gowns, caps and hoods, were incessantly mixed with military dress in halls, colleges, quadrangles, galleries, and streets; and, having no part with the busy pursuits of either, he desired no longer to breathe the church militant atmosphere.

At evening service at Christ-church Chapel, the ring worn by Monk was particularly noticed, and Lady Abergany giving a glowing account of its brilliance to the Queen, a page was despatched to his lodgings, requesting it might be shown to her Majesty. The water of the diamond was of a peculiar brilliancy, and had shone luna inter minores, to the envy and admiration of all; its scintillations escaping no eyes save those of its wearer, who remained entirely unconcerned in the effect it produced. Jewellery, ornamental trinkets, were a rare sight in Oxford. loyalty was again subject to whispered impeachment; old stories rose in the minds of the envious; his Majesty's clemency was blamed, and the effrontery of Monk's contumacy occasioned among many devoted, all-sacrificing loyalists, those thoughts which novelists call mental ejaculations on an improved lucus à non lucendo theory. He was not aware, that when he was in Ireland, the colleges at Oxford had bereft themselves of their plate, the ladies of their orna154

ments, even their silver bodkins, and that the Queen had even carried off the crown-jewels to Holland to raise money for the King, to enable him to make war against his subjects; consequently, the parade of personal finery had become naturally a presumption of its exhibitor's disloyalty of heart.

The Queen sent for Monk's ring without the slightest intention of returning it. She destined it for her own hand, to replace one that the pressing necessities of the King's exchequer had obliged her to send on a visit to some of the children of Israel sojourning in Holland. In royal ratiocination, this transfer was the very essence of condescension. His Majesty had deprived Monk of his regiment, had degraded him in the eyes of the service; but she would more than requite him for this loss by accepting his ring, and by exalting to the royal finger what had encircled a plebeian one. He had no alternative but to obey the royal commands, wondering, whilst he placed it in the page's hands, if it was the King who had taken this means of opening a communication with him, and whether its return would be accompanied with a command to the presence. The Queen admired the ring greatly, wore it the same evening, and called her ladies-inwaiting to laud the generosity and loyalty of Mr. Monk, who had forgotten his injuries in his lovalty and devotion to her service.

Lady Miranda was delighted at this noble instance of magnanimity. "The consistency of her lover's character would at last be acknowledged," thought she: "he never, never, never could have meditated a departure from what he once felt to be right. I have ill-requited the noble endurance of a loyal heart. Why have I believed I could change a nature, because I have succeeded in convincing Sir John Denham that the path of virtue is the path of peace? He will be happy in obedience to the light of grace, and his happiness will be his best reward. I wish him happyevery one happy—but am I happy? course am I pursuing? Sir John believes -Oh. God! what have I led him to believe?—that my own misery is the seal of the redemption of a soul, a purchase dearly acquired; but if it be thy will, let my peace of mind be placed on the altar of sacrifice."

These reflections came with overwhelming power on the agitated frame of Lady Miranda. Her only hope was that Sir John Denham would not call upon her for the fulfilment of her promise, when he saw that he could never expect that his affection, which she believed to be sincere, would be returned.

Monk's name brought up allusion to the piquant stories rife in Dublin, which were so much to the taste of the Queen that Lady Seymour was driven to distraction by her Majesty's

importunities for the particulars. It was in vain that she expressed not only her ignorance of what was alluded to; there were ladies in the Court who knew that such was once not the case, and that no one had seemed more moved by their recital. But they knew not the depth of concern, or the throes of agony endured by a purified spirit at the misconduct of one it yearns to raise to its own standard.

Had Monk sought her for explanation and defence, all he could have said would not have wrought such a conviction of his innocence of disloyalty to his Sovereign, or of intriguing with a person whom he affected to dislike, as his silence and his abstaining to present himself before her. She had been once persuaded that Miss Phelps and Monk were in constant correspondence; even that when she permitted him at Ham, to believe he enjoyed her good opinion, that he was in the habit of meeting this eccentric young lady at Mr. Lenthall's, at Putney, and at the mansion of Sir Nicholas Crisp, the member for Winchelsea, at Hammersmith, the latter being farmer of the customs, a gentleman with whom her father had extensive mercantile transactions. These occurrences were too credibly and too circumstantially reported, not to raise fears that they might be but too true.

This accounted for her altered manner towards her supposed false lover in Ireland; and it was after hearing these provoking distasteful stories, that she had, in a moment of mental prostration, allowed Denham to hope for the possession of her hand.

"Great Powers of Heaven!" exclaimed King Charles, "from whom, from whence came this, Mrs. Kirk?" taking up the diamond ring from an open jewel-case that lay upon the dressingtable in the Queen's boudoir, in the warden's lodging at Merton College, where all Queens Consorts abide while their royal spouses lie at Christchurch; and looking at Mrs. Kirk's face with an expression which frightened that respectable tire-woman entirely out of her propriety.

This dresser was a favourite and confidant of Queen Henrietta Maria, and had the compliment paid her of sitting to Vandyke for her portrait by her royal mistress's order, a mezzotinto of which I have seen. Mrs. Kirk dropped in a chair, from which her round person bounced the next moment like a blown bladder that is kicked; she would be frightened to death before she would sit in the royal presence.

"Mrs. Kirk," repeated the King in a louder voice, "how long hath the Queen had this ring?—you know, Mistress Kirk, where the rest of her Majesty's jewels are unfortunately gone! how long hath this been in your keeping?—this, this," he exclaimed in extreme agitation, holding the ring in his trembling hand close to her retreating proboscis.

Now Mistress Kirk, with all her humble devotion and habitual submissiveness to royalty, and no one had a more dutiful sense of its awe-striking influences, was a favoured waiting-woman in ordinary to a lady, and though that lady was a Queen, no exemption could be claimed that she knew, for violating the chiefest of the cardinal virtues of a femme de chambre, viz. to promote the peace of mind of a husband by stopping up every channel of information of his wife's affairs; save such as were allowed to be open to him in the plenitude of his lady's good nature. Mrs. Kirk could fib with an air of the most taking ingenuous veracity, and be inventive to that degree which is the ambition of enterprising female minds. I do not say she lied-if she did, how could she help it? it was her vocation. She had mystified marchionesses, cozened countesses, and baffled baronesses, nay, had duped duchesses; but to say the thing which was not, plump and without reservation, to the face of her King, hitherto 'had not been dreamt of in her philosophy.' A third time was the countenance of the King, now sallow, and clothed in an expression she never before had seen it wear, brought nigher to her, and a third time were unwonted tones ringing in her ears, demanding a prompt reply.

There was no reason on earth why Mrs. Kirk should not have out with the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but that frankness was

clearly contrary to her official education. She might have made a happier hit; but time pressed, and anything in the shape of an idea, however crude, was like the veriest bit of wood to a drowning man: not to be unsnatched at. Not that she was ignorant from whom the ring came, or that the Queen had not, when undressing her Majesty last night, laughed exceedingly over the honour she had so cheaply done its late owner; but that she had found it always the safest to preserve consistency of conduct in her answers respecting her mistress. She thought any one who took the trouble of finding out she was wrong were always rewarded for their pains by the pleasure of the discovery, and wished them all the good it might do them; besides, it was the safest,-for who can say when every one likes the truth told of them?

"Lady Seymour, your Majesty, — her Majesty's maid-of-honour," hesitated Mrs. Kirk, hoping that she had played a safe card; for Lady Seymour's father was rich, and, as we have seen, offered his fortune freely to his Sovereign's requirement. Mrs. Kirk made her low obeisance and quitted the room in quest of Lady Miranda, to put her on her guard before she saw the Queen, who would be sure to approve all that her trusty waiting-woman did or said; not supposing the King had any reasons for his queries but curiosity, and would think nothing more of what had passed.

The King entered hurriedly the Queen's writing closet, where she usually sat, attended with her ladies. It was evening, about seven o'clock in June, and the heavy monotonous hours of her Oxford life were being beguiled with recitations by Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley from their several poems. Poets proverbially bear no rival near the throne; but neither of these had been detected lampooning each other, or saying anything worse than their utter contempt of each other's genius, which, as they both wielded a pen, was only natural and friendly.

"What poet would not grieve to see, His rivals write as well as he; But rather that they should excel, Would wish his rivals all in hell?"

In the midst of one of Mr. Cowley's most pathetic little pieces, of which his poem of "The Mistress" is composed, the King entered.

None present save the Queen had beheld him so excited, and all started on their feet.

"A word with the fair Lady Miranda Seymour. Where did your ladyship obtain this ring which you have presented to my wife? Excuse me, but I must know!"

Lady Miranda regarded his Majesty from head to foot, with astonishment not unmixed with fear, but replied not—for a good reason—she knew not to what the King alluded.

"O, Charles," exclaimed the Queen, "give me that ring; is it not a beauty? See, Sir John," and the Queen waved gently her small hand after decorating it with the trophy drawn from the impassive one of her almost paralysed husband, so that the rays of the sinking summer's sun glancing upon it in that sombre little chamber, created in a moment a brilliant beque of light, like the eye of a basilisk in his cave. The poets were, of course, lost in admiration of its brilliancy.

"Pray how came you by it, sir?" said the provoking Henrictta, unheeding the impatience of Charles, now distressingly visible to all.

"No matter. Mistress Kirk informs me from whom it came, and I have a reason, a very particular reason, to know its history.

"If Mistress Kirk vouches it from Lady Seymour, let Mistress Kirk's word stand; ce'st tout —Jermyn," continued she to her groom of the chambers, "pray, close the door; our frames were not built for your hyperborean climate. The Duke of Richmond, Colepepper, Digby, and Hyde will wonder what spell I have thrown over your Majesty to detain you from the council. Adieu, mon ami."

The countenance of the King grew darker, his quiet eye flashed for once with fire;—was he being wilfully trifled with? had his companion in that dreadful supernatural visitation made a jest of his

sorrow? was his wife heartless? could she for whom he had lost his people's affection,—who had roused a hundred thousand naked blades against his breast, see matter for merriment in his trials? He gasped from very despair; the suspicion bereft him of one of the two—his only two remaining consolations—all that was left; love and support of his wife, and the approval and confidence of the Church of England; and the first to his temperament was the sustainment he most needed.

"Why so alarmed, Charles? that ring never pressed a rebel's finger; Lady Miranda will tell you that it has been worn by a gallant officer, high in her favour, and for whom, as you admire it, she could forthwith crave a boon at your Majesty's hands," said Henrietta, with her eyes enlisting her ladyship in her sportive plot.

Denham looked significantly at Lady Seymour, who could have sunk beneath the floor.

The Queen was delighted at the little breeze rising around her; it was as exciting as a vaude-ville—the unknown key to her husband's unfeigned anxiety, Lady Seymour's mental dismay, Sir John's pique, Cowley's innocent apprehensiveness of being an accomplice in ruffling the temper of a crown-wearer, and the more confident Jermyn's ecstasy of delight at his mistress's finesse, formed a petite comédie just to her taste.

During this discharge of a few more of the arrows of raillery in the dark, which wounded none but the King and Lady Seymour, the former exclaimed in a firmer tone—

"I must again ask your ladyship to remember from whence the ring now on the Queen's finger, and which we hear was presented as a fresh tribute of your loyal attachment to her Majesty's person, was purchased. It is not an intrusive question, I trust? If it be a gift, as I conclude from my wife's remarks, and a valued gift for the sake of the donor, she will prize it the more. In that case, I will request every one to leave the room, and to mine and my wife's ears alone shall your ladyship's confidence be extended."

"There is no secret, Charles. Is there, Miranda?" said the Queen, her small dark eyes

twinkling with delight.

"Your Majesty knows that I never saw that ring until shown to me and Lady Abergany by yourself but yesternight. Was it not a gift from Colonel Monk—a noble gift from one in his circumstances?" said she; but the last words were scarcely audible with the effort she made to be calm.

"He is no colonel now," said Denham aside to Cowley; but loud enough to be heard by Lady Seymour, as he intended it should.

The Queen, who had no doubt but that her ladies-in-waiting would be thankful to her for

relieving the dull evening hours, by a little mystification of the King, for theirs and their mistress's entertainment, exclaimed—

- "Do not press ungallant questions, Charles. Shall I never teach you a lady's privilege? We will not say when, and how, and why this dear jewel came into our young friend's possession. Has not beauty charms? has not loveliness claims for subsidies as well as the throne? A dying swain may be revived by the merciful acceptance of a gift; especially a constant loving one—an unlucky one too."
- "Indeed, your Majesty knows I entreat your Majesty," exclaimed the tortured Lady Seymour.
- "What ails thee, Donzella?" whispered the Queen, perceiving that lady in tears. "I sought to do thee honour, by giving thy bright eyes the credit of drawing a gem from the captive of the famous rebel seraph—ay, and thou shalt not lose it either." Then addressing the King, said, "Our dear companion owns to the conquest and its spoils, Charles; not the first that loyal beauty has wrung from fanatical foes or their abettors."
- "Oh! he deserves not such a name; a truer, or more loyal heart never beat in a British bosom," exclaimed Lady Seymour, colouring at the insult to her old lover's fame; then bursting into tears, she rose and left the apartment.
  - "Stay, Lady Seymour; by all the loyalty of

your family to our person, and that is unbounded as it is undoubted," said the King, following her into the room adjoining, through which she must pass to her own apartment, which she gained without hearing or noticing her royal pursuer.

The King stood in the room, with eyes on the closed door; the agitation of her manner, the unlooked-for reception his simple question had met, all heightened his perplexity and stimulated his determination to be satisfied.

A gentle Hullah-class-in-part-titteration from the Queen's apartment, in which masculine tones were respectfully modulated with the shrill cachination of Henrietta Maria, recalled the King to his unflattering position. Turning with a bitter sigh from the heartless group, he abstractedly turned into the venerable library, and felt himself soothed with its low-roofed dimness, "in the soft chequerings of a sleepy light." The narrow oblong windows, surrounded with the four low towers, lighted by small casements, the angular compartments of the roof, and the curiously carved wainscoting, have all such an atmosphere of grey antiquity, being the most ancient structure of the kind in England, that no worn spirit could seek in solitude a more tranquillising bath.

"When men inquire," remarks Walpole, "who invented Gothic architecture, they may as well inquire who invented bad Latin. The

former was a corruption of the Roman architecture, as the latter was of the Roman language. Both were debased in barbarous ages, both were refined as the age polished itself, but neither were restored to their original standard. Beautiful Gothic architecture was engrafted on Saxon deformity, and pure Latin succeeded vitiated Latin."

There may be some truth in this polished sentence. The solemn dimness of Gothic architecture is the atmosphere of devotional feeling.

Lord Holland was in the library studying Davilla's Civil War in France. He rose, and with smirking confidence approached the King, who was in no mood or disposition to receive his empty hollow-hearted flattery, which with renewed professions of duty, allegiance, and penitence for suffering himself to listen to the councils of Lord Brooke, Lord Northumberland, and Lord Bedford, he poured out as he knelt to kiss the hand of his injured royal master. Charles regarded the recreant hypocrite sternly and sorrowfully, and with the coldest civility bid him rise. His lordship was but a two-day old renegade, and the King's well-grounded distrust was realized in a few weeks after this by his desertion to the Parliament, by whom he was received with contempt. His vacillating conduct made him absolutely useless to any party he might elect to espouse.

The gothic chapel of Merton is impressively fine, both in the delicacy of the masonry, the proportions of the edifice, as well as the richly-stained glass in the great eastern window, through which the sun threw on the pavement a crimson stain.

Passing through the arch into the inner quadrangle, then recently erected, his eye fell on a bench in which the name of Robert Devereux was cut: "This boy little dreamt of turning traitor in the prime of his age, and leading deluded subjects against his sovereign: -would to God that Lord Essex and I had both of us our time to go over again, we might be saved the consequences of steps which are now irretrievable!" sighed the King, as he quitted the college by the great gate, which was not damaged until years after this period, when Oxford opened its gates to the Parliamentary soldiers: the sculptured tablet expressive of the history of John the Baptist, as well as the figures of saints which filled the now vacant niches, were as perfect as when erected by Rodbourne, Bishop of St. David's, in 1416; nor was the stained glass broken in that beautiful specimen of florid gothic architecture, the window.

Instead of joining the council-table, the King requested Mildmay to seek out the lodgings of Monk, and command his presence forthwith at Christchurch, in the south walk.

The dutiful attendant was no sooner despatched than the King regretted having given the order.

How could he send for this gentlemen, who had received an affront; without lowering his own dignity, and without leading him to expect that an amende was at least the royal intention in requesting his attendance? Monk might have purchased the diamond from a Jew, to whom the stranger had sold it, which was consistent with the belief he had ever since that wretched night cherished: that following his expressed wishes, the party had gone abroad, had embarked in the continental war, and was probably killed. This tranquillising belief he had fondly nourished since the commencement of the civil war. "Had the gentleman been of the country party," thought he, "party spirit would have prevailed over probity, and Strafford's warning and prediction would have been thrown in my teeth in the columns of the 'Mercurius Pragmaticus;' had he been of our own, claims would, ere this, have been made for the protection and advancement I promised." Impatient for the return of Mildmay, restless and unhappy, he trembled as one upon the eve of a disclosure that was to seal his fate. He traversed the dark alleys of Christchurch with hurried and uneven step, racking his mind in speculation upon the manner this ring, the gage of secrecy of a dread revelation, had found its way into the hands of Monk, the man who had saved the life of the Prince of Wales. Wrapped in contemplation, he walked so long that the shades of evening fell upon him, and he scarcely knew that an hour had passed since issuing his command of Monk to the presence. Two persons were seen at the brookside next the meadow, and one of them stepped towards the King, and informed him that the gentleman accompanied him. "Retire, Mildmay," said the King.

Monk approached his Majesty with respectful reverence, wondering greatly what had procured him the honour of this interview.

"You are as liberal of your gold to the fair as of your blood to your country," said the King, shaking off his dread of the conversation by an effort at gaiety of manner.

Monk bowed with increased surprise.

"What may you have given for that ring you presented as a gage d'amour to our Queen's fair lady-in-waiting?" said the King, scraping the end of his walking-stick carelessly to and fro on the gravel walk.

"I have a reason for wishing one exactly like it. Was it in Goldsmiths'-row, Lombard-street, or perhaps in Amsterdam, that you purchased the diamond?"

"I know my Lady Seymour's station and my own too correctly to presume offering such a trinket as your Majesty speaks of."

"Then I am misinformed, which a King ought never to be. It will be, therefore, no disappointment to you to hear it is now out of her posses-

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sion. Her affectionate loyalty has presented it to the Queen. It resembles one so that I once had —in fact, I am greatly curious to match it."

Though Monk could not imagine how the name of Lady Seymour came to be mentioned in connexion with a ring of his; yet, as the Queen had at this moment that precious one which had been placed in his hand by his Majesty himself, and the drift of the King's inquiries seemed to relate, though obscurely to it; regarding his Sovereign earnestly, he said,

"Is the ring about which your Majesty has honoured me in these inquiries, a diamond of the purest water set in amethyst, with a broad gold band, having the letters 'C. R.' cut within?"

The King would have fallen but for one of the mighty elm-trees which form the avenue of the meadows in which they were, adjoining the college; his Majesty leant his arm against the tree, and his head drooped upon his arm. Monk saw his emotion, and immediately knew its cause. Approaching the tree, he spoke in a deep tone, which carried conviction of its truth to the heart of the unhappy King.

"That ring has never quitted my possession until her Majesty did me the honour of requesting me to send it to Merton College for her inspection."

"You --- you --- then---did not purchase it---you did not?---did you?" supposing from Monk's

hesitation in answering this home question that his silence assented to the suggestion. King, a little reviving, inquired quickly, "from whom?-his name?-From whom, I say, did you have it? For God's sake tell me truly!"

"From the sacred person of your Majesty, whose name has never passed my lips in reference to the apparition your Majesty and myself were

fated to witness."

There was a long pause.

"You were the man," said the King, "who was by me in my palace at Hampton Court on that—on that dreadful night?"

"I am; but your Majesty might derive support from the visit," said Monk, in a manly and

comforting tone of deferential anxiety.

"Where? where? — O tell me where, my friend?" said the King, sinking on one of the benches placed by the thoughtful liberality of the dean in the coolest and most shaded spots in these delicious walks.

For a quarter of an hour Charles remained in painful contemplation, a silence that neither had the power of breaking. Several times he essayed to speak, but the subject with its origin in reflections, circumstances, and anticipations, was of a nature which he knew neither could nor should be spoken of lightly, or to a person of Monk's degree; but he raised his head with a melancholy smile, and in a kind silvery voice,

that touched the latter to the heart, asked him if "be wished for active employment in the war his subjects had obliged him, sorely contrary to his inclinations, to undertake for upholding the honour and dignity of the crown, descended to him from his ancestors."

Monk replied that "he had hitherto borne arms against insurgents declared by the three estates of the realm to be rebels, and was ready again to bear arms against insurgents under whatever name they may fight that threaten the integrity of these estates."

The King looked rather disappointed.

Monk saw it, and continued— "To fight for the crown, though it hang on a bush, was the motto of one of my ancestors— it is my own principle."

"I knew I was not mistaken; the hero who thought his own of small account for the son's life, would peril it for the father's honour," said the King, brightening. "You shall be my major-general in the expedition into Cheshire. Nantwich is now besieged by my trusty well-beloved commander Lord Byron; his lordship's hereditary loyalty and yours are historically coeval. Major-general Monk, from this hour you have that rank. My misguided subjects have found themselves a new general, a man of good fortune and ancient lineage, Sir Thomas Fairfax, son of Lord Fairfax, and he has by the devil's luck and the

misbehaviour of my army, lately defeated my very esteemed friend Colonel Bellasis, son of Lord Falconbridge, at Selby; and, flushed with this victory, has drawn forces from Hull: he is said to be now on his road to Nantwich to relieve it, ere Lord Byron draws supplies from Chester and Shrewsbury. To check this proud young general, and remind him that the God of armies is also the God of kings, shall be your duty. Attend the council, and receive your commission to-morrow; the sooner my repentant people turn to their lawful liege, and yield to your arms, the better, General."

Monk narrated to his Majesty the way the ring had quitted his possession, and his hopes of its restoration, of which the King, smiling at the Queen's ingenuity, assured him.

This digression appeared to have relieved the King, but he did not trust himself to make any further remark, and walked towards the college; causing, as he entered the dean's lodge, many whisperings, surmises, and wonderings amongst the equeries, grooms of the chambers, and pages, who, the rest of that evening, were engaged in the social amusement of reproaching their colleagues and themselves, at their want of any clue to the long conversation between the King and Master Monk, as ill-natured people had after Sir John Denham, affected to call him. The next day their fretfulness increased; there was no avowed

or disavowed reason for the promotion of a disgraced man given to their satisfaction, and they sat down thinking themselves excessively ill-used at want of candour and proper communicativeness in their royal master.

Lord Hertford, for no other reason than the recommendation did not come from himself, opposed his appointment, but was not successful. The new general wished much to see Lady Miranda ere he departed for Nantwich, but found a fresh cause for misunderstanding had sprung up just at the moment when she was recalling herself to discriminate between the profession of religion, the enthusiastic celebration in majestic verse and eloquent prose of divine truths of the self-satisfied reformed man; and the quiet doer of the word, who shows his love to his Creator, not with lip and tongue service, but in his acts to his creatures, by loving his neighbour as himself, and clothing his words with charity. The gift of the ring to Lady Miranda, a mere speculative invention of Mrs. Kirk in the first instance, and seconded in the second by the Queen, for no purpose whatever beyond the whim of the moment, had been improved in its passage through the coteries of Merton and other colleges, into a tale of touching sacrifice on the part of Monk, who was represented as having mortgaged his expectancy and sold his horses to purchase the ring, which a disdainful, ungrateful lady had accepted whilst rejecting her devoted lover, and

giving his presents to the Queen to curry favour for a more preferred one.

When Denham was appealed to for the truth of these reports, that regenerate gentleman declared nothing wounded him more than the mention of the incident, and begged, as a particular favour to himself, that the subject might be dropped.

As Sir Richard Greenville, Monk's brother Nicholas, and himself, were walking down the Highstreet in Oxford, a subaltern officer stepped from a post of the halberdiers, whom General Monk recognised at once as his protégé, Lieutenant Clarges.

The General shook him by the hand. Tears started into the eyes of the lieutenant,-it was the first time since the latter's promotion that they had met, and he was overcome with joy of honourable pride at being so saluted, and treated as an equal in condition. The roughness of the sergeant was but little diminished since his elevation; his voice was the same sort of artificial male edition of a female bass, that was always particularly disagreeable, and he retained many habits and gestures irreconcilable with the habits of a man; but, regular as a clock, he brought with him the discipline of Monk's regiment into the halberdiers, and was esteemed for these qualities by his superior officer. The levies raised by the nobles, members of parliament, and country gentlemen, for the King, were excessively ill-provided

and ill-prepared to combat against the better paid, better fed, and infinitely better clothed troops of those whom they called rebels. Clarges' contempt for the raw ill-drilled fellows he had to organise was apparent in the first remark he made. "A more ragged set of mercenaries were not collected in weeding season in a bean field than these babies of mine, these sucking warriors, who drain the milk of knowledge gained by their step-mother in the Irish wars!" said he sorrowfully, striking his halbert-staff against the ground. "It is not that they can't, but they won't, sir; they've spirit enough, but all want to be officers with us!"

"Your corps, at least, Clarges, will never be in very great extremities,—keep near his Majesty, and send skirmishers to the front," said Monk.

"Such play-ground work suits not my temper. I would leave this corps, and go back to you, sir, as sergeant again, if you would speak the word to the secretary at war," said the lieutenant wistfully.

"That is a most extraordinary request in a military man; and you are the first lieutenant that ever I knew willing to enter the ranks again," said Sir Richard Greenville, with amazement. He had been an old campaigner all his life, and knew that it is easier to conquer an enemy than quell the intrigues, heart-burnings, and discontents about rank, precedence, and pro-

motion, in a civil war; where each gentleman claims, more or less, authority.

"You should set greater store by your merits, lieutenant," said Monk.

"I set my cap at no one," observed Lieutenant Clarges.

"The halberdiers are all whiskered and moustachioed," observed Sir Richard Greenville, aside, "and all the officers save your friend the lieutenant. Why does he not conform, general?"

"Because he never would; he swears that the sergeant that listed him told him if he joined, that this ornamental crop of which some of us are so proud, should not be cultivated," replied Monk, slightly twisting his own handsome moustachios with his thumb and finger as he spoke. "We were not in condition to be very strict then, and he has done as he likes since—as he always does in everything—but it is mostly right."

"I would not allow a man in my guard without his manly honours," said Sir Richard.

"Let me accompany you to Nantwich, sir," said Clarges. "I want active service again; this duty does not suit me. Do, sir, by any regard you have for me."

"Indeed, I can think of no such thing; you stand in your own light, Clarges," said Monk, displeased at his protégé's absence of esprit de corps.

"Have I no claim on you, general? Is it too much trouble for one man to ask another a

favour, at the suit of one who loves him as her life?"

"As what?" exclaimed the three gentlemen, all equally surprised at the sexual style of the entreaty.

The lieutenant exhibited his own confusion by blushing, but as his was not a very fair skin; at least what was seen of it under his steel cap, the crimson invasion of his nose and ears had only the appearance of a mottle.

"I'll be sworn he's from Taffy's land," said Nicholas Monk.

The lieutenant at once admitted that such was his lineage, and no more notice was taken of his etymology, similes, or illustrations, which at one time appeared to have a parentage antithetical to that of the goddess Minerva.

Though this slip of the lieutenant raised a laugh, and in this laugh his request for degradation appeared to have been drowned, General Monk did not forget the earnestness and importunity of his old sergeant, and though he felt he should be scarcely doing justice to the man's future prospects in gratifying his whim, did not lose sight of it.

This he accomplished, much to his own satisfaction, and to the loudly-expressed gratitude of Lieutenant Clarges, who was allowed to exchange into Lord Byron's regiment with a young gentleman who gave him a handsome sum for his

commission, and a sneer for his want of taste in preferring gunpowder, dust, and danger, for the frolics and luxuries of courtly Oxford, the rendezvous of all the dandy militaires attached to the royal cause.

## CHAPTER IX.

Monk and Lord Byron at the Siege of Nantwich.—Midnight visit of Miss Phelps to his tent.—Extraordinary discovery. — The Rival Furies. —A Woman's revenge. Monk's Imprisonment in the Tower.

GENERAL MONK joined the forces of Lord Byron with his lieutenant, before Nantwich. The combined force made some vigorous attacks on the place, which was then strongly fortified, and had withstood the besiegers for several months. The object of Monk and other commanders in this expedition was to carry the place before the arrival of Sir Thomas Fairfax from Hull; but the stout-hearted citizens who were well supplied with provisions from Manchester and Liverpool, and assisted with the Lancashire regiments under Sir William Gell, Sir William Brotherton of Salford, and Sir Thomas Middleton, withstood the assaults of the King's forces Intelligence of Sir Thomas most manfully. Fairfax's approach, and the certainty of his being able to raise the siege by the following day reached General Monk and Lord Byron in the evening, and at a council of war it was determined

to make an assault on all four quarters of Nantwich at once, and endeavour to scale the walls, which their artillery had now much weakened.

Within the walls of Nantwich at this moment were John Phelps, of Bishopgate-street, and his daughter. The old gentleman had advanced so large a sum of money towards maintaining this post for the Parliament, increasing it when the exigency grew more alarming, as a gamester doubles his stake as the only chance of salvation from ruin, and frightened out of his senses by the vigorous attack of Lord Byron and the Cheshire royalists, had hastened to the spot upon which his fortune was staked; in a vague unintelligible hope of protecting his principal, if he could not get interest. Thus will Northern patriots alarmed by the prophecies of the League, who have instructed a broker to open a bear account in consols, in joyful expectation of revolution and a crisis; astounded at the hebetude of the country to its interests, and steady rise from day to day in the price of the public securities, put themselves upon the Manchester and Lordon rail, and assault the go-between of Throgmorton street, as he descendeth from his carriage at Shorter's-court, with complaints and remonstrances, and venture to the door of the Stock Exchange, that holy of holies, in a frenzy of fatal miscalculation. Had the Three Per Cents an eye to be blackened, or skin to

be scratched, long ago would they have had the action of battery. Nobody yet has ever seen the outward and visible form of these three respectable gentlemen, though, like the invisible son of the genii, whose eye was knocked out by the merchant in the "Arabian Nights," they have their parental avengers transmogrifying, from straightlimbed sons of Adam into lame ducks, all who trifle with their "put and call." While the loan-monger was in agony of doubt, shaking in his skin at every breach made by Lord Byron's soldiers in the walls of the city for whose preservation the saintly citizen had staked his all, his daughter was by his side, brought to this scene of slaughter, bomb-shells, and scaling-ladders, for two good reasons: "If," thought he, "these bloody children of Satanic prelacy prevail, Elizabeth can, with those charms God hath given her, please the eye and soften the heart of this general, and get us favourable terms, if we be prisoners; if we drive them away from our confines, and take captive the captain of thousands, she shall scare the man of wrath with recitals of the tortures in store for the persecutors of the saints, and peradventure his master will ransom him with shekels of gold."

The council of war did not break up until past midnight; but repose was not thought of by the officers, for they were to head their troops at four in the morning, for the contemplated as-

sault. Haversac, who slept not when his master was stirring, had thrown himself on a bench in the outer tent when Monk entered. He started up, and begged pardon for "dozing promiskisly before his honour got to his cot."

"Do not disturb me, Haversac, until three,

when you will assist me to arm."

"Take a snooze, sir: to-morrow will be a busy day; remember Cadiz, sir,—three days and three nights without sleep made you prisoner for three months; them Andalusians had never boned us at Barrossa, had you taken a nap in the sloop as the rest of the officers did afore we landed on that cursed island of Saint Leon. Let me shake up the truckle. I'll call you in time for buckling on the plates and the gorget."

The man being dismissed, Monk was soon intently studying the plans and drawings of the fortifications and ground for the morrow's operations. Three hours had not flown when Haversac burst into the tent, his face snowy pale, and

limbs trembling.

"She's coming! she's coming!—another ghost!" he cried, and fell upon his knees. Immediately behind him walked with stately step into the inner tent the magnificent figure of Miss Elizabeth Phelps, wrapped in a rich roquelaire of crimson velvet. Monk regarded her fine countenance, high forehead, raven hair, and large dark eyes, with very different feelings to those

they first excited at the ball at Hampton Court: he gazed with unmixed admiration at such a display of nature's prodigality, but now by a persevering infatuation, she, who then was simply regarded in the light of an exceeding fine specimen of humanity, had become to him his evil genius,the ruin of his hopes, the secret foe of his reputation and fortune. He regarded her with impatience and rising anger. The young lady herself not only was self-possessed, but so convinced of the acceptability of her visit to the general. that to make an apology or offer any pretence for its unseasonable nature, never entered her head. She was the first to speak, after taking a seat on a chest with the sang-froid of a most intimate friend, whilst Monk bit his lips with vexation.

"I heard of thy waywardness; thou hast experienced its reward; and thou wilt again curse the ingratitude of princes. Hadst thou come to me from Bristol instead of degrading thyself by paying homage to the shadow of that mock court at monkish Oxford, thou hadst been spared the humiliation. To-morrow thou wilt be in our hands; thy forces have no earthly chance against the warriors of religious and civil liberty; but I am here, not to ask thee to forsake them—I have asked thee once, and I know thou art resolute even in wickedness. Thou wilt not fight the good fight for the people with the ancient nobles of the land—the—"

"Mistress Phelps," said Monk, interrupting her, "any prolongation of this visit can work no good for either; I must decline any reply to your questions, as well as entering into any communication with you. I have suffered enough by your absurdities—go to your present home, my servant shall accompany you to the lines."

The lady showed no signs of moving, but grew warmer and warmer in her upbraidings, and in vain did Monk relax his austerity and endeavour to convince her that the tent of the general of the King's forces was not the place for the only daughter of a member of parliament, distinguished by the support he afforded to his enemies. At last he sat down in despair, regarding her face and form with reluctant admiration. After more than two hours spent in this profitless mutual defiance, two precious hours stolen from strategic study, a sense of the absurdity of their position gradually took the place of vexation, and he smiled. The lady, whose chiselled bust might well be worn by Proserpine, the queen of Hell, though defying threats and anger, was not proof against that smile. The minatory iron austerity of her face now assumed a milder ma-Each exquisite feature seemed moulded after the enchanting specimens of ancient art, but animated with that living grace which leaves the statue far below. Her lip was all sweetness, and her brow all bland expanse; but there was a

wild energetic fire in her eye which spoke of the strong and ardent passions of her mother's country, and there was also an occasional gleam in it that had something almost approaching the intensity of mental wandering; yet those eyes were not anything less than beautiful, black, large, round, and lustrous, surmounted by dark, though delicately arched eye-brows. They were of those full, dark, thrilling orbs that seem to look deep into the heart of man, and exercise upon all its pulses strange attracting influence, like that which the bright moon holds over the waters of the world; and around them swept a long, black, silky fringe that shaded and softened, without diminishing their lustre by a ray.

From her mother she inherited a cast of countenance which we pronounce to be emphatically foreign, though some might say it gave her the appearance of a beautiful Jewess. Her nose inclined to the aquiline, and her mouth might have been pronounced too large, but that it disclosed when opened a set of teeth that were absolutely faultless. Her clear brown complexion harmonized admirably with the profuse raven locks, which, parting from her high forehead, fell in glossy curls down her neck; while the general beauty of her features received an inexpressible charm from an interesting air of pensiveness, with which it was shrouded alternately with one of startling fierceness.

At the first and only moment favourable to

expostulation since her entrance, the trumpet sounded the réveillé. Haversac, who had been listening in the outer tent during the whole period, now entered, appearing to start with surprise at the sight of the lady, muttering: "I thought she had quitted some hours, for the drums were beating, the bivouacs were up, and the cannon would be giving Nantwich its breakfast before she could get from the lines." This did not disturb the Sibyl in the least, and seeing Monk's countenance assume a sour and intelligible look of displeasure, said, with accents mellifluent and saccharine, "I will share thy dangers. I stir not from hence during the coming fight."

He had, however, ceased to think of her in the bustle of preparation. The cool grey of the morning was ill in accordance with the hostile clamour of soldiers springing from their couch, the bare earth, and bracing themselves for battle around the beleaguered town. Everything depended upon celerity of movement and surprising the garrison, which Lord Byron and Monk had no doubt could be successfully accomplished, if attempted with vigour, before the arrival of succours from Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The onset was bravely made, but as bravely resisted. Three times did Monk cheer his troops to the breaches, fighting hand to hand with the enemy as a private in the ranks, and

cutting down many. Still no progress was made. At the moment of the commands being passed from regiment to regiment round the town for a general assault, cannonading was heard on the left, and the tramp of horses louder and louder in the fastest gallop. Nothing daunted, the attack on the town was renewed, for had it fallen, its walls would have defended the King's forces from this new foe.

The garrison, which had endured the horrors of a siege for many weeks, raised a shout of thanksgiving as their deliverers approached, and sallied out from their gates upon the besieging force with such renewed confidence as to drive the royal army back upon that of Sir Thomas Fairfax, who, with Major Rokeby, charged them in the rear. The odds were fearful, the bravest were panic-struck, the struggle desperate.

Lord Byron retreated with his scattered forces to Chester, and Monk, after vainly endeavouring to rally his troops, threw himself into a church, and there offered to make terms for capitulating; but the victorious general would hear of none, save unconditional surrender, which he besought the former to lose no time in doing, as many brave men were losing their lives every moment from a determination to fight on, whilst their beloved chiefs were neither dead nor prisoners.

This intimation decided Monk, it being accompanied with mention of the brave resistance

and death of one of his lieutenants, who was cut down in defending the general's tent, in which a very beautiful lady was found, "A very Bellona, if the reports of our soldiers are true," said Sir William Gell, who summoned Monk to sur-Seeing that further resistance was useless to his scattered troops, and not desiring blood to be shed on his account, he surrendered, and was immediately sent, with other gentlemen under the same unfortunate circumstances, to There he remained whilst his wounds were undergoing surgical care; but shut out from communication with his friends on the other side, as if he had been sent to America; there being at that period infinitely less communication between Hull and Oxford, or Manchester, than now between the latter place and New York, the distance being travelled between these two lastnamed places in the same period as that now between the two former.

Amongst the slain was Captain Sandford, who had come from Ireland with Sir Michael Earnley, and highly delighted to find his old comrade Monk again in command. He made himself particularly noticed by the singular letters which he sent to the governor of Hawarden Castle, in Flintshire, and sent, much to Monk's amusement, one of his characteristic epistles to the Nantwich people by Lieutenant Clarges, who was the only officer to be found hardy enough

to venture to the ditch and fling it in under a sharp fire of artillery and musketry from the walls.

"Read that letter," said the lieutenant, "and then give it your wives to curl their locks with." It was as follows:—

"I never give or receive quarter, and my firelocks never omit opportunities to chastise rebels; our intentions are not to starve you, but to batter, storm, and then hang you all. My battery is fixed, from whence fire shall eternally visit you, to the terror of the old, and the females, and consumption of the thatched houses. I am no breadand-cheese rogue, but was ever a loyalist, and will be while I can ever write my name.

> THOMAS SANDFORD, Captain of Firelocks."

"8 Jan. 1644.

Monk was deprived of his servant, Haversac, who was badly wounded on an attack upon his master's pavilion, round which a hundred men had rallied under the command of Lieutenant Clarges, his only surviving officer. Clarges was smitten to the earth the moment before the order arrived from his chief to surrender, after exhibiting prowess consistent with his Tredagh reputation. Arms being given up, the wounded lieutenant was carried into the tent, where, to the surprise of all, sat Miss Phelps, quite indifferent

to the bullets that, piercing the canvas, had whistled by her ears. The lieutenant, who had fainted through loss of blood, was laid upon the truckle bed of his general, and left there by the soldiers, who, in expectation of plunder, hurried away to join their victorious comrades in the town of Nantwich.

Supposing the lady some bona roba of the general, they passed some rough jokes in admiration of her beauty, and commended the wounded lieutenant to her care, telling her rudely the army-surgeons would be round to look at their maimed enemies as soon as they had bound up the hurts of the patriots, whom their good King and father had been slaughtering for his amusement. Lieutenant Clarges bled profusely from a wound in his side, which rendered immediate care necessary; and Miss Phelps was not a young woman to flinch from assisting a fellowcreature in danger through apprehensiveness of indelicacy or a repulsive exposure of a ghastly wound. The wounded officer's eyes were still closed, and Miss Phelps was quickly aware, when she approached the pallet, that he must bleed to death, unless immediate means were taken for staunching the flow from the wound under the right breast. She tore from her neck a long white lace scarf, which she wore under the cloak or mantle of sable, which had guarded her against the night air, and assisted her passage through

the out-posts to the general's tent; then, unfastening the lion's-claw clasp of the short cloak, as well as those of the doublet of the prostrate man, she, with woman's adroitness, cut through buff leather jerkin, thick cloth under coat, and linen, to the wound; but had no sooner placed the scarf under his right side, for the purpose of binding it round his body, than she started from her charitable employment, leant forward again, and then sunk upon the floor in a swoon. muslin scarf suddenly drawn away from the wounded man occasioned a fresh hæmorrhage and considerable pain: he started and cried for assistance, regarding the only fellow occupant of the tent, a fainting lady on the floor, with eyeballs straining with wonder.

There were two women alone in the tent! Lieutenant Clarges was no other than Nan herself, who, from an attachment formed early for Monk, arising, in the first instance, from his kind notice of her and patronage of her father, when her respectable parent was equestrian cordwainer to Lord Wimbledon's regiment at Cadiz, and from her predilection to a military life, had equipped herself in man's apparel, and offered her services, as has been mentioned, at Bristol. Her eye, quickened by jealousy, had in a moment detected the character of Miss Phelps's dalliance with the general, as she stood with the servants at Hampton Court in a gallery to witness the mask and

dances, and, through her very extensive miscellaneous acquaintance among London washerwomen, had found out the nature of Miss Phelps's epistles to him. In this way she became acquainted with the person of this young lady's messenger, and was enabled to intercept the letter the morning that the troops left Braintford.

A cloudy winter's afternoon afforded but a dim light within the tent, when Anne Clarges was painfully roused by the sudden jerk of the scarf from her wound, by the falling person of Elizabeth Phelps. The latter's person she did not yet perceive, owing to the obscurity of her curtained pallet, until she had bound the scarf, with practised hand, round Anne's body; nor noticed even the suspicious texture of the bandage. Raising herself on the mattress which constituted the general's camp-bed, the prostrate form of the lady no sooner met her eye, than springing from the ensanguined couch with the rush of a wild beast, her bloody fingers drew back from that bold spherical forehead of marble whiteness the glossy curls which enshrouded it. Frightful thoughts flashed through her brain as she hung over the insensible lady; she had fought with desperation to protect her commander's tent inviolate, had cheered on selfsacrificing men to sell their lives for it, fifty heroes had saturated the soil with their hearts'

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best and last blood; and for what had they fought and died? Oh, God, the thought was distraction! a general who had yielded himself prisoner, and his pavilion, for which she and her friends had bled, found to be after all the harbour of the daughter of an open foe—a spy, perhaps, a beautiful successful inveigler. This last impression roused all the woman within the buff and bandelier of the blood-stained warrior. She recoiled from contact with the swooning lady's person, regarding it, amid the tempest that raged within her, with alternate fury and contempt.

"Thou thing!" she screamed, and with an effort, in her weak reduced state, almost supernatural, threw herself upon the beautiful inanimate form of Miss Phelps.

The latter, brought to herself by the shock, raised her eyes but to encounter the unquenchable glare, typifying the deadly hate of a jealous, untutored, and violent tempered woman. She was not terrified—she was not irritated—her self-command, when physical animation reassumed its empire, became her auxiliary to discharge its first duty, the respect which she owed to herself. She slowly raised her noble head from the earth on which it had fallen, and put away, with a shudder of disgust, the contaminating grasp of her inferior; whose vestments cut open by her own hand, whose set teeth gnashing defyingly, as no man can fix them, revealed the sex of her

foe, her rival. Her rival—and such a rival! Celestial fierceness and scorn illumined her beauty; her short classic upper lip was not curved, but actually crisped upwards with contumely, her nostrils instinctively expanding with pride and a sense of unpardonable insult, and her magnificent bust seemed to expand from a rolling within of the billows of terrible resolves. An ill-smothered sense of degradation gave alone expression to her eye; the rank of the individual before her suppressing any physiognomical indices of the mightier emotions. What could she think otherwise than that the supposed lieutenant was a paramour in disguise, artfully adapted for the secure management of intrigue, for protecting from observation the dalliance of his softer hours, which formed the recreation of grave General Monk, whose moral frame had been her ideal of most qualities that were unapproachable by the temptations to common minds? If the thought was hell to the rough, coarse, undisciplined soul of the woman who had offered her life freely, and had shed her blood on several memorable occasions for his preservation; it was equally strong, and its tortures more poignant to the impassioned overwrought mind of the other, already raised to a pitch of determination, and on which the thunder of a long and bloody battle had acted as a stimulant to fix its interest in him she regarded as the man of her destiny.

So constituted and swayed, the invective, coarse abuse, and threats of exposure, which flowed from the mouth of the wounded military female, were a relief—they restored her to a sense of her own critical position, and allowed her mind time to recall itself, and consider what she ought to do. Being now entirely raised from the ground—for the other, though all inclined, and, at the first, ready for acts of personal violence, was scared from it by the majesty of Elizabeth's presence—she drew round her the velvet and sable-lined cloak and hood, and moved towards the divided canvas opening of the tent. Anne Clarges drew herself up at this opening and dared her rival, with several opprobrious epithets, to advance.

For a moment Elizabeth gave back, but a smile of derision succeeded to the slight expression of surprise that might have been detected in the parting of her lips and widening of her eyelids.

"Would'st not thou quote Scripture after the manner of thy father and thy people, dainty lady, and expound to me how Judith cut off from the tent of Holofernes—could'st thou honestly say with her, of thy dear general, 'As the Lord liveth who hath kept me in the way that I went, my countenance hath deceived him to his destruction, and yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile and shame me'? Swear that on the covenant, and peradventure I may let thee go to the gates of Bethulia," said Anne, closely mocking, as

she had heard her comrades, the nasal twang of Watergrass Windemall, of Kingston, and other men of gift, who held forth in the pulpits of the churches after the expulsion of the clergy.

"Scoffer, give way! I could shed tears of blood for the debasement of my sex," exclaimed Elizabeth, in a determined tone of restrained indignation; but the Amazon happening to remember the words of Judith's song (the daring intrepidity of this dowager Mistress Manasses, whose husband died in the barley harvest, being akin to her own notion of womanhood), she affected to chaunt with her arms akimbo "She (that's you, madam,) was of a goodly countenance and beautiful to behold; she anointed her face with ointment, and bound her hair in tire (which you had better do when you get home), and took a linen garment to deceive him; her sandals ravished his eyes, her beauty took his mind prisoner; but, madam, thank God the faulchion has not passed through his neck. The Persians quaked at her boldness, and the Medes were daunted at her hardiness." Her throat became feverish with angry words, and her nostrils dilated, but it was only for an instant; for she added, "Now sing the rest of that new song of Mrs. Judith thyself-my memory is short. Take thy time, for thou remainest here until fit equipage from thy protector cometh, thou concubine!"

Here Miss Phelps's patience was exhausted;

she advanced towards Anne, raising her noble arm breast-high as if she would sweep a passage before her; but, ripe for a fray as Anne was, her resolution sunk before the determined aspect of Elizabeth Phelps, to impede whose course seemed as mad an attempt as to arrest the progress of a mail train by any one not wishing the remainder of his life compressed into the next couple of seconds.

Whilst Elizabeth Phelps traversed with stately steps the fields covered with the dead and dying, too much absorbed in her own wrongs, and uttering vows of vengeance against the slighter of her offered heart and hand for the embraces of a vulgar trull, the latter slandered party also sallied out of the tent, and quickly stripping the accoutrements from a dead soldier of Sir Thomas Fairfax's force, dressed herself therein—a sagacious and timely stratagem—for in a few more minutes she had been conveyed in her lieutenant's uniform to the prison at Nantwich, when discovery of her sex, though it had enlarged her person, might not have increased her reputation.

She had only time to burst open the general's boxes and take from them all money and portable valuables, not forgetting the diamond ring set in amethysts, before soldiers came up, hastened thither by Miss Phelps, whom they met stalking amongst the fruits of carnage. Anne concealed her wound, swore that she had been anticipated

in the plunder of the Reckabitish general's treatures, and all that she had found was a gold unitie (twenty shillings), a few double crown-pieces, York groats, and halfcrowns, which she offered to share with them. After damning their morenimble-fingered comrades, and taking what money she offered, they proceeded to rummage the clothes' chests, which gave Anne an opportunity to depart. After much cautious and dexterous management she succeeded in procuring woman's apparel, and, with the money she had found in Monk's chests, sought that officer: access was, however, denied, and next day all prisoners were sent on to York, and afterwards to Hull; Anne repairing to Chester, where she remained until her wound healed. In the course of a few months an exchange of prisoners was proposed, and, to Monk's great joy, he was accepted for a parliamentary general, then in the custody of the King's forces at Oxford, but a sudden countermand came, and exchanged his hopes of release for the miseries of a prisoner of war in the Castle at Hull. This countermand being accompanied with an insulting message from Lionel Phelps, a weak passive instrument in the hands of his sister, that he should never leave prison until he quitted it for the scaf-Unaware of the cause of Miss Phelps's relentless persecution (for to her influence with her father and the members who met at his house was rightly attributed his lengthened captivity),

he prepared himself to smbmit patiently to his fate, and embarked for London to undergo his doomed confinement in the Tower. To suffer in good company was some consolation, for at this time Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Wren, Bishop of Ely, with many other loyal gentlemen and divines, were detained close prisoners within its walls by simple votes of the House of Commons.

## CHAPTER X.

Mistress Clarges visits Sir John Denham, at Egham.—
Her Reception.—Lady Miranda's alarm and flight from
her Husband.—Siege of Basing House.—Haversac's
unsuccessful courtship.—Retirement of Lady Miranda
to Ham.—Lady Vavasour.

THE disastrous defeat at Nantwich, aggravated by the certain assurance from Lord Byron that General Monk had fallen, threw the Court into much consternation; all, save Sir John Denham. who exulted over the removal of the obstacle he most dreaded, were greatly alarmed. Lady Miranda, now firmly believing that she was fulfilling the will of Providence, in uniting her fate with the poet, and making his great mind through her instrumentality obedient to the law of her Creator, suffered herself to be led to the altar of Christchurch chapel, the King condescending to give the bride away in the presence of the whole Court. On the bridal day she was deadly pale; her bright cerulean eyes were veiled with a glassy film; her deportment, tone of voice, and even movement of her limbs, from that hour became those of another person. Lady Miranda Denham with her husband retired to Egham Park. parting from the Queen, about whose person she had been four years, with less regret than she anticipated before her marriage; not that she hailed therein that prospect of social felicity which flies as tasteless and tedious the society of all but the heart's own adopted lord, but that she felt called now to a sphere of trial, and resigned herself into the hands of Providence for all that might befal her. Nelly followed her mistress. That shrewd young person, assuming an inevitable influence over her new master, arising from the little interlude in which they had both been actors, and which neither desired to make known to her ladyship; and strong in her virtue and mother wit, she had the best of the story. At the table of Lord Holland, at Kensington, met now all the open foes of the King, that peer having a second time changed sides, after the wound his pride sustained in the library at Oxford. Monk's defeat and capture, with the story of the unknown beautiful bosom friend in his tent, and her mysterious disappearance with Lieutenant Clarges, was a rich joke, and revived the Dublin scandals to his prejudice. These did Anthony convey to his Nelly, and she to her mistress, with "thanks to God that she had escaped such a smooth-faced

The spirit of Lady Miranda ill-brooked repe-

tition of these distressing changes. Her husband's heart she had prejudged by his writings,she found it imprinted with few of the characters of his pages. To part, to leave him, she never suffered herself to think of. Her duty was endurance, not complaint. Her heart was chilled and her beauty faded,—her countenance had ever been the former's index. About two months had passed since her marriage, when a woman approached the gates, and demanded to see Sir John. The lodge-keepers recognized Nan Clarges in this ungainly visitor, and would have sent her away unseen by their master. Nan pushed by them, and ascending the hall steps, made the house resound with the thunder of her salute upon its nail-studded door. A servant, astonished at her appearance, hesitating to admit her-she demanded to be shown to Sir John without delay, and was allowed to enter his library. Closing the door without any preface, she asked him for a hundred pounds.

- "Mad woman, you rave!" cried Sir John; "David, convey this hag to Staines bedlam," and he arose to repeat his call for assistance, country-houses not being in those days hung with the luxuries of bell-ropes and wires.
- "Be honest, Sir John, and your own friend," replied she, calmed and unconcerned at the menace, "I am not your enemy—give me the price of your conscience, and I set a higher one on it

than aught else would do, and that know ye as well as myself."

Here a servant entered, and placed his hands on Nan's shoulders. In a moment they were shaken off, and, in the same collected voice, she said,

- "The money, Sir John!"
- "By what right, cause, or pretence, have you the impudence, the abominable assurance, to demand it, woman?" said Sir John, looking awfully magisterial.
- "Call the wood-yard-man, Sir John?" asked David, unwilling to have the entire honour of capturing so bold an intruder.

Nan stepped to the table, laid her hand on the poet's arm and whispered in his ear,

- "Hampton Court; have ye a mind to hear of a Christmas feat there?"
- "Ah, ah! I remember—but you had your revenge, Nan. You was not to be scared with red lead, brimstone, and tin-foil; but you fright-ened Lord Wilmot more than me."
- "Fool! I wot not of that empty prank!" exclaimed the woman, shaking his arm impatiently.
- "Fool! indeed. Take her away, David; I will prepare my warrant of committal," said he, preparing to sit down.

The servants approached, but before one could touch her, she tore away into a room adjoining, where Lady Miranda was at the window leaning her head on her hand. Nan taking a place by this lady, she lifted her weeping eyes, too grief-full for surprise at the phenomenon standing beside her.

"Fool, am I? 'Tis no masquerading I speak of, 'tis bloody reality;—fool! Then receive your recompence, Sir John; I sought your own ear—alone—alone; but man and wife are one, and no secrets shall you have from yours, unless—Once more, will you give me a hundred pounds?"

"Not a groat. We will see if we cannot have law now as in King Henry's time—thou wouldst have been strung up with the ten thousand sturdy beggars that were hanged in his reign, hadst been alive then; mark thou stand'st committed on my warrant, as justice of peace for Surrey, and shall, instead of wearing the strait-jacket at Staines, inhabit Kingston jail." This he repeated angrily, motioning to his servants to remove their prisoner."

"Jail!" exclaimed Nan in a frenzy; "jail! and by thee, thou murderer—thou assassin—thou mightest well turn pale. Dost thou ever see the ghost of Guiaccomo in the close bowling alley? was it not I that tore my bed from its tressels and flung it between you? but was the release you gave him from the troubles of this world meant for him? Tell me that?"

Sir John fell back on the floor, before she could finish her terrible revelation, the skin of his face wearing a livid hue.

Lady Miranda, roused by the truthful earnestness of the woman's address and the guilty alarm so evident in her husband, was the only calm being in the room, for the servants, surprised at the fall of their master, rushed forward to raise him, calling out he was murdered.

"I came not to call you to judgment: I leave you, Sir John," said Anne; then turning to his wife, she spoke in a tone of becoming feeling and propriety.

"Thy husband has brought this exposure upon himself. The worm will turn when trod upon. It had never passed my lips but for his brutality. I asked his bounty, it is true—it was not for myself, but for one whom you, madam, would not wish should know the pangs of want, and I will die but he shall have it."

"Stand off!" she cried to the dumbfounded domestics who crowded the door, "look to your master."

They allowed her to pass out unmolested.

Lady Miranda Denham cast an agonised searching look at her prostrate husband's countenance, then proceeded to her own room. Denham quickly revived, as libations of vinegar, brandy, and cold water, flooded his face and neck, whilst the knives, that severed collar, cloak-clasp, and belt, had narrowly escaped lacerating his throat a second time. He gazed round the anxious crowd, striving to read their thoughts in their eyes; but

perceived upon their faces nothing indicative of Nan's denunciations being either heard or understood. Driving his obsequious menials right and left, he would have proceeded straight to the apartment of Lady Miranda, had his outward man been less disfigured by their resuscitations.

It was a duration of an hour before he felt competent for an interview with his wife, who he knew had heard the woman's threat, and he shuddered at the construction she might draw. He found Nelly at her mistress's door weeping; he moved towards it; but this attendant, assuming authority to bar his entrance, put out her hand to prevent his near approach. She sobbed too violently to speak, and at last fairly fell against the door sill in a paroxysm of affliction. Nelly remained acting Cerberus until a late hour, and refused to retreat from her post until Sir John. wearied with her firmness, threatened to send his serving-men with cords to bind her, and indulge him with the solitude. This she knew he dare Affection for her mistress prompted a gush of consolations, which bubbled forth with the spouting energy of a mountain stream.

"There is a balm in every bottle, if we will but shake it, madam," she wisely observed, and ignorant of the immediate cause of her mistress's agitation, sought to soothe her by expressions indicative of singular contempt and dislike for "her brutal master," as she believed him to be. "That is not fit language you should use. Do you think any man dare contemplate personal offensiveness towards me? It is impossible for you to enter into my feelings, nor do I wish your knowledge of them," said her mistress gently.

"I know that, madam, and would not presume to think or to feel like a lady; but I say again, Sir John's not worth a thought of yours;

and if you knew-"

"Knew what, Nelly?-I know too much."

"What you will never know, madam, nor ever should—nothing since marriage, madam—oh, no!"

"I have never derived other sensation but disgust from the recital of others' fallings off from righteousness," observed, in a low voice, Lady Denham.

"You are too good for earth, madam. I always said so, and I told the colonel that he ought to think himself a lucky man to have your—"

"My-my what?" inquired Lady Denham,

agitated.

"Your good opinion, madam, that was all I said—all, not a syllable more; but, oh! madam, think, when master was courting you, for him to get a young female from Hampton Court to go to live with him—at that very time, madam."

"A female!-pray what description of person

did he endeavour to inveigle? May God grant he did not succeed!"

"But he did indeed, and she remained ever so long—a young friend of mine, madam, one—"

A shade of contempt overspread Lady Miranda's countenance; she regarded her waitingwoman with dislike. After drinking a slight composing draught, by her attendant's urgent request, she sank into slumber. When Nelly entered from her own adjoining apartment in the morning, she was frightened to find Lady Denham pale, calm, and to all appearance breathless, and a corpse. Her first impulse was to scream, which she ought to have done in justice to her sensibilities, but she did not, but gazed for nearly an hour on the noble, inanimate countenance, and then, by a sudden thought, stepped noiseless from the room. She returned with the husband, and, pointing to the bed, said, in a tone of fierce scorn, justified by their former quasi relation-

"See thy work, Sir John. If a wife be laid so low with all her rights, how would a mistress be treated?"

"God of heaven! the spark is not flown," said Sir John, distracted and terrified, and all abroad what to say or do; a difficulty that gentlemen, who only love themselves, experience, when the compass is to be boxed, heart-and-by-heart.

The composing draught was stronger than the

taker of it had imagined, who remained fortyeight hours in a kind of drowsy trance, partly
the effect of the opiate, and partly from exhaustion of spirits caused by Anne's vehement, unanswered accusation of her husband. Sir John
was as paralysed as herself; and, fearful to creep
about the house, he locked himself in his library
for the next four hours, then sought refuge from
a whirl of thoughts by rushing to the river and
rowing himself to Windsor against the stream;
every effort to rally and act as he ought to have
done in the state he had left his wife, but teaching him in vain

"That the death of reflection is the birth of all woe."

In the mean while Lady Denham rose from her couch, and lost not a moment in leaving the house, never to return. She repaired with Nelly to her father's, and in a few months after to Basing House in Hampshire, an immense fortified mansion of the Marquis of Winchester, which had withstood the united efforts of five regiments of Hampshire and Sussex troops during two years, under the command of General Morton. Lady Winchester was sister to Lady Hertford, her mother, as well as sister to the Earl of Essex; one of those intrepid women whom the struggles of that era brought forward into active life. With immense wealth, and allied to the highest families in the kingdom, she supported and encouraged

her husband in the gallant defence of this house, which cost Parliament more men than even Nantwich. before it was reduced. Exposed hourly to imminent danger, the balls pouring upon the mansion from surrounding batteries, with walls broken down in many parts, and its brave defenders driven into corners and cellars for repose, amid the unremitting thunder of war, Lady Miranda found her mind calmed and cheered. She even found its resources rise in proportion to their perils, and she soon became a kindred spirit with the marchioness her aunt. The defence of Basing was more deeply interesting to Lady Miranda, by the circumstance of its having been once saved by Monk's relative, Sir Richard Greenville, from the treachery of Lord Edward Paulet, the marquis's brother.

Great was the slaughter and many the deeds of valour during this terrible siege. The besiegers, infuriated at the obstinate and unexpected resistance, declared that no quarter would be given to the men, and that the last privilege of victors should be taken with the females, in revenge for the violations committed by Prince Rupert's soldiers. At length, when a breach was made, and the outer court occupied with the artillery dragged in for the purpose of riddling the house itself with cannon balls, and when she had witnessed from a gallery the murder of the surviving garrisons when on their

knees begging for mercy, and she knew by the screams that arose on every side that unlicensed personal violence was done to every female, she, with four ladies who had taken refuge in a tower, resolved, if they failed to perish in the flames, to destroy themselves before the contaminating fingers of the ruffians should be laid upon them.

This resolution was not made without carnest united prayers for the pardon of the Lord of purity, who hateth defilement; for strength they needed not; their will and power to fulfil their purpose was not to be shaken.

With horrid yells, after plundering and destroying every room in this grand old mansion, a party of soldiers rushed to the tower, after having extorted from a prisoner, on promise of his life, the secret of their hiding-place.

"Fire the tower!" was shouted from below, for entrance to it was shut out, without the will of the inmates: fagots were brought, and the massive iron-studded doors, encindered with the heat, being too thickly laced with metal bands to ignite into flame, at last gave way before the strokes of a ponderous beam, driven by the united strength of a hundred men.

"Holy Virgin! protectress of innocence, I come to thee!" exclaimed one young lady, plunging a sword into her own bosom; another followed her example: but before a third sunk upon the gory floor, the cry of a female, addressing Lady

Miranda by name, rose above the din of the crowded court. A voice of authority, too, ascended the narrow stair and arrested the brutes who were rushing over the bleeding corpses of the two beauteous victims upon the remaining ones, Lady Miranda and her sister.

Her sword was lifted, when Anabel, whose love of death either was not so strong as that of her companions, or that resolution itself quailed before the appalling spectacle of the dead bodies, threw herself into her sister's arms. In another moment a female, her dress almost torn from her body, and the slight under-covering that hung round her waist disfigured with the blood marks of violent hands, or blackened with the charcoaled and calcined obstacles through which they had dashed-rushed, or rather flung herself into the tower keep. With eyes fixed on Heaven, and believing that this rush was but the prelude to the "outrage worse than death," breathing the name of the Redeemer, into whose hands she was committing her spirit, she smote her breast with the sword reeking with the young blood of her friends; but penetrated not to her heart, the weapon being arrested at the same moment by the female, who was no other than Nelly, followed closely by Haversac, Monk's old servant, now, by the force of circumstances, as he said, an officer of the rebel army. He had recognised Nelly in the ruthless onslaught upon the inmates of the castle, and only saved her from violation when fainting from her struggles with remorseless foes. She imparted hurriedly to her deliverer her mistress's perilous condition in the tower, now surrounded by incendiaries; and his voice it was that stayed the soldiers, when rushing up the narrow stone stairs of the tower flushed with victory, they were bent upon wreaking vengeance in its most pitiless form on three unhappy ladies.

Lady Miranda remained a long time weakened by her wound, a voluntary captive in the hands of the garrison left by Cromwell, who commanded against Basing and Winchester.

- "Curse your stony heart!—I would sooner storm the flint towers of Cardiff or Conway," said Haversac one day to Nelly.
- "Storm it, truly! my citadel yields only to its captives," she replied.
- "Bind me then, but take me," sighed the despairing lover.
- "Bind yourself to me in the apron-strings of gratitude; let not my lady complain of the difference between this and Richmond, or Ham—you know them both."

This rencontre with her old admirer was a fortunate circumstance for the captives, who had every comfort and luxury at the command of a captain of a troop of lobsters (as Sir Arthur Haslerigg's regiment was called from its complete steel equipment). No law, save that of force,

had long been known in the land, and force's stern jurists neglected none of their privileges, as inducted professors of its code.

At subsequent amatory controversies between Nelly and the governor of the ruined towers of Basing, to which post Haversac had been elevated, that high functionary ventured gently to dilate upon the remarkable instance of condescension he exhibited in his person, illustrated by an offer to share his honors with a waitingmaid of the daughter of a fallen foe.

To this she retorted disdainfully; letting her jailer understand that she considered the "post of own maid to the daughter of an English peer entitled to rank far above the governors, commissioners, and captains of insurgent squads of Jack Cades and Wat Tylers."

- "-Your Jack Cades and Wat Tylers lost the day, Mistress Nelly; who's top of the tree now?"
- "—And like a cowardly jackdaw, you flapped your awkward old wings and cawed off from the tree when it bent with the wind, as Tony's master did when the boughs did but tremble—no traitors for me, governor," she retorted fearlessly, tripping the coranto, a sort of waltz step, before his face.

"I could order out a guard, and powder your coif with devil's dust for traitors, pretty wench!—so be civil."

- "—As you were once glad enough to be to your old master," replied she, imitating the military salute she remembered, inculcated by Lord Hertford, at Oxford.
- "I was young and misguided in those days," said Haversac, not relishing the allusion.
- "And if you'd spent your old age in your old ways, now that your poor old master's in prison, you'd had a better chance for the blink of Nelly Pipe's eye."
- "Ah! ah! ah!—my old master's old ways! It seems you've not heard of his new ones. He's found a wife, or a wife has found him," replied the governor, laughing.
- "The general married!" exclaimed Nelly, stopping in the midst of a pirouette, raising her mittened arm and hand, and opening her eyes to a wider circumference than they had ever been stretched. "I heard he had died with grief at my lady's marriage with Sir John."
- "The longest lane must have a turning. The general was too wise to cry after one woman when t'other was crying after him," said Haversac, with an independent shrug of his shoulder-blades and collar-bone.
- "Will your excellency have the kindness to tell the truth, and all about it," said Nelly coaxingly; for Haversac was known to have granted a prisoner a month's parole, and indulged a man's request to be shot, who was condemned to be

hanged, by his greeting him as "His Excellency."

- "Well, Mistress Pipe, now you speak honestly; with a chaste salute I may tell you what all the world knows but you beleaguered folks in Basing. The general has married his laundress, and they do say, Mistress Nelly—what they do say, Mistress Nelly—but that's not your business nor mine."
- "Come, that's not fair of your excellency—your excellency was more graciously disposed a moment ago."
- "Say his example shall be followed by his old companion in arms. Like him, to make a woman happy, I will overlook difference of condition," said the governor, adapting his posture, unbecoming a bashaw of Basing, to the condescending operation of kissing a waiting-maid.

Nelly, willing to purchase so cheaply, news of the general for her mistress, of whom they had not heard for three years, was just engagingly repulsive enough to add zest to his excellency's indulgence.

"Now-" said she, when his eagerness waxed less ardent-

"On my honour, Mistress Pipe, I will follow my old general's example, in raising a deserving young woman to the station she merits," he replied, with supernatural suavity, that threw his goddess into a fit of laughter, which he, accept-

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ing it for delight at her prospects, continued,—
"for I should not be ashamed of myself, nor
have to keep a ring whilst my wife fights the
wives and daughters of folks that give us a feast,
and have blacksmiths for my brothers-in-law,
and—"

Before he finished, Nelly was flown to her mistress. Haversac's story was soon corroborated. Sorrow beyond expression for the future lot of him, whose mind she believed must henceforth be perpetually overcast—or seeking relief in excitement, rush recklessly to death on the battle-field—surmounted every other feeling. Happily she was spared knowing the share she herself had contributed towards this incomprehensible staggering event. Recovered from her self-inflicted wound, she removed to her aunt Vavasour's, at Ham, and there remained during the period of the King's last visit to Hampton Court.

In the healthy society of her aunt her spirits became composed, and her mind invigorated. This old lady kept a memorial of the providences vouchsafed to herself for her own and others' use, and noted them down as carefully as receipts for her kitchen, or recipes for her dispensary. She was displeased when any merit was ascribed to her in this, and would say, "Providence carries our lives, liberties, and concerns in God's hand every moment. Your bread is in his cupboard, your money is in his purse, your safety in his

enfolding arms; and sure it is the least part of what you owe, to record the favours your eceive at his hands."

"I trust not to slippery memory the passages of his providence I have met and shall meet in my way to heaven, and they will be useful to you when I am gone, my dear young friends," she said to her nieces. "I must not carry away all my treasures with me, but leave these choice legacies with you. I am not for posting up all that a Christian knows or meets with in her experience; for religion doth not lay all open; but there is a humble, prudent, seasonable communication of our experience, which is exceedingly beneficial both to ourselves and our friends. My husband is blessed with estate, and has the love of all upon it. What a god-like boon to be the dispenser of the fruits of the earth to its inheritors! The delight of discharging the duties of property compensate for the heart-burnings roused by maintaining its rights. The stewardship of the soil promotes a sweet contention for doing the most good. My husband would not allow himself to be deprived of this right, by letting the poor have occasion to assert theirs."

This sentiment she carried out practically on her property, independently of giving alms every Sunday after reading the offertory; which she said was a seasonable trial of our secret hopes of self-righteousness; and of no merit, because

done before men, by commands of the Mother Church from age to age. In these daily occupations she was aided indefatigably by the poor's ever best friend, a true-hearted Gospel minister of the National Church.-Of her husband, Lady Miranda thought but little; the blow she suffered from the revelation of his crimes was neutralized by the severe shock caused by this outrageous marriage, contracted, for no other cause that she could learn save self-humiliation by her nobleminded friend, whose temper and disposition needed, she painfully felt, the support of other companionship. She spent hours in dwelling in imagination upon his wretchedness, which she indulged in freely from the double alienationthe enlarged passless gulf now between them.

The distractions of the kingdom made it dangerous to travel between Ham and her father's; and her beloved royal mistress having taken refuge in Paris, Lady Miranda with her lively sister remained at Ham, valuable, practical coadjutors of the benevolence of their aunt.

## CHAPTER XI.

Birth, parentage, and education of Nan Clarges.—Life in the Tower.—Monk's imprisonment.—The cunning laundress.—Critical moment.—Becomes Mistress Monk.— Vivandier pantomime.—Arraigned for witcheraft.

To oblige some of my readers, who will perhaps consider Haversac's relation of Monk's reported matrimonial doings require some confirmation, I must at once confess my inability to give it without carrying them from the ruined citadel of his excellency, to

"The towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, With many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

as well as say, for we cannot sing, the doings of Mistress Anne Clarges.

Nan had roughed it through life, unknowing of want; for her ready wit, activity, and boldness in maintaining what she called her principles, had filled her belly and caused the light-hearted, merry daughters of toil, wherever she went, to be glad at the sound of her brassy voice, and glimpse of her stalwart person; and with the

generosity that characterises the laborious towards the laborious, were ever prompt to offer her a lift in life: many a migratory tradesman-for commercial affairs were carried on by personal negotiation far more than by letter in those days-struck with her capacity and sharpness, after an interview or two with her, and narrow observation of her style, for she had a style in all she did, absolutely offered to marry her. She bid them one and all make their fortunes as fast as they could, gave them her blessing, or a box on the ear, according to the fashion of their wooing; adding, that when her beauty was in the market it would be for a fortune ready made. When told she might wait too long, or that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, she would confess that she had dreamed a dream, and would be the wedded wife of a peer of the realm, or never allow any other name but that of Anne Clarges to be cut on her tomb-stone. The dream she told with a firm belief in its fulfilment. In it she had seen a crown on a dunghill, and a black man took it up and put it on her head; and this Lilly the astrologer had interpreted to her satisfaction in the way she named. When she left the battlefield before Nantwich, her intention was to walk to Braintford to look up her old crony Beldame Butts, who, when she quitted it for a soldier's life, was splashing soap-suds most flourishingly as linen purifier to the officers of Monk's regiment; not knowing whether she was dead or alive amid the changes of the two previous years. Nan made no better use of her time than Barnaby Harrington, unpolitely called in those days drunken Barnaby, who has in his itinerary "in four journeys to the north of England," told us that each day's work was a tedious one of about six miles a day, and sometimes four. She put up at all his taverns; and though no one could accuse her of having read his learned and witty work, her statistical recital to Beldame Butts accorded singularly with drunken Barnaby's, especially concerning the precisions in Staffordshire,—

"At Newcastle-under-Line-a
There I trounced it in burnt wine-a:
None o'th' wicked there remain'd;
Weekly lectures were proclaim'd;
Chastity they roughly handle,
While blind zeal snuffs out the candle,"

Of the Banbury reformers she found it impossible to afford a correcter account than that of our inebriate friend Harrington: they were ever a nice lot.

\* "Novo Castro subter linum Mulsum propinavi vinum; Nullus ibi fit scelestus; Vox clamantis in suggestis; Portas castitatis frangunt Quas extincta lucc tangunt."

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

"To Banbury came I, O profane one! Where I saw a Puritane one, Hanging of his cat on Monday For killing of a mouse on Sunday."\*

Allowing for time rationally spent in the canteens of different regiments she fell in with, astonishing officers and men with the extent of her military science, and receiving heavy compliments for the same; six weeks cannot be grudged Mrs. Clarges for getting over the ground between Cheshire and Middlesex. She never quitted the quarters of a regiment, her hand unsolicited by half-a-dozen non-commissioned officers, who regarded a lady bedowered with so rich a stock of military lore, as a sure card for an adjutantcy or sergeant-majorship. Single she stumped on, and single she arrived at Braintford, stainless in reputation, and ready in her tongue; when, to her grief, -and Nan seldom took on at any mischance,-Mrs. Butts was found to have quitted the Church of England, which she claimed as her faith, from

> \* "Veni Banbury, O profanum! Ubi vidi Puritanum, Felem facientem furem Quod Sabbatho stravit Murem."

This witty author's real name was Richard Braithwaite of Brimeshead, Westmoreland; we have seen his epitaph in Caterick church, Yorkshire, dated 1763.

having been christened therein, for the consolations of Master Swippy, a preacher, all the rage amongst the elect of that elegant palace. Master Pipe, from the place, occasionally sat under Master Swippy, who, in consideration to his throat, sore from bawling at holdings forth, was honoured with a general invitation to the royal buttery, when Swippy took occasion to speak so comfortably and unctuously of Mistress Butts, that Peter, having patronage at his disposal, appointed the regenerate charwoman to the post of chief laundress to his Majesty. At the palace, therefore, was the beldame found installed, greatly to her friend's surprise, and not at all to her taste. Mrs. Butts at once demanded her friend's congratulations on her approaching marriage to Mister Swippy the minister, who, she said, if the King was put down altogether, had been promised the chaplaincy of Hampton Court chapel, the incumbency of Ham, and a deanery, presbytery, or something of the sort, somewhere she could not remember. Mrs. Clarges, instead of being awe-struck at her friend's prospects, only knocked the ashes out of her own pipe, broke it, threw it amid the logs, and rose from the threelegged stool on which the dorsal extremity of her person had been propped, her long bony hands having performed the same offices for her chops on the fulcrum of her knees.

"Then I'll gaff no more with ye, Mistress

Swippy; you are not fit folk for the King's house, nor just right to talk that gait; I thought to find ye proud to serve our sacred Monarch, and pray for his coming amongst ye again. The best luck I wish ye—and I mean it no unkindness,—that clean work will be made with all Swippy's dribbling groaners."

"I'll not stay at the palace to hear treason," she concluded in a decisive tone, and took her departure forthwith.

In course of previous conversation, she had heard of her general's imprisonment, and that he was entirely without money to make a prison tolerable; and was not long in resolving to repair without delay to Egham, to demand assistance from Sir John Denham. She had still the ring secretly concealed on her person, and determined not to give it up to any but Monk himself, "Sir John," though ignorant of its value. thought she, "shall not, dare not refuse me, though I tell him not for whom I ask it. He has carried off the prize, and can afford to be liberal to the jilted, forsaken lover. She knew nothing of their duel, nor of the plots against her general's reputation and honour; but she knew he was in low estate, and that a rich man's coffer could and should repair it. She never walked erecter, nor felt prouder, even when a soldier, than when, crossing Staines bridge, she regarded her tattered worn garments, and compared them with the gay doublet, short jaunty cloak, plumed hat, and light blue hose and ribbons of her adjutant's uniform in the halberdiers.

She was recrossing the same bridge after her visit to Sir John, a visit she knew would not be a vain one, give him time for reflection, when, overtaken by a horseman, who, after regarding her for some moments attentively, and looking about him nervously, accosted her. She could be under no mistake—it was Sir John Denham!

After satisfying himself that no one witnessed the solecism in his conduct, a parley with Nan Clarges on the King's highway, he threw a bag of gold at her feet; placing his finger on his own lips, and seizing with his other hand her bony wrist, he pulled her rudely towards him; then motioning his head slowly twice towards her, touched the hilt of his sword, wheeled round, and rode off.

With this money she made her appearance at the Tower the next morning, having walked through the night to London, and asked permission to see the prisoner Monk. She hesitated to give her name, intending to conceal it if she saw she was unknown to him, which it appeared she was. A broad-frilled cap obscured all outline of her face; and a wide-brimmed steeple-crowned hat entirely changed the character of the countenance he was so familiar with in his lieutenant. She gave her name as Sarah Marston, and offered herself as laundress and sempstress, hearing that

his former one was dead, as she really had been for some days. Monk shook his head with a mournful smile.

"My good woman! I can afford to pay neither a laundress nor a sempstress—pray occupy yourself more profitably than working for a poor soldier who has no means of repaying your labour."

"But I can wait to be paid, sir; and I've set my heart upon working for a brave cavalier officer. My uncle was killed at Edgehill, and a brother at Newbury. Don't mention money, as you love the cause, sir! I am not in want! believe me!"

This was Monk's first interview with Mistress Anne Clarges in her female capacity since the glimpse he had by the fire-light that winter's morning,—and it is enough for me to say that her attention, punctuality, and disinterestedness, won upon him insensibly, and that he forgot the difference of degree in the friendship of the individual.

A credited report of Lady Miranda Denham's death was communicated to him by this woman in so cautious and feeling a manner, that sensations to which he had been a stranger since his incarceration, brought tears into his eyes, which were responded to with sincere drops in those of his humble stocking-darner. To know that any sympathy for our distresses exists even amongst the roughest, is a balm of untold value; but when access to the world is shut out, and friends

are all scattered far away, it is a support and encouragement in sustaining misfortune beyond any innate resource of the mind. Monk thought that the woman appeared to watch him narrowly after this afflicting communication, but took no further notice at the time.

The following day he found twenty gold angels on his table, and on demanding whose they were, she told him that a gentleman had met her outside, and desired her to leave the money with General Monk for his use. No description of this generous person she could give afforded any clue to his name. Surgical aid to his wounds quickly absorbed the unknown's bounty, and the general could not refrain from regretting his privations audibly in the presence of his laundress, with whom he gradually found pleasure in chatting, faute de mieux, as one is led to do when resident in a village, and confined to its society, with geniuses not to be seen with, or delicately cut, if accosted by them opposite one's club window in St. James's. Anne adroitly veiled the full extent of her military knowledge, though several times commentaries, displaying intimate acquaintance with it, fell from her thick lips, that called forth his admiration of the wonderful memory of the sister of a most intelligent brother. She insisted in advancing more money for his necessities, which she said was from the legacy bequeathed her from her uncle; and he borrowed it with re-

luctance. His wound breaking out afresh, he was nursed by her with a care and thorough adaptation of herself to his requirements, that made him unhappy under the debt of gratitude she was Two years wore on, and, save the imposing. face of this woman, and the officers of Sir William Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower, he had seen that of no human being. He could have received a letter from Miss Phelps with satisfaction, and have consented to see her. He saw, too, with concern and dislike, that the good-natured, busy Mrs. Marston's attentions took, at times, an amorous tinge, and that she presumed upon his expressions of gratitude to offer a discharge in full of his conscience, that he could not entertain without distaste. Still here she was, day after day, cleaning, washing, scouring, cooking his meals, making and mending his apparel, paying from her own pocket for every luxury, nay, almost comfort, that he enjoyed; and what return would it ever lay in his power to make her he knew not. One melancholy afternoon, dark and gusty, the lattices in the deep embrasures of his prison-walls rattling dismally with every blast, whilst the rain-drops, divided and subdivided in their wriggle from leaden bevel to leaden bevel of the small panes, rendered what portion of daylight the clouds permitted abroad, a thick, muddy medium, more depressing to the spirits than total darkness, he lay ruminating on the probable chances of the war and his own enlargement. The lieutenant, who, on account of the escape of several important prisoners, prohibited any communication with Monk, save through himself, entered with the news of the battle of Naseby and total overthrow of the King by Generals Fairfax, Ireton, and Cromwell; and he added, that instead of Monk expecting a release, he would have speedily companions in captivity, for the King had now no prisoners of theirs to offer in exchange for his officers. The lieutenant also named that certain fees were still due, and unless paid for within a few days, his furniture must be sold to defray this debt to the officers of the Tower. This was said in a surly mood; and Monk, when he was gone, felt desolate indeed. To his laundress, as usual, when evening closed, he imparted the lieutenant's harshness.

"It will be paid," said she. "Why do you fret, sir?"

"Heavens, my good creature! I have no means of paying it—do not, I pray you, wound me."

" It will be paid, sir," said she.

Monk looked at her displeased, and they parted for the night.

Next morning, after laying on his table the cold meat and ale upon which he breakfasted, she laid a receipt for the fees before him.

"This is a trick; a heartless joke, Mistress Marston," said he. "This is not fair in a

soldier's daughter towards an officer in misfor-

This receipt he conceived a cruel satire indeed upon his poverty. He pushed the provision from him; and, regarding Anne with a haughtier expression of displeasure than had sullied the serenity of his countenance since his imprisonment, walked to the window. A loud burst of woman's grief startled him, whilst his eyes wandered over the Tower-hill, and as the thought stole across his mind how he could resign himself to suffer, as a hundred better men than himself, and women too, had done on that spot for resisting the ruling powers; and he had done so, and might every bit as deservedly suffer. As the sobbing continued, without any visible cause of affliction, he imagined that he had hurt his poor laundress by his remark, and softened it with saying, "Now, if this troublesome matter was settled, and I had money from some rich friend to repay you, Mrs. Marston, I would—I would—"

- "What would you do, sir?" inquired Anne, earnestly.
- "If my benefactor were a knightly gentleman, I would draw sword in his cause, let it be any just one, and offer him my life, because he would have paid a debt that I cannot."
- "And if it were a female who was to send you the same?" asked Anne.
  - " I know not what to offer her, unless it were

myself," said he, laughing: "the lady might take out a habeas corpus, if she would not be my jailer for the rest of my life; but you might go a great way without finding so witless a money-lender."

- "A female has been your money-lender from beginning to end. It was a female that sent you the twenty angels, and the same female will repay me all I have advanced, if you will perform your promise; nay, more, will give you two hundred more good pounds for yourself."
- "But the lady must consult Sir William. I am not to be got at," said Monk, encouraging the joke.
- "Suppose I bring the lady and the money to-morrow, sir: will you have her? or, suppose we say the day after?"
- "By God I will," said Monk, rising, and altering his tone of voice to a serious one. "I will, as my name is George Monk—prisoner for life, may be, like poor Elliot was, within these walls. I am weary of existence; and any woman that would share such a life as this with me shall have me for asking. Bring the lady, Mistress Marston, and don't forget the ballast. Odds-fish! as the light fell upon ye, I was reminded of a famous staunch fellow, an old sergeant and lieutenant of mine. I'll give a good slice of what your lady is to bring me, to know how he is."

Anne turned her face away, for she was looking at that moment involuntarily after the schooling of her visage during her manly transformation.

- "The lady's father will accompany her, and may be her brother; they are both great admirers of you, sir. The lady I will answer for it loves you better, sir, than any man, and has gone through more for your sake than Lady Denham, or that hussey, Bess Phelps."
- "Stay—in God's name, Mrs. Marston. What know you about these parties? I never heard you name the first but once, and the other—do you know her?"
- "Not so well as the lady I will send to you the day after to-morrow. She knows more than you think any one knows about you."
- "Don't trifle with me—she is the same person, I am convinced of it."
- "You are mighty positive, you are, sir, but she isn't—that's all. I shall not be here to-morrow, but the next day I shall come to be repaid, if it be not inconvenient, as I shall, in that case, be married myself."
- "By all means, Mistress Marston, by all means," said the general, gaily. "We can be married together, you know, that is, if my wife is agreeable."

Anne went off in a strange state of excitement, which caused her to fall down a flight of

steps, but she rolled down to the bottom unharmed. She had made up her mind long before to marry the general, for she believed him to be the dark man that was to put the crown on her head, prisoner and pauper as he was. Anne's father and brother were both living, and in London. She made them privy to her design, and engaged their assistance. They were both farriers and blacksmiths, and having a mighty curiosity to see the inside of the Tower, as well as their young ensign at Cadiz become a general, agreed to anything she proposed to accomplish these objects.

The intervening day was employed in walking to Egham, where she again frightened Sir John into compliance with her demand for double the amount of his former composition. Endeavouring to stipulate for cessation of such applications, she said "she loved him too well not to visit him occasionally, and assist in disposing of his property for the good of his soul."

Next morning, her father, attired in a glossy black velveteen coat and jet buttons, cloak, and scarlet trunk hose, and his hair, which had twisted itself into a mat at its own sweet will, like one of Wordsworth's rivers, in pique for neglect by any comb, was plastered decently from his forehead; and his son, in scarlet stockings, green velvet doublet, an enormous collar, of not the finest lace, made their appearance at the Tower, leading a tall, broad-shouldered lady, enveloped in a

cloak and hood, and her features, for her still further protection from the possible gaze of man, shrouded with a black veil.

Instructed by Anne, her father, after bowing to the ground and scraping the floor with his shoes, to a similar accompaniment of his son, introduced her as the lady "as he'd proposed to for a rib, come to make things all right and comfortable."

Anne nudged her papa in the ribs, whispering "you'll spoil all, dad—the lady with the money to pay his debts, who'll marry him if he'll take her, at once."

"The lady who is under marching orders for the altar, sir," said old Clarges, after clearing his voice, "and has brought the stuff all for yourself for the love of you, and has as much more a-comin';" and he threw the chinking treasurebag on the table.

Monk had scarcely awakened from a heavy unrefreshing sleep, when these rude preliminaries of his nuptial treaty were opened. He had lately sought prolonged slumber as his refuge from hypochondriac or oppressive feelings, and his indulgence in this unwholesome, sad resource of the listless, weighed down his brain, and gave to his senses a cast of carelessness and indifference consonant with dull daily routine. His mental energies then repressed, were with difficulty summoned to comprehend anything on the instant;

but this inanition was a relief, and somnolency became soothing, and too consistent with the monotony of his life to be discouraged. He cherished hebetude as a refuge from harassing reflections, and was, of late, seldom roused from its increasing mental prostration, unless by immediate and distressing wants. He began to credit Stowe's account of William Foxley sleeping in the Tower from Easter Tuesday to the first day of term, a period of fourteen days, in Henry the Eighth's time. His morning dreams had been dispiriting, and he awoke by the summons of old Clarges in that state of inconceivable wretchedness, which the habitually melancholy and physically hypocondriac only know.

"Don't ye know ye are to be spliced this morning, sir? ye keep the young woman a-waiting."

"Eh? eh?" yawned the dozing general, turning in his poor couch, more intent on wooing slumber than a bride.

"Come, sir, I mean to take the stuff back again if ye won't rise. Perhaps when bums come for the bed and table, sir, you may wake."

The sluggard grunted, but unclosed not his eyes; always postponing a view of the dirty bare walls of his miserable room to the last moment.

"Show him these, and tell him the lieutenant has sent for the money," whispered the lady.

"Wants money, sir; bills, sir, must be paid-

<sup>•</sup> Stowe's "Survey of London."

the dignity and impartiality of the judgment-seat.

- "Where's Squire Freeze?" cried old Clarges.
- "Find him yourself," replied one of the Tower warders; "I left him swigging with the parson of St. Peter's, jolly drunk, and whisking about the idolatrous communion-cups, now, thank the Lord, dedicated to honest man's recruitment."
- "But he's to marry my daughter to the general, your prisoner: bag the fee himself—his worship gave me two groats not to tell his clerk—capital man of business Justice Freeze! He says, 'Master Clarges, since the light's broke on the land, they've taken half the bandage off Justice."
- "She keeps one eye open now," continued the blacksmith, winking his eye to inculcate on the warder how deep he was in petty sessions, rules, and orders.
- "You'll not get the job done this morning, then, unless a bishop will do as well; we've had prelates in plenty lately for board and lodging in our house," said the warder.
- "Bishops were parsons when they were young, wern't they?" mused, doubtfully, Mr. Clarges senior. "I'm not up to natt'ral history, but ye see if the virtue don't go out of 'em, a wedding knocked off by one of 'em might stand in law, I've a notion."

"There was no wedding without 'em once amongst fine people in velvet, like your master, but somehow they 've driv' themselves out of folk's books."

"How's that?" inquired the blacksmith, who had been brought up at Lambeth, and had a glimmering notion of episcopal privileges.

"Cause they driv' too fast, and have got off the causeway into the mud, and mud's too thick to swim in, I've a notion. Better try the bishop, sir; he's a poor cratur', and will be glad of the job; a wedding's a fatter one than a confirmation."

Saving which, the warder went off to rouse the Bishop of Salisbury, whom the ungodly legislature had made a fellow-prisoner with Monk.

"Master Wren, hop up and be chirping like your namesake, at the top of the morning; a fat breakfast waits you, and the appetite that working for it gives into the bargain."

When Dr. Wren was informed that he was to get up and solemnize a marriage of an anxious couple, he could scarcely credit the news, so

little was the intervention of the clergy required for such partnerships at that day. The good bishop was pleased at this change of men's manners, and cheerfully rose to array himself in full canonicals, hailing it as a harbinger of his own release, and restoration to good order in Church and State; the reverend prelate being quite uninformed of the devastation of which England

was at that time the scene. During this negotiation for a substitute for the inebriated Mr. Freeze. Monk had risen and dressed himself, indifferent as to whether he was about to be married or hung. Marriage to a veiled woman was like a leap in the dark; but men became husbands in this way in Persia, and they had like feelings; then for a moment came the recollection of Lady Miranda; but all her brightness seemed lost in a thick mist; a film which had become an atmospheric coating, an enclosing opaque shell; a wall seemed to be built up around him, and his future life was to be passed within that wall: mortification and disappointment had changed his nature. To thoughts that would have roused sensations of holy delight, he was now insensible. Solitude was doing its work on his frame. He realized Seneca's remark, "Omnia nobis mala solitudo persuadet," and sometimes felt that "homo solus, aut deus, aut dæmon; mens ejus, aut languescit, aut tumescit." It is all very fine in Madame de Staël, living in the Grande Monde, saying "la monotonie dans la retraite tranquillise l'ame." I wish she had but a week of the separate silent system. Before he was entirely dressed, his door opened, and Anne entered, veiled as before.

"You have sworn to marry me, sir," said she, in a feigned shrill voice. "Do you abide by your oath? You may retract it."

"Are you more than woman, to seek to share captivity and poverty?" said he.

"I am a woman that will do both," she replied as before, "and bring you, like a true woman, what will relieve you from your troubles, and glory in it."

"Then by the living God, be that woman as ugly as Satan's most abominable creation, she shall not want a mate to flatter her; be she old, I will lengthen her days; be she young, I will teach her the world's hard lessons, and tell her she wrongs herself to be fair; if she be infamous, the dandled puppet of a life of dear-bought smiles and ill-becoming frowns, I will be to her what will scald the tears of repentance hotter than the lectures of moralists, and prove the truth of Sir Kenelm Digby's saying, 'That a handsome lusty man, that was discreet, might make a virtuous wife out of a brothel:'-ay, I will do all this: but if she be chaste, as she is true-hearted and loving, I will be to her what George Monk thought he was once born to be to-"

This impassioned address to the veiled lady, who stood motionless by the door of his cell, had worked up his feelings to a pitch of vividness, unfelt during the past year of his seclusion; strength failed him to pronounce the name of Lady Seymour, and it was well it did, for the sake of the veiled unknown, for the sound of that name, though uttered by himself, would

have crushed as sacrilegious a deliberate union with another.

"I am the woman that 'll prove your metal, sir," said Anne, in the same assumed voice; though, warmed with his frank and noble sentiments, she had nearly thrown off her disguise, and put to the test their sincerity, by blurting out her fondness and sealing it with a hug. The preference of a handsome enamoured woman is not to be slighted by any man, and we should have seen the effect of that of an enamoured ugly one, had she trusted him with a view of her face; or had not the discovery of the lady in the tent some two years before flashed on her mind's eye, as that organ of invisible vision is called, and made her cautious.

Old Clarges, not a little proud of his dress, and his intended son-in-law, announced pompously to Anne, that the Bishop of Salisbury was waiting in St. Peter's Chapel, which is within the Tower, and taking Monk by the arm, dragged him passively to it. The actress of many parts followed, prepared for an engagement in that of the wife; but no delicate expostulation of the bishop, who, supposing the bride some young and sore afraid votary of Hymen, addressed her in his most pastoral and touching phrases, could induce her to raise her veil; and on her father declaring his consent, and that his child was of age, the doctor commenced the ceremony, with the opening,

"Dearly beloved;" nor missing any portion to St. Peter's seasonable instruction to wives, to be subject to their husbands, and to abstain from braiding their hair. Monk stood apparently only an unconcerned spectator. His trials and hardships had transformed a mind of exquisite sensibility, and of a delicacy which never allowed him to approach without fear a woman of refinement, into one, though of no less diffidence, yet of indifference to the future, and tacitly submissive to the circumstances which governed the hour. When asked whether he would have the woman for his wedded wife, he carelessly responded, "I may as well have her as another;" and on the bishop's repeating the question, the same answer was returned. Dr. Wren put up his spectacled eyes, looked at the bride's father, and shook his head.

"Cock's-boddikins! we must not lose him," said old Clarges, alarmed at the the general's lapsus. "Beery, your reverence, that's all."

"Then we must stop," said Dr. Wren, "I cannot marry a drunken man."

"Phrase of his, sir; born with it in his mouth, never says yes or no,—he said 'I will take her as well as another,'—odd, sir,—odd, sir, that's all,—he's quite agreeable."

The bishop thought it might be so, and hearing nothing more from the patient's lips, proceeded to administer to him the matrimonial draught, guaranteed by the emphatic "I will," of the bride: the bridegroom looking all the while as if he were merely listening to the sentence of some court-martial read in his presence to an unhappy offender.

"Is that all?" he asked, scanning the bishop

indifferently.

"May God bless you, my children!" replied his lordship, "may you be a comfort and support to each other!"

He was stopped by the bridegroom, moving his feet uneasily, as by a sudden chill, and asking what was the imperfect inscription upon the stone upon which he was standing?

- "You stand on noble dust, sir," said the bishop; "that stone covers the most venerable and blameless of King Henry's victims, as those yonder cover two of his younger, and, I trust in God, as innocent ones. Your marriage has been solemnized over the remains of that noble lady the Countess of Salisbury."
- "The last of the Plantagenets in whose veins ran their unmixed blood, and I and my father are the last of the branch,—strange coincidence!—married—married!" muttered he; and then he reverted to his former absence of mind. Looking around him, and seeing his companions moving, he stalked away, regardless of the hint of an Irish bystander:
  - "Now give your wife the kiss of peace;" an

injunction which forms the closing address of the priest in the sister island.

When Mrs. Monk played the bachelor in Dublin, her backwardness in the struggle, which mostly ensues between the young men present and the bridegroom, for the first kiss of the bride, was contrasted with her forwardness in more dangerous encounters; but now, stung with her spouse's cold indifference, she darted at him as he turned down the nave, and against one of the fine old Saxon columns arrested him with a salute which echoed through the rafters of that venerable chapel.

"To be in keeping with an Irish wedding, the bridegroom should have brought me his certificate that he is free to contract marriage cum similiter solutâ," observed Bishop Wren, jocosely. Shaking himself from his wife, Monk traversed the passages from the chapel to the tower of the fortress alone in a very unbridegroomlike way to his apartment, where a sight met his eye that since his imprisonment had been a stranger to him. Nan had prepared herself a substantial repast, consisting of Turkey pie, brawn and battalia pie, having heard the general in vain long for this last—his favourite dainty; nor had she missed for her wedding-day its sweet-breads, lambs'-stones, ox-palates, cocks'combs, pigeons, artichokes, marrow, and oysters, with their necessary savourings of mace, ginger, butter, and lemons. Her father contributed a brown jowl of metheglin, made from a receipt of his eccentric wife, one of the five womenshavers of Drury Lane, who unfortunately died from a cold caught by a too generous prodigality of her person in the pillory in Covent Garden for the amusement of her fellow-creatures. There was in it a delicious confusion of balm, mint, fennel, rosemary, angelica, wild thyme, hyssop, burned agrimony bruised with spices and honey; and another pitcher of master Rudston's posset, compounded of sack, eggs, cream, ale, and sugar.

The sight of this pleasant déjeûné recalled him partially to himself, and he woke up, as in a dream, to behold around him the bishop, the lieutenant of the Tower, two gaily-dressed gentlemen, and a female enveloped in a veil, with smirking, giggling warders and officers of the Tower, volunteer guests at so unusual an event as a wedding within their precincts.

"Must we still be ignorant of the charms of the partner of your bosom?—Will not your wife unveil?" the bishop asked in a tender tone of subdued impatience.

"Wife! have I a wife? To be sure have I! Ah, I! Wife, I say, unveil;" exclaimed Monk, bursting into a violent fit of laughter, which brought him more to a sense of what he had been about, and why the party were gathered to-

gether than the 'solemnization' he had gone through.

- "Ply him with jowl, dad, or Nan's physiog may be too much for an empty stomach," whispered Clarges, junior.
- "Bravo! capital notion! for I'm thirsty as any black Jack after Saturday night's supper," replied Clarges, senior.
- "Now, son-in-law, a stoop of braggart with thee."

Monk accepted the pledge with no very distinct idea of his friend; and had no sooner done so than Anne threw off her veil, and in the bride—his bed-maker, maid of all work, and money-scrivener, sat before him.

I will not detain the readers of this authentic history with particulars of his surprise, the indignities or anathemas, blessings or congratulations that he uttered, or might have uttered, but for the fortifying libations of his father-in-law. I have said that Monk was a sensible man, and he acted the part of one on this occasion.

"Mrs. Marston," said he, "if you are the woman I've married this day, let me never want a better housekeeper in my wife than I have found in my servant."

The bishop, in spite of the new Act of Parliament prohibiting toasts, as provocatives to excessive drinking (an act now adhered to alone by the Society of Friends, as part of their code of

discipline) drank to the general, the bride, her father and brother, and flipping a filbert towards the lady, gave to the first the injunction of Catullus, in one of his epithalamiums—

Da nuces concubinæ, Sparge maritæ nuces.

The lieutenant of the Tower relaxed his austerity for the moment, and did not refuse a pledge from the general—nay, even said it broke his heart to keep a married man in prison; that he should now speak a good word for him with Mr. Denzil Holles, Mr. Lenthall, and the nobs who carried on the business of the government at Westminster, with the avowal of 'no connexion with the house opposite, at Oxford;' and endeavour to effect his release.

Old Clarges jumped up, and with a flourish that made the pewter platters ring again, clapped on the general's cover, by Anne's request, her portion, consisting of two hundred pounds in gold—Anne at the same time putting on her husband's finger the diamond ring she had so long kept, and the loss of which Monk had mourned many a day, when he bethought him of sending some token to the King, at Oxford, of his servant's captivity.

"A wedding gift worthy a king!" said the lieutenant, dazzled with the sparkle of the brilliant. "I would not release a general officer,

for instance, that might be my prisoner for such a ring,—I would not indeed, general, though some of my enemies in the house have said so."

"Wait till you're asked that favour, mister lieutenant," cried Mrs. Monk, in high spirits. "Who knows but a change of wind may not make you the very obedient servant of poor Nan Clarges, set by your wife, Lady Balfour, to scrub the floor of her chambers for a week, and rewarded with broken beer-blown wine, and crusts of oat bread?"

"Nan, what art saying?" cried her father, alarmed; "we shall be all clapped in limbo,—drat thy riotous tongue! D'ye think to get out hence wi' such garbage converse at a lord's table?"

"D—n his threats! there's somebody here we'll teach better behaviour too, father; I've not borne the King's commission to fear his enemies."

"Bless us!" whispered the bishop to the lieutenant of the Tower; "the bride's drunk with joy, she talks as if she already wore her husband's breeches."

Mrs. Monk during this remark snatched up the lieutenant's plumed cap, and a pike from one of the officers; the company started up in expectation of an impalement at the hands of a mad woman, and 'Look to matchlocks' was given in an under-tone by the frightened lieutenant of the Tower.

<sup>&</sup>quot; Braggarts, be seated,—do you fear a woman?"

she cried, slapping the hat on her head, and going through all the movements of the pike exercise with a quickness and precision that made the military men present, including the lieutenant, shout with applause.

"What a likeness to poor Sergeant Clarges!" said the general, involuntarily gazing at his semp-stress's evolutions, and the next moment he was agitated with mingled feelings of astonishment and fear to behold her going through a pantomimic exhibition of the wavering fortunes of a battle, introducing, as in accurate dumb mimicry, the episode of his visit and preservation at Kingstown Round Tower, at which no one had been present but the heroic sergeant.

"When saw you my Lieutenant Clarges—my brave preserver, to whom I owe my life? tell me, Sally, it is the first favour that your husband asks."

"Sally!" repeated both father and brother, has not he learnt her right name yet?"

"And a good name too, Sally," said her spouse.

"All that I know is that I married George Monk to Anne Clarges," said the bishop; "but if we have married the wrong couple, why its not too late, before bed-time, to do it over again—'tis but ten o'clock."

"Anne Clarges—Marston w—w,—wife I meant. Nan Clarges — impossible!" — breathing short, he looked as astonished as an awakened somnambulist, and regarded her with a piercing look, yet profoundly puzzled all the while. He dared not reconcile himself to the belief that he saw before him the Nan Clarges who had so abruptly snatched the letter from him at Braintford, which had been the ground of much of his subsequent misadventures, and the Nan Clarges to whom, accord-Sir Richard Greenville and his brother Nicholas, he owed his restitution to the King's favour: the sister to his preserver it was true; yet how could she describe thus accurately the struggles and death throes of the combatants in that awful conflict before the Round Tower. unless present, or possessed with a spirit?—perhaps he had married a witch, after all. These are only a tithe of the fears, misgivings, and pleasureable sensations that took entire possession of Monk's mind, during the racking period of doubt, apprehension, and astonishment, that his new wife was electrifying the military portion of the nuptial banquet, now increased to a crowd that pressed upon tables, chairs, and dangerously close to the range of the weapon she wielded with so masterly a hand. Rounds of applause and healths of the new 'Mary Ambree' were drank over and over again, and great was the strife to obtain but a glimpse of the martial bride through the crowded As the pantomime portraiture of the siege of Nantwich proceeded, Monk became more and more convinced that he had been bewitched in marrying a mad woman; he rubbed his eyes, and asked himself whether he was asleep. He hinted as much to the bishop, who was gazing on the lady, not knowing what exactly to think of himself for marrying such a being. He, however, comforted her husband. "Half mad is double wise. What says Seneca, general?—"Nullam fit magni ingenii sine mixtura dementiæ."

"Demented! She master of fence!" said Monk, after a pause, during which he had looked very serious, more than ever astonished at the practised professional style of her attacks, parrying, and de-The moment this idea was safely lodged within the right reverend ear, its owner exclaimed "I thought so from the first," and retreated horrified as fast as he could to his own apartment. When people have given way to an approbation of excellence, in anything illustrative of grace, buffoonery, or intellect, the next greatest pleasure is to find we are not so outdone as we imagine, but that there is humbug at the bottom of it, and that we could do as well would we condescend to trick and deception. Having the authority of a bishop for ascribing to witchcraft the dexterity in pike-practice of the newly-married laundress of the Tower, not a soul of her most enthusiastic applauders but now shuddered at the infectious approximation to a familiar of Satan, and scrambled from her presence as eagerly as they rushed into it. The room was now cleared of all but the

family circle, when, to the equal astonishment and admiration of General Monk, in a very few sentences, unadorned and strangely expressed, descriptive to the life, yet startling, he learnt what woman dares to do for the man she loves. He saw a plain, uncouth creature, whom the regnant body termed "society" or "the world" would push into a ditch on their paths, or foist up into a wind-andrain visited garret of their houses, not only possessed of warm devoted feelings and lofty principle, but enabled, by courage, resolution, and indomitable perseverance, to support them, for the sake of another, and show a bright example to the silken monopolists of highmindedness. He learnt, too, for the first time, how his life was saved from Sir John Denham, in the dark passage at Hampton Court, which deeply impressed his mind with a sense of the immediate providence vouchsafed to protect him.

Whilst listening, almost incredulously to this strange recital of adventures and escapes, their heroine was Commanded peremptorily before the chaplain and a conclave of parsons to answer the grave charge of witchcraft, and to rescue, they said, the general from getting between sheets with a vampire that might suck his blood and leave him a corpse in the morning. Several poor creatures had been burnt lately on the most absurd charges, all resulting in spite and aversion in the accusers, who yet found grave judges, even

deep law authorities to this day in Westminster Hall, to condemn them to the flames. would not allow the general to accompany her to the chaplain's lodge. "It was not right such as he should be seen connected with such as she in this business," she said, with a soldier's oath: but not returning for some hours, he sent her brother, who remained at the table as long as there was ale or wine in the beaker or pitchers; and from him learnt, that suspicion of devilry in his new rib was so strong, that escape from the last penalty could only be obtained by subjugation to the ordeal of water the next morning; that is, tied with knees bent to her chin, and her hands and thumbs well secured with cords. and thrown into the Tower moat: if she sank, why an angry Providence had ordained it: if she swam, nothing but the devil could keep her afloat, and the accused was convicted beyond appeal. Her brother also brought the comfortable intelligence that as the general was observed to be strongly affected by her incantations, he would be the next subject of examination; and if the evil spirit was not found to be driven clean out of him, no one could say to what extremities the spiritual courts might not be obliged in conscience to proceed.

Monk, disturbed by this intrusion of superstitious tyranny into his affairs, sent a respectful message to the lieutenant of the Tower, with the ring so precious to him, desiring this officer's acceptance of it, and begging the restoration of his wife from her present very unhymeneal guardians.

"To this devoted creature, whom by a strange fate I find my wife, I owe my life;—let it go, precious as it is to me, if it can save hers. I will do my duty by her, though—though"—and a bitter twinge cramped every fibre of his heart, as Shakspeare's cold line came forcibly and miserably to mind,—

"I do not love her, nor will strive to do it."

Mistress Monk shortly returned in a state of ecstatic triumph, and rigged out over her gaudy bridals with a florid petticoat of gold and silver tissued tabinet lined with plush, presented by Lady Balfour; and described the lieutenant's interview with the chaplain, and half-a-dozen other ministers of the parishes surrounding the Tower, as ludicrous in the extreme. He had upbraided them with desiring to bring the penalties attending detection of witchcraft into disrepute by arresting so virtuous and godly a lady as the wife of General Monk, who, whatever she had been, was now raised to his grade in life, and was incompetent and disqualified from participating in Satan's dealings on earth, which, he said, they ought to know were invariably confined to the poor, who were open to his temptation. In fine, he accepted the diamond ring, and became Monk's friend ever after, allowing him to

see what visitors he pleased in his room. He learnt that during his captivity, England had been revolutionized,— that every county had been the scene of sanguinary slaughter. He heard too that his brother officer, Lord Byron, his fellow in misfortune in Cheshire, had, with three of his brothers, fallen at a desperate battle fought on Marston Moor in Yorkshire,—those loyal warriors, sung by their illustrious successor, on leaving Newstead Abbey, the seat of his ancestors:—

"On Marston with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending, Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field For the rights of a monarch, their country defending, 'Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd."

Dr. Wren and he became intimate, and the King, hearing for the first time of his necessities, sent him a hundred pounds from Oxford, which bounty Monk never forgot; for he knew his Majesty was nearly as much in want of money as himself. He composed "Observations on Military and Political Affairs," to which his wife contributed many learned maxims;—not that she ever wrote a line of any known language; but her extraordinary memory for details, and fondness for the service, rendered her assistance most valuable. She was a staunch supporter of the eighteen-feet pike, to the management of which two chapters are dedicated.\*

\* A controversy respecting this arose amongst military tactitians. General Lloyd wrote, amongst other works on

It contains general maxims on war, and the duties of generals and officers, all of which, he maintains, are founded on the strictest rules of justice and morality; and religion is declared to be the leading principle on which every country should rely for success of its arms. At its close he says,-" Now to conclude, and speak how necessary it is for a kingdom or state to train up other people to the use of arms. Such kingdoms, where the men are trained up in academies of virtuous actuality, do always keep their honours at a high price, affording at all times men of absolute and complete carriage, both for designment and per-I account a rich public treasure proformance. videntially provided beforehand, and a people well trained in martial affairs, to be two pillars (next to God) that will preserve a kingdom or state from ruin and danger."

The ring worked a magical change in the departments of all the officers of the Tower towards the gallant new-married prisoner. He was removed from the small unwholesome room he occupied in the Byward tower, to another in the Beauchamp tower—the same occupied by Queen Anne Boleyn previous to her execution,—not the one incorrectly stated to be hers, viz., the upper apartment, with its one-grated window and rough oaken floor. On the walls of this room he read military affairs, a treatise in support of the pike of twelve feet in length.

memorials of its former tenants. Here the Earl of Arundel carved a pious memento of his hard fate: he died in this room. Near the middle recess is a carving in wood of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Northumberland, uncle of Lady Jane Grey; oak sprigs and roses, enigmatically commemorative of his four brothers who were his fellow-prisoners. He discovered also a record of the Earl of Leicester; his initials, R.D. surrounded with acorns. Here lay his father's old friend Sir John Elliott, whose cruel treatment was one of the gravest charges against Charles's government. But the initials of one T.W. were no sooner seen, than perspiration burst from every pore of his body;—he lay in the apartment occupied by his former general, the great Earl of Strafford, until he relinquished it for the scaffold!

## CHAPTER XII.

Monk released from the Tower.—Deportment of his laundress wife at the Lord Mayor's feast.—Boxing match with the Lady Mayoress.

THE defeat which the King and the party that adhered to him sustained in their endeavour to establish absolute power are matters of history, and what I will not venture to meddle with. Suffice it to say, after the battle of Naseby, he marched with his troops to numerous places in the West, Wales, and in the Midland counties; lives being unprofitably lost in daily encounters with the leaders of the people, and his cause losing supporters every day.

Through the lieutenant, offers were repeatedly made to Monk of the same rank he had in the King's service at Nantwich, if he would take a commission from the Parliament; but he refused them all, his wife supporting him strenuously in the resolution; for she understood not the nice distinctions of legislative and executive power, but regarding one who bore arms against her King as only qualified for the axe and halter.

" Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," says the proverb; so thought Monk; but he reconciled himself to his companion, and never let a word or look betray the void within, which can only be filled by the conjugal companionship of a refined, intellectual, accomplished woman. He found in Anne a person of strong natural sense, and of plain, and altogether uncultivated understanding. She was passionate, touchy, and tenacious, without being susceptible. Of how different stuff was formed poor Lady Miranda! her susceptibility, though it failed to outlive the shock of her husband's disgrace, had on former trials consoled her, while it wounded She felt that the pleasures are greater than the pains of life, for none but the sensitive feel what a glorious possession existence is. The day after removing to the Beauchamp tower he found his eyes riveted on the initials of his murdered commander. Not that he dreaded the reappearance of his spirit; but the coincidence of the locality—his recent mésalliance which led to it the prediction at Hampton Court-its upholding assurances crowding upon his mind, burst asunder the Lethean spell which had bound him during the previous twenty-four hours. The rules of the prison prohibited cohabitation of married inmates with their wives; had it not been so, his mind must have revolted, at least at present, from its contemplation with the person now by

law identified with his interests. The distance of the previous relations of the pair was an auxiliary in maintenance of this estrangement. Though he could not possibly love, he could not dislike. Merited esteem will work upon the heart in time as surely as passion.

At last, when the King had no longer an army on foot, and had voluntarily placed himself in the hands of the Scotch army, and terms were negotiating between them, Monk accepted (but under his staunch wife's protest) a commission from the Government, with the proviso, that he should never serve against the King.

He was appointed General of all the forces in the north of Ireland for quelling the Catholic rebellion, against which Parliament, having finished the contest with the King victoriously, bent all its energies.

Four years had he now been a prisoner, when he set out for his command, accompanied with his wife, who, though a thorough disciplinarian, and regarding the articles of war as those of her faith, would have applied the cat-o'-nine-tails to any soldier daring to speak of her otherwise than "the general's lady." She dressed fine, very fine, and made a sensation wherever she went amongst the ladies of the officers and of the Council of State in London, almost equal to what she created amongst the private soldiers, who had quickly reason to feel that their general had married a mar-

tinet. Woe be to the wight whose dress was not clean and accoutrements out of order! Monk dreaded the interview between her and Miss Phelps, which he knew must happen when he dined, as he had promised, with the Lord Mayor, who, of all persons in the world this year, was her father. Had he been privy to the gentle passage of arms between these ladies, he would have died before risking the possibility of a public collision.

Greatly as he desired it, Monk respected his wife's feelings too much to command her absence from the entertainment to which she was expressly invited. It would have been an unpardonable blow to her self-respect, and unkind in the extreme. Still, to most minds who place the ease of self above duty, there were ample reasons for requesting this absence. To appear in the presence of the commanding beauty, who had risked her reputation for his sake, with such a preferred rival, raised sensations disagreeable enough; but he manfully threw them off, and resolved to brave the dreaded interview. None of us like voluntarily to encounter the scorn of a fine woman's eve, however indifferent its possessor may be to us.

The residence of the Lord Mayor was one of those spacious old houses in Bishopsgate-street, with projecting bays and picturesque gables that still remain to break the monotony of our present most uninteresting cotton-mill architecture. It had been built by Jasper Fisher, a member of the Goldsmiths' Company, and one of the six clerks in Chancery; it had gardens, bowling allies, fountains, and was in itself so spacious, as to attract the envy of his citizen neighbours. "This house," says Stowe, "being so large and sumptuously builded by a man of no greater calling, was mockingly called 'Fisher's Folly,' and rithme was made of it, and other the like in this manner:

'Kirkebyes castell, and Fishers follie, Spinilas pleasure, and Megses glorie.'"

Queen Elizabeth had lodged there, and the Earl of Oxford had for a time inhabited it. Londoners now-a-days run no risk of lampoons for building magnificent dwelling-houses within the city. As we named before, incidental to Sir Richard Gurney's entertainment, those of the chief magistrate before the erection of the Mansion-house, were at his own expense, and at his own house.

Evelyn mentions dining with one of the sheriffs of London at his mansion in the Old Jewry, erected at an expense of twenty thousand pounds; the staircase being of cedar, and the carvings of the hall and dining-room executed by the celebrated Gibbons, this house being expressly built in proud anticipation of his official

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banquets; so early were the citizens distinguished by disinterested hospitality.

Monk had encouraged a vain hope of his voice being heard in the toilette department, as it had formerly been, when his word was law to remove a button or place a buckle.

Mistress Monk listened with military deference that promised him obedience; but not having this time the fear of the mutiny act before her eyes, her conduct for the first time since she enlisted was the reverse of orders.

The Court dressmakers of Milk Street and the Barbican pronounced her attire too incoherent for their understandings, and their obedient disciples, the ladies of Houndsditch and Cheapside, the Bond Street and Wigmore Street of those days, who dressed only by their authority, laughed outright as she emerged from a hackney coach before the large open porch of Master Phelps's house. Mistress Monk had been testing her reminiscences of the ladies' dresses she had seen at Cadiz, adding thereto those of dames she had envied whilst standing on guard at the Dublin castle gates, as they flaunted by to the entertainments of the Marquis of Ormonde; and interspersed both costumes most becomingly with features borrowed from some of her acquaintance among the vrouws of certain Dutch skippers moored off Tower Stairs.

A coif with two laced cherry-colour ribbon

streamers confined her hair, which was dressed backward from her forehead. Two large gold earrings reposed upon her ample shoulders; her gown of green paragar, flounced with white satin pipings, and edged with Brussels lace, was decorated at the stomacher with a profusion of gilt buttons and crossings of gold filagree. Dutch predilections surrounded her hips with a prodigious solid expansion, no sous-jupe oudinot delusions, but a hemisphere in whose quiltings some score yards of flannel appeared to be engulphed; while her petticoats were short enough to discover a pair of most substantial legs cased in blue silk stockings with yellow clocks, and terminating in stout lacquered shoes with gilt buckles. Her favoured husband preserved his composure with his wonted immovability; had his temperament been more mercurial, and his perception keener, he had absconded before reaching the first landing of the stairs.

"General Monk and his lady!" was repeated several times, to the former's annoyance, and again and again echoed with malicious zeal by unseen mouths from doors and passages, until the distinguished couple arrived at the summit of the wide staircase. He entered the reception rooms, and was the next moment in front of the lady of the house, who was receiving her guests with much dignity and affability. Monk's intention was simply to bow as he passed; thereby to avoid

catching her eye, or exchanging words save of the barest formality; his wife was at his side, and he trembled—his spirits were damped by that sort of conscious degradation which ill-assorted companionship never fails to inflict upon a sensitive mind.

Miss Phelps opened her large eyes, drew herself up to her utmost height, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter: to add to his vexation, which, with all his better nature, could not be quelled, arranged on each side of her were several faces he remembered to have been bent towards him with flattering interest at Hampton Court: there was her brother Lionel making faces, with malicious glee; and some quizzing exotics, who performed the part of jesters for the entertainment of Merchant Tailors' Company. He plucked his wife's sleeve to follow him as he passed to the right amongst the crowd of guests to make way for those that followed him; but any semblance of retreat under circumstances of discomfort was not in Mrs. Monk's tactics, civil or military. The insulting burst of forced artificial merriment their announcement excited in their hostess, exhibited in no less degree by all her petticoat suite, roused the masculine above the feminine feelings of resentment. Advancing with a look of defiance to within an inch of Miss Phelps's face, she gave it, without saying a word, a slap that echoed throughout the lofty room.

Her ladies-in-waiting screamed awfully, the excitement and uproar were intense; every one had heard the slap and the screams, but few knew who had received it, or what was the provocation; and all rushed to the spot where the offender's husband, whom the rude crack of his wife's palm on the lovely tender peach-down cheeks of the Lady Mayoress had startled and caused to turn round, shudderingly beheld his helpmate surrounded with a score of incensed jabbering matrons and dowagers, whom she only kept from murdering her outright by shaking her fist in each of their faces, and threatening them with similar salutes. To Lionel Phelps, who pushed her, she bestowed a rattler on his ear, with the gentle words, "Come up, Jack sauce," from which he started, the concentrated essence of cowardice oozing from his forehead. The general was assailed in turn with abuse from the younger men, champions of the city Juno, for supporting his wife in outraging her hospitality; though, poor man, he was too much overwhelmed with a pitiable sense of his false position to say or do any thing in her defence.

The ladies insisted upon the banishment of the perpetratress of the outrage, and the Lord Mayor, who had witnessed displeased his daughter's affront, insisted upon both belligerents forgetting the matter, and instead of pulling each other to pieces, whet their teeth for the dainties of his cook. In truth, he was dreadfully scandalized, and, like a wise man, thought the sooner the fracas was forgotten the better.

"If the mayor will invite such people, what can we expect? They say that she was a campfollower, a trull to Lunsford's babe eaters," said Lionel.

"O faugh! to sit down with a familiar of Prince Robbers, freebooters!" cried others, regarding the infuriated matron with increased horror.

More and more stormy language still passed between the ladies; all conciliation was hopeless. Our heroine expressed in terms not to be misunderstood her contempt for the corporation in general, and the company present in particular, and her sorrow that her husband was not in prison again rather than break bread with the party.

Monk opened not his mouth during the fray—he knew his wife was able to defend herself, and cared not to quarrel with the ruling powers on her account. She called upon him in vain to come out from amongst traitors: he calmly took his seat at table whilst his lady opened a new battery upon the Lady Mayoress. Hitherto she had refrained from any allusion to Miss Phelps's midnight visit to the general's tent, but dealt her abuse generally on the circle.

"You pattern of virtue, you holy vessel, to poach, like Judith, into your enemies' tent, thinking to cajole the general with your charms!

Let me catch you in our quarters again, hussey," she now cried, with voice and gesture that none but those who have not seen Norma's assault upon Pollio can realize.

General Monk rose, dismay strongly marked in every lineament of his face, for he suspected his wife had been talking of her friend Beldame Butts's favourite recipe against the vapours, undiluted Scheidam. Nor was he wrong; for his rib. like many a man we could name about to make a first speech in Parliament, preach a first sermon, make an offer, or commit themselves to any immense undertaking for the first time in their lives, had prudently fortified her nerves for the overwhelming début at a Lord Mayor's banquet. She could have charged a gang of the swell-mob in Cheapside, or fought with pike or back-sword any city grandee, Gog and Magog inclusive; but to sit in satin and brocade with grave matrons from whom she had probably in early life earned fourpence a-day at charing, was without it too rash a risk of flustration of nerves.

The moment Lionel Phelps's unmanly attempt to seize her was perceived, she snatched a sword from the side of Alderman Pennington, and soon by her thrusts and feints convinced the former that his defence was vain if she chose to use her weapon.

The screeching and hubbub was now at its height, for the Amazon had dragged forth by

the ear Alderman Pennington, Sergeant Bradshaw, and Lionel Phelps, her sword presented to their breasts, and had forced them down on their knees before her.

"Stir at your peril!" said she, going to the glittering buffet, on which were the beakers and magnums of wine arranged for the banquet.

"Drink King Charles's health, his throne on earth, and his enemies under it. Come, no flinching—no puritanical evasions!" said the toast-mistress.

Lionel rose from the ground, dusting the lace trimmings of his short trousers, growling—

"The devil cast in the same mould this hyæness and that soldier who tripped me up in the guard-room at Dublin, for never were two faces more alike."

When Sergeant Bradshaw tried to scramble up, his feet caught his gown, and down he fell again on his nose close to his inexorable posture-mistress, who, like Queen Eleanor, at that affectionate interview with fair Rosamond at Woodstock, with bowl in one hand and sword in the other, left no alternative but a steel lozenge to the refuser of the draught.

"Thou shalt take a second pledge of fealty to good King Charles in the golden milkmaid: hold her steady, caitiff, and let me hear thee wish thy soul with thy arch-parent, if thou injurest a hair of his royal head." Bradshaw was nonplused, and essayed a repetition of the grim smiles which had coaxed a verdict from the jury against Judge Jenkins and the officers of the Star-chamber.

"Murder! murder!—kill a King's sergeant in sight of his dinner?" he cried, hoping some assistance from the crowd of guests, who, standing around heartlessly enjoying the sport at their friend's expense, thought it too good to be spoilt.

"May I not be one of the blessed ones of the Fifth Monarchy that speedily cometh on earth, if I raise it against my King! and thou, O woman of wrath, shalt be my executioner," gasped the kneeling sergeant in utter fright.

Mrs. Monk needed not to say with Paulina, in Shakespeare's Hermione,

"Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand ——"

Her proceedings were sufficiently explicit.

The gentlemen preferring to tap the wine to any toast, rather than be tapped themselves for refusing one, sipped up the canary with ludicrous celerity, glad to escape impalement by repeating, canting, recanting, or vilifying themselves and their fellow-guests. When this batch had taken the pledge, she drew out others from the party amidst bursts of merriment, from whom, on their knees, she extorted benedictions of the sovereign they were restraining.

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When confusion was at its highest, the infuriated woman caught sight of her husband's brilliant ring adorning the finger of Sir Thomas Balfour, who was unhandsomely at the same moment not the least merry of a party noisely laughing at the scene. Unable to endure this combination of insult and ingratitude, she darted towards his seat, and overwhelmed him with her choicest vocabulary.

The doughty constable of the Tower, towards whom all eyes were directed, looked imploringly at his wife, who rose, and with infinite tact, soothed Mrs. Monk's susceptibilities by alternate flattery and sympathy with her wrongs. To take a seat at table with "sneaking Puritans, who would murder their King at Carisbrook, if they dare," she peremptorily refused; as to her husband, "he might do so if he liked, but he would one day find them out, and see them hanged before any should approach his table."

"It will be a very long time before he behaves so rudely, Mistress Monk, for his old friend's sake in the Tower," replied Lady Balfour, coaxingly, after exchanging a few words with the Lady Mayoress.

The now pacified and exhausted lady suffered herself to be cleverly led away by her companion through several rooms into the one indicated by the Lady Mayoress, a meagerly furnished apartment. There Lady Balfour left her maudlin

with the stimulus she had taken, and mumbling the dream, the truth of which she was more than ever convinced of when her conduct gave the least promise of its fulfilment. Overcome with her exertions, Mistress Monk fell asleep in a chair. It was dusk when she awoke; but, instead of proceeding to the door through which she entered, opened that of an apartment, on one side of which a number of well-filled corn-bags were piled to the ceiling, behind an arras which divided it; for the free-trade-and-rabbit-skinleaguer, Phelps, employed his capital in buving up corn, when able to do so profitably, to enhance its dearness to the people. Behind these bags were three serving-men treating their sweetthearts to dainties not within the range of their lawful perquisites, intercepted and removed furtively hither instead of gracing their master's The step of the intruder was heard. Clatter went the dishes, splash went the gravies; within pocket and petticoat were whipped woodcocks and sweetbreads.

- "Tis only mad Moll Whollops strayed out of bedlam!" exclaimed one who had witnessed the fray before dinner.
- "Her as insulted the young missus?" said a second.
- "Down with her through the governor's secret trap!" cried the third.
  - "Don't harm the poor soul," cried the tender-

hearted damsels, their mouths dropping syllabub and melted butter.

In another moment the stupified woman, enveloped in a sack, was swinging through a trapdoor into a granary, filled several feet from the floor with wheat in bulk, deep into which she was violently precipitated. To augment her anger, the laughter of those who had so obligingly assisted her descent was distinctly audible through the trap-door over her head. She remained so motionless with passion that the very mice, the lawful tenants of the place, returned from the retreats into which her uninvited visit had frightened them, to feast upon the luxuries amid which she lay, like a huge tipsy cake in a cream vase, or the city of Babylon itself, which Ovid tells us—

Dicitur altam Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

These murine cocktails, more nervous than those of Mrs. Ninos, made themselves excessively scarce in a few seconds; for Mrs. Monk's wide-spreading fardingales, flounces, petticoats, lappets, and all, like to Leviathan in the yeasty sea, or like an ine-briated swan in the weeds of the Serpentine, commenced floundering amid the golden grain, and not until some hours had flown in this sobering exercise did she discover a door, which, yielding to an energetic kick, allowed her egress into a garden, crossing which, and a bordering alley

into Bernard's Lane and through Tapel's Close, in the shades of the evening, she chewed the cud of reflection on the pleasures of a Lord Mayor's feast.

Her husband, like a wise man, spoke not a word during his lady's explosion, but endeavoured to look as unconcerned as a Spartan schoolmistress might be supposed to do at the Callisthenics of her boarders in the presence of Lycurgus.

Lady Balfour had led away Mrs. Monk, when rendered helpless, unfit for polite society, by the brandy she had swallowed and the unnatural excitement she had indulged; the latter's husband smiled gratefully when her ladyship returned with unruffled face to her place at table. The consorts of aldermen and common councilmen, one and all, foretold a curtain lecture of striking eloquence from the lady to her subdued spouse. husbands, advocates of physical force, prophesied a jobation of the fractious lady-both were deceived; conjugal conflicts were associated by both with eyes screwed up, with teeth-grinding, contumely, and mouth wagging at a forty-alphabet Short as Monk's campaigns with the white sergeant had been, he was too able a tactician not to perceive on what wing, brigade, and flank his spouse's weakness lay. He opened his eves, and looked certain unmistakeable looks, but kept his mouth as close as wax. His experience taught him that no daughter of Eve, rough, riotous, and revolting as her conduct may be, is without a heart; and he had learnt that the way to influence and subdue it, was not by open exercise of the masculine physical or masculine moral energies.

What right Pope had sixty years later to deposit Monk's conjugal sword and buckler in the armoury of the ladies, and, to make the larceny more inexcusable, stamp the felonious conveyance with the authority of his immortal rhymes, I have never been able satisfactorily to hear; so "give it up" to the finding of proctors and doctors of the Arches' Court. My own notion is, (for I speak as a bachelor hypothetically,) that mutatis mutandis, the gender of the party,

"Who never answers till a husband cools, Or if she rules him, never shews she rules; Charms by accepting, by submitting sways, Yet has her humour most when she obeys"—

were as well transposed. I have only to record, that the creature, to whom the dragon of Wantley was a type of gentleness in the mansion of the Lord Mayor in Bishopsgate Street, was all sob and contrition under the mild quiet eye of a forbearing husband at home.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Hampton Court in possession of Sectarians, who tear each other to pieces.—Poor Gravymeat, the cook, in the dumps.—The King's last visit.—The politeness of the Miss Whallys, who entertain the King.

"This is a world to see!" exclaimed old Gravymeat, the cook at Hampton Court, walking with hands clasped behind his back down the cloister from the hall kitchen portal, to Sawyer the verderer, on the afternoon of the 27th day of August, 1647. "This is a world to see, Master Sawyer!"

"It is a world to see," said Sawyer; and both seemed too overpowered with melancholy reflections at the importance of this fact, to say more for the present.

After several turns up and down the cool cloisters in silence, they walked across the two great courts, which, crowded with all that the wit, wealth, and beauty, of Great Britain could collect in joyous jubilee, but six short years before, was now green with moss and grass. Now an old servant was seen to loll listlessly at an open casement; here and there, in these vast ranges of buildings,

a heavy-looking, shoe-dragging, loose-coated child of despair stole stealthily close to the wall, and entering a door, its close was announced with an echo that resounded from court to court, from gallery to gallery, till it died away into a sad unnatural stillness.

"Not a deer have I had command to shoot for his Majesty these four years till Master Ashburnham came here yesternight. I never thought to have lived to see the day when the King's venison should feed a set of canting Roundheads. How they do eat in the city!" observed Sawyer.

"Hush! dost'ee see Peter Pipe at the buttery door?—the pope in his three-story cap is not prouder than Peter since that ruffian, Sir Robert Harlow and his ragamuffins, were here smashing the chapel windows and stripping down the pictures and holy images from the altar. Peter only wants a pretence to get both thee and me out of our places," said the cook, his countenance no longer rubicund, nor his person that of the chef de cuisine of other days.

At the door of the buttery now appeared Master Pipe, greater in authority than ever over his own department, and self-constituted superintendent over that of many others since the accession of the sectarian party to power, absence of the King, and dominance of his victorious subjects by whom he was at this moment detained in a state of honourable custody, having changed the entire cha-

racter of the palace. Behind Peter Pipe staggered with drunken gravity six short black-cloaked sour-looking scarecrows in broad-brimmed, steeplecrowned hats, hiccuping like asthmatic cats. According to a custom they had religiously observed for the previous twelve months, morning exercise in the buttery had been sustained by the creature comforts their efforts richly entitled them Each, after lifting up his voice against prelacy, papacy, and kingly enormities, had to groan over the weakness of the flesh whilst gathering strength from the juice of the grape, the cordial likewise of the hard-hearted and reviler of their spiritual toils; and constant martyrs they were to this sense of duty to the bodies that contained their spirit. The preachers who lost their bale of soul provender in the river on Christmas-day were now amply revenged; they stalked about the saloons of Hampton Court, and lounged on the sofas and chairs, talking treason, no man making them afraid. It is true the palace was nominally upheld for the King; but his Majesty's own servants, in all his palaces, were unpaid, and the few that remained would not conform to the new Presbyterian worship and reformed liturgy; so had to expect nothing from Parliament for their Gravymeat's eye was moist daily with tears, whilst, growlingly, cooking feasts for the commissioners, who came periodically from Westminster to view the King's palaces, and to dole

out sustenance to the hundreds who had formerly enjoyed the King's bounty ungrudgingly, which his Majesty always informed them was the right of the poor as natives of the soil.

- "So his Majesty will be here to-morrow from Lord Devonshire's," said Caleb.
- "No, from Oatlands. He has been at Lord Hatton's, at Stoke, since he left Latimer's. His Majesty loves hunting in Oatlands' Park," replied Sawyer.
- "Are the royal Princes with the King?" asked Caleb.
- "They are at Sion House: Lord Northumberland is the governor appointed by Parliament, and a good man is he for one of that party. How goes on your son with that crafty traitor, Lord Holland?" asked Sawyer.
- "He has a better birth then his old father, who sticks to his King; there's feasting constantly of all the folks that are uppermost, who, he says, hate each other worse than they hate the King. Since the Independents have started, the Presbyterians, who began the game against us, would not be grieved to have to play it again; but they've set the whirligig in motion, and the devil's domestics can't stop it. They're all in for it, striving to make best terms for their necks with the King. They'd sell each other for a title or a pension, and let the King have his own way if he would give up the church."

"Some of these gents come down a buckshooting, like royal princes; they don't as much as leave the horns or a tail for the keeper," said Sawyer, with a groan.

"Set a beggar on horseback—never was a wiser old saw," muttered Caleb, upraising his fine old Roman arches of brows into Gothic pointed ones, in keeping with his attenuated

figure.

"Let me see who they were; the lot of new members as came last week to Hampton Court in barges at the expense of the city; a more frightful mother of thieves and traitors than Rome was of harlots-saving your Catholic presence. There was John Rummage, member for the city, a varment little fellow as plucky as a stoat, the widow's mite, as Johnny the jester calls him; and Joe Skinny, member for Anywhere, him as had the King's pictures and plate sold at Whitehall, and sent Master Inigo Jones about his business, because his men would not work for nothing a day and find themselves; and Jack Cobnut, member for Stockinghole, with his double, Master Dull of Durham, and Master Muzzle of Buttontown, a downright straightforward fellow, all whiskers and good-humour, and Colonel Bristle from Lindsay; but how he agrees among 'em is a wonder to me, for there's always a row when he's down; and the Irish rebel's agent, Master O'Rint, who's over about the treaty of peace, which he's too deep ever to settle, for as long as Paddy carries on the war his salary lasts.

- "Salary! why, man alive! how can he squeeze salary out of the half-clad spalpeen bog-trotters, when the King's servants in England are nine quarters in arrear?" said the cook, raising his brows.
- "By one word," said the keeper, winking one eye, whilst timidly tapping his pouch, as if its contents were swelling when he was not to know anything about it.
- "Conjuring? some high Cokolorum of Lilly's, eh?"
- "Not he; he has not the wit of a Tipperary Tamman,\* or the gipsey of the upper form, to put a groat in his dupes' pocket, nor has he the charmed beryl, or the conjuring crystal with the cross at the top, engraved with the names of Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel. He knows nature, Caleb, and that all Irishmen are gamblers at heart; that they'd sooner stake their last penny on a chance of a pound than work; and though he's done nothing for them yet, he makes 'em believe that he can if he likes; its less trouble and better pay."
- "They must be precious fools to let him keep up that game so long," said Caleb; "I should not
- \* Names formerly given in Ireland to "wise men," in "Albumazon," "Ram Alley," and old plays of this period.

joy in seeing his sour looks, or hearing his brogue if I were to try that hit, and keep in my arm-chair close and snug; not cooking a dinner, but promising it, repeating to them 'the ready ways for dressing flesh and fish,' from Obadiah Blagrave's 'Compleat Cook;' should not we have his shille-lagh swinging about the backs of the grooms of the larder, the yeomen of the pastyre and confectionarie, in no time?"

"Old Madam Wippy has been crazed this morning, because her old crony Nan—I mean Mistress Monk—refuses to come near her, though she passed not far from hence on her road to Ireland," remarked Sawyer. "Fine times!—Nan Clarges a general's lady! and the King's palace a summer-house for canting common-council men and low-bred fellows who would not have had a seat in the kitchen with any good will seven years ago! I hope his Majesty will have the better of them yet. If he could but be brought to knock under in church matters he'd get all he wants. We shall have a great resort while he stops."

The conversation was interrupted by a servant from Peter Pipe, commanding the cook to the kitchen, and the verderer to his ground, as Colonel Whally would be here anon.

Master Gravymeat and Master Sawyer parted, the former to prepare, with an ill-will a repast for Whally, who was to be quartered at Hampton Court with his regiment, nominally as a guard of honour to the King, but really to hold him in custody.

Whally, with the greatest sang froid, ordered the Prince of Wales's apartments, which commanded a view of the road to Kingston, to be prepared for his major and staff, whilst he declared his intention of remaining in the Queen's apartments nearer the south front, which adjoined those dedicated to his Majesty's use. The rooms had not been occupied for six years: a dry unpleasant smell pervaded them; for it must be remembered that, though locally similarly situated, they were not the same lofty and capacious rooms which we now see in Wren's new buildings on this site. The rooms were then hung with tapestry, and the windows all had cosements similar to those in the two first courts, the ceilings were ornamented with bold pendants and compartments, and the wainscoting below the hangings carved in slight relief.

The first room the booted soldier entered was the Queen's withdrawing or raying chamber, which his lady, who accompanied him, sighed to see, was exquisitely and conveniently furnished for a papist; nor was she appeased in the waiting-chamber, the chamber of presence, the sitting-chamber, the bed-chamber, long gallery, or holiday closet,—all of which were termed the Queen's chambers; they were sadly out of character, in her opinion, for so unholy a person; but Mistress

Whally would try to reconcile herself to domestication therein. With her, sad to relate, six Miss Whallys quitted, with well-feigned reluctance, their house at Hackney, and the ministry of the Reverend Jabez Snort, to breathe the atmosphere of Hampton, tainted with royalty and worldly wickedness. This compulsory emigration excited so much sympathy amongst the elect at Hackney, Dalston, and Kingsland, that no less than fifty self-devoting young ladies offered to take the place of 'the dear girls,' and make themselves useful to their beloved deaconess, if she would spare the feelings of her daughters this once, and not force their inclinations.

In the evening of their arrival Colonel Whally. his family, and his officers, supped in the public dining-room, and gave great scandal thereby to several of the King's old household, who had remained from year to year in their apartments in vain hope of the day when their royal master would put down his foes and live amongst them; neither did any of the ladies make their appearance at the gate over the most bridge to receive "the reigning family," as Mistress Whally, in the pride of her heart, designated her flock. "My husband is master of this house of the King until to-morrow, and certainly I am mistress of it as much as I am of Ebenezer Lodge," thought she, whilst traversing with all her daughters, and the sad-colour liveried servants that accompanied them from London, the state-rooms, corridors, cloisters, and galleries, of this vast palace. "The Lord hath broken the pride of the heathen and raised the humble and meek: see ye who are privileged to view it, the rewards attending the waiters upon his providence. He hath totally crushed the oppressor by the hand of his servant Cromwell; and your father, my children-your master, serving-men and women-is one of his captains, as Joab was a leader of the hosts to To-morrow, when my husband goes forth David. to bring in the King, to whom we desire respect to be paid,—misguided man as he is,—you will with me visit the house of prayer, which that chosen vessel of regeneration. Sir Robert Harlowe, has purified, and if, peradventure, any relic of the accursed thing remaineth, we will overthrow it and break it asunder as Josiah brake in pieces the abomination of Baal."

Those of the King's old servants that remained viewed this triumphant procession of the family, whom the fortune of war had placed over their Sovereign, as a most provoking display of malignity, and showed their sense of the insult in various ways.

The King, accompanied by an escort of cavalry, trotted up in a smart pace to the gates over the bridge towards Hampton, through which and Shepperton he had passed, crossing the river from Oatlands, where he had only staid a day.

"The King! the King!" cried joyously all the old servants, as they ran through passage, court, and cloister to the gate-house, eager to behold again the face of their royal master. They pushed one before another in the gateway, (now the site of the house of Mr. Craib, the clerk of the works,) their loyal eagerness getting the better of their deferential awe of majesty.

The verderers had gone to meet the King as he crossed Hampton Court Green. Charles drew up, addressed them all by name, and made particular inquiries about the hinds, bucks, and fawns under their care.

- "I have been eating of Hertfordshire venison, Sawyer; we must have a buck of thy shooting to-morrow," he said, walking his horse by the verderer's side.
- "Mr. Ashburnham has commanded it already, and a haunch, which I trust your Majesty will deem no discredit to Bushy Park, hangs in the larder."
- "If Caleb is living, he shall dress it for our table."
- "He is, your Majesty—and his heart—all our hearts are rejoiced to serve your Majesty's sacred person again," said Sawyer, his honest face confirming his sincerity.
- "That I doubt not; would that all who have eaten my meat and drank my wine were as faithful to me! your family has served the crown vol. II.

long." The verderer's countenance beamed with delight at this royal acknowledgment.

Instead of the beating of drums, the clanger of trumpets, the clashing of arms, running to and fro of halberdiers, body guard and yeomen, the canopy, and the velvet laid down for his feet, of whose touch the ground seemed proud, the King of England dismounted from his horse under the gateway of the palace of his ancestors almost unheeded. The truth was, the insincerity of his conduct in the various treaties opened with him since his surrender to the Scots at Newark, for the settlement of points in dispute, had alienated the minds of his subjects infinitely more from him than the disasters of his arms. He had been present in about twenty pitched battles against his subjects, in the majority of which he had been worsted; yet, even gallantry in defeat and generosity in victory characterised his conduct. He was admired by his enemies, for his spirited defence of his arbitrary notions of kingly prerogative; but despised for the qualification that always accompanied his negotiations. The English nation eminently honours political manliness; no rank or ability destitute of moral worth can possess a permanent ascendancy in the general mind. If politicians can possibly make a greater mistake than attempting to conciliate their opponents by abandoning the points of their former hostility, it is by allowing a discovery of subsequent insincerity. The colonel commandant and his family, to do them justice, had posted themselves at the top of the great staircase instead of at its feet. The six Miss Whallys, taught at school to maintain a most distant bearing to the male sex, seeing that this was the first time the younger ones had approached the person of a greater man than the minister of Hackney, drew themselves up by the wall-side with the rigidity of Caryatides. The colonel believed himself for the occasion as the representative of the nation, which, as it had conquered the King, could on no account go down stairs to receive him. This high-minded principle was thoroughly inculcated upon all the Miss Whallys, except Jane.

The King seemed resolved not to ascend the stairs or tacitly submit to this undoubtedly studied insult; which, with the importance he put upon court etiquette, cut him deeper than the loss of a battle. He changed colour, and looked at Mr. Ashburnham and the Duke of Richmond, whilst a titter of gratified malignity at being successful in wounding a nobler soul than their own, discovered to their astonished monarch the perpetratresses of a graceless, heartless disloyalty whose existence he never could have believed.

He had hitherto, whilst in custody, been at various noblemen's houses, where every demonstration of respect had been paid him by those in arms against him, as well as during his sudden abduction to Holmby, by the very unceremonious Cornet Joyce and his men (in which move Charles cheerfully acquiesced, for good reasons of his own). He thought of Lord Strafford's reproaches on that night, ever present to his memory—even the prophecy of the prior of Esher rose in his mind. The courtiers stood round the King aghast at the insult, and without daring to suggest a step forward; when the circle was broken by two persons throwing themselves on their knees before them. They were, Sir Guy Carleton, of Ember Court, and Sir Thomas Vavasour, accompanied by the clergy of their parishes.

The King was affected by this touching testimony of regard in his neighbours, a redeeming feature in his chilly reception amongst them.

Subsequently collisions of a very vexatious and oftentimes ridiculous nature, and contests for sovereignty, took place between the Monarch's own household and the mean-minded family of Colonel Whally; yet the majesty that surrounds a king and the inherent loyalty of the English people prevented, at this time, when all hopes in his sincerity were not flown, any further personal inconvenience, much less any approach to insult.

The King conversed with his old servants, cheered their spirits with prospects of a speedy payment of their wages, hunted in Oatlands Park, and in Bushy Park, and went occasionally to Sion

to see his younger children. Sir John Denham came again to court, in defiance of the bad odour that hung about his short-married life.

The Queen particularly desired that he should convey the Duke of York to France; which delicate charge he accomplished with great dexterity. avoiding the spies of Parliament, who ordered this prince to be brought to London. The Prince of Wales, who had much distinguished himself during the war, managed to escape to France from the Scilly islands at the same time. Hampton Court therefore assumed something of its former cheerful air. All the nobility who adhered to the King thronged thither to pay their respects to him, and not unfrequently were Colonel Whally and his family entertained at the royal table, where Mistress Whally, with all her former boasts of her independence, indifference, and almost defiance of royal influence, became the most submissive and humble of all the ladies of the royal circle. A few days after Charles was established in the royal apartments he was walking in the gardens deploring the sad neglected, dying and hopeless state of the many curious plants and shrubs in the Queen's garden, her Majesty's peculiar delight. Even the hardy cerasus, lauro cerasus, now so common throughout England, but then recently introduced, looked brown and unhappy, the blackthorns looked melancholy, the cypresses frowning and puckered, and a weeping all saints' cherry-tree,

introduced by the Queen's almoner from France, seemed to regard its master reproachfully. But there was one person near him who regarded this scene of improvidence and floral ruins with a still sadder eye. He was viewing critically and contemptuously the clipping of a holly peacock, bent upon detecting artistical errors in its unpoultry-like configuration. He was distinguished by a very intelligent countenance, full bright eye, and prominent nose, embrowned with the sun of foreign travel.

"Son of a worthy father, Evelyn of Wotton, if my memory be not shaken by what hath past since I saw thee," exclaimed the King; and Mr. John Evelyn knelt at the royal feet on the grass-The King put out his hand to kiss, and bade him rise, saying, with a smile somewhat reservedly gracious, "Thou art a model for subjects -few remain like thee in such times as these. Tell me what thou hast been so quietly about these six years? I thought from what Denham told me of thy great retinue, when sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, that some of thy hundred and sixteen servants in green satin doublets, and the hundred and fifty gentlemen, thy friends, who were ready enough to accompany thee in honour of the King's Justice Richardson to Kingston assizes, would have donned buff and belt for the King himself. I saw not thy green doublets amongst Lord Hopton's Surrey force, Evelyn!"

Poor Mr. Evelyn was taken aback with this unexpected sally, and said, with confusion—

- "I absented myself from the ill face of things at home, which gave umbrage to wiser than myself. I saw the medal reversing, and our calamities in their infancy. I served your Majesty stouter by spreading your royal favour, royal virtues, love of the arts, literature, and wisdom in Italy, France, and Holland."
- "Tut, man! a very pretty excuse!—when you should have been at home to fight for our rights," rejoined the king, affecting displeasure.
- "And have the costly gratification of redeeming my property from sequestration by Parliament for my pains," thought Evelyn; but he only said, "I have collected a variety of antiques, statues, and gems, the choicest of which I will lay at the feet of your Majesty by your gracious permission."
- "Let us finish our treaty with our presumptuous subjects, and be seated on our throne, and we will receive thy dutiful gifts; until then hold them in thy keeping at Wotton. How escaped thy heart the stately Venetian fair perched on Choppins?"
- "Mezzo carno, mezzo ligno—I declined their society, your Majesty," said Evelyn.

The King desired Evelyn to walk with him through the Pond garden to the Mount, and tell him whether he preferred the gardens at St.

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Germains to Hampton Court. The learned traveller and the King were soon in interesting conversation beneath the deep shades of the cedars, upon the topic so grateful to Charles—the state of arts in the European capitals.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Visit of the King to the Astrologer in disguise.—Domdaniel at Walton. — Revelations of the Astrologer.— Lilly in his glory.

One bright balmy morning, Sir John Denham, Ashburnham, Sir John Berkeley, and Col. Legge, were closeted together for an hour in the library, after which Mr. Ashburnham repaired to his Majesty, and on his return called Sir John Denham aside. Shortly after the valet of the latter, with several consignments from his master's wardrobe, passed towards Mr. Ashburnham's apartments, into which the King also went by a private door, under the arras: the conversation was in a low but earnest tone, and the looks of all parties were significant of anxious anticipation of the success of a bold undertaking.

"I only need a lyre to be the Apollo of Cooper's Hill," remarked the king, extending his limbs right and left, and viewing himself in various positions in the mirrors of the first gentleman of the bedchamber. "The dress becomes his Majesty bravely," rejoined Ashburnham.

"Sir John will never dare to attire himself in robes that have been honoured with covering his Majesty's sacred person," said Colonel Legge.

"Is Lilly acquainted with your voice, neighbour of Egham?" asked Ashburnham. "You must have met each other at Chertsey."

"Say, rather by the Shepperton deeps; and we have hooked trout together in the Mole; but I

was in buff jerkin, galligaskins, and slouched catafalque; he has never seen me in this dress or one

like it."

"Then you must be the mouth-piece of our party, Jack," said the King. "Berkeley, Legge, and Denham, bide close in Ashburnham's apartment. Be not seen without the palace, for we go forth to represent you as the envoys of Charles Stuart."

"It is but seven o'clock, and we shall be back for the audience we have promised those archrogues, Cromwell and his son-in-law, Ireton; before dinner you shall know our destinies."

The courtiers bowed low. Charles, attired in Sir John Denham's suit which he wore when governor of Farnham castle, in half armour, scarf, gorget, hat and plume, ruff, and boot fringe of fine lace, with the knight's gold chains, descended with Ashburnham the private staircase into the cloisters of the Fountain Court; then ascended another stairsase to a corridor on the south front, and descending by the apartment occupied by Denham

on Twelfth Night, sought the vaulted passage under the pavilion to the water. The sun's rays shooting here and there through loop-holes assisted the King and his confidant to grope their way to the end. They crossed the ferry at Moulsey Hurst, where Charles's disguise was nearly discovered by the ceremonious phraseology of the gentleman of the bed-chamber, who bemajestyed his companion so thoughtlessly, that the former observed—

"Well, Jack, if I were to make a clean run from the rebels, thou art the last man should be the companion of my flight."

To avoid observation, they availed themselves of the inviting freshness of the morning to walk the short distance between West Moulsey and Walton; and, further to mystify the far-famed astrologer, to consult whom incognito was Charles's object, Ashburnham bore tablets of the day and exact minute of the birth of his royal master, the King furnishing himself with similar particulars of the Prince of Wales.

"My father," said the King, as he walked along, "wanted parliament to pass an act to prevent London from growing any larger. It was only half way up the Strand beyond Temple-bar in his day, but now houses are built to Charing-cross, and beyond Shoreditch. When I am restored to my rightful authority, Parliament shall consider this, and oblige my subjects, who will

build houses, to stick them up in detached places: large towns are the ruin of health and morals. I wish no town in my dominions to be larger than Oxford."

"London can never increase, Sire. The rebellion of the citizens will be visited upon their wicked heads. London will shrink up and be deserted. Bristol, for its superior loyalty, will become the metropolis of England. I dreamt that I saw it like a new Jerusalem descending from the firmament, and London sunk into a salt lake as Gomorrah; and I heard the words, 'Wo to London! it hearkened not to the voice of the Lord—nor of the Lord's anointed.'"

"Stay, Jack; thy affection outruns even thy dreams there. I leave my subjects to be dealt with by the Lord,—the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance. Jack, I have not walked so far since our stolen march out of Oxford to Newark, that night when thou, and I, disguised as thy servant, with Mr. Hudson the parson, footed a bad road ten miles in the dark, and left the two Sir Tommies (Fairfax and Glenham) to settle possession of an empty house."

"May fire and brimstone consume \_\_\_\_"
commenced the courtier.

The king stopped this loyal denouncement of his subject by praising the general freshness of the morning.

"The soul of that man," said he, "must be a

compound of lead and clay, who would not feel the barometer of his spirits at an extraordinary elevation while inhaling the healthful breezes from these meadows, and gazing around our path, Jack! How beautifully are those hues, from the yellow russet to the deep red, relieved here and there by the dark green foliage of the undying yew, and the pale trunks and silvery skins of that birch and mountain ash in Apscourt coppice! What a mellow softness accompanies August! I should think no more of a walk to my palace at Oatlands than a Scotch lassie does of a bittock—for a highland bittock is just the distance. When all is settled, Jack, you and I will make incog a walking tour through our island."

Thus chatted the King, his spirits taking a bound, enjoying the liberty of a subject, which he was usurping now for his own real happiness, much more at this moment than any act of parliament, order of council, or carnage of his opponents could assist him to do. He was no longer a king; its cares were flung aside with his dress. In this way the monarch, whose aching heart was for a moment lulled, beguiled his unwonted pedestrian exercise until he found himself in the village of Walton.

In this reign, and even to the end of the seventeenth century, and beyond it, the science of astrology was held in great esteem by many persons of high rank and liberal education, both

in England and in other parts of Europs. Of this credulity, even in persons who appear to have had but a faint belief in revealed religion, and an utter disregard of its moral precepts, it would be easy to produce a great number of examples; and, amongst others, might be mentioned Charles the Second, and his celebrated mistress in the first years after his restoration, the Duches of Cleveland, who both of them appear to have been firm believers in judicial astrology.

There is no doubt that Lilly was a firm believer in his art, as well as many others of rank, education, and fortune. He had a store also of monkish prophecies handed down from the dark ages, which by the verification and confirmation of several public events, obtained respect, if not faith in all, from a large proportion of the people

of this kingdom.

The habits and profession of Lilly inspired the Waltonians with much awe; but few of them ever saw the inside of his house, though its approach was seldom desolate, especially the path on the furthest side of the road, where old women and children were wont to stand and wonder at the style, equipage, and dress of the frequenters of the astrologer's levee. The greater portion of the women wore red cloaks, russet kirtles, hand-kerchiefs trimmed with Coventry blue, and coarse felt steeple-crowned hats whilst the children ran, shouted, and tumbled about in short coats and

bare legs. The house itself was crested with rounded gables eastward, hip-knolled gables westward: from the roof sprung chimneys fantastically decorated with zig-zag, lozenge, curved, and quartered shapes, whilst string courses of fancy-moulded bricks protruded under the windows of each story. The eaves were deep, and decorated with overhanging carved wood pendants, curving in half circles to points terminating in heads of nondescript night-capped old ladies and squinting imps, in imitation of ecclesiastical gargoyles: no one could pass without perceiving that the owner was a man who practised his right to do what he would with his own.

It was astonishing where all the children came from who ran out whooping, cheering, and calling to each other as Mr. Ashburnham and his companion walked soberly up the one street of Walton. Armed parties were so frequently passing through Walton from Windsor to Kingston, that a cavalcade of soldiers in full uniform could scarcely have roused the attention of the villagers; but, with a quickness of perception, gained only by observation of the expression, gait, and manner, characterising people who come upon what they themselves have some troublesome flitting conviction, is not an errand they have reason to be proudest of, the sharp-sighted loiterers in Walton on that day "twigged" the business directly; and, "Eh,

sirs, the astrologer bides there, you'll find him at home," broke from many little impertinent lips; and some little boys fearing that this information would be thought worthless, unless paid for, stamped their own notion of its value instanter by putting out their caps for a fee. Sometimes some who had come long distances felt their courage falter on these occasions, and their heart fail as they approached within sight of the man of destiny, especially if accosted by these impudent brats; pettishly declaring, that "they neither wanted to see the astrologer, nor believed in wicked demon-mongers, who ought to be burnt," and rode boldly on past the house of fears as well as fascination.

To paint the mortifying manœuvres by which these self-deceiving sensitive folks wriggled their way into Walton again by back lanes and through hedge-gaps, does not belong to our story, for both our cavaliers having resolved to put the best face they could upon their errand, manfully entered the gate.

Biting their lips, and with difficulty restraining a laugh at the oddity of their mission, Charles and his companion crossed the little court before the house, and knocked at the door. A gaunt object of forbidding mien half opened it; and having passed an approving glance over the attire of the new customers, next proceeded, at some expense of physical strength, to throw into his

features a twist which it earnestly trusted would be taken for a smile, or an encouraging welcome.

"Will Doctor Lilly give us a consultation at his leisure, my friend?" inquired Charles, assuming imitation of Sir John's affected drawl; smiling admiringly at his own imitation when he had finished his query.

"My royal mas—, my friend I mean, requests immediate attention. Be gone, starving varlet, and tell the conjurer the Kin—, two gentlemen—I mean, desire instant attendance."

Jonah expanded his mouth, regarding the comers with that conciliating prepossessing aspect, known among moderns as an "I wish you may get it" stare, and made no motion to assist their progress into the presence of the Walton Melchisedek.

"I see I must speak for myself, though it betrays us; thou art not thus always overbearing, I trust?" said the King, vexed at the ill-timed rudeness of his companion.

"Take this, for thou lookest a faithful servant," said Charles, putting two angels into his hand, and perceiving their instantaneous effect on the man's deportment, he added, "we would be favoured with an early interview with thy illustrious master, for we have business that waits our speedy return."

The man sidled away with the flexible facility of a portable flight of eight steps and prop.

"Your Majesty has raised the Archimago; we shall see his rogueship anon," whispered Ashburnham; and he was right, for the eager Jonah made but two strides from the door of his master's sanctum, and about the middle of the third seemed in doubt whether he should fall stiffly against the customer he delighted to honour, or draw himself perpendicularly rigid close to their faces. He chose the latter finale to his pas, and stuck out apparently as fingerless a hand as the Teddington sign-post, at Twickenham, towards the door of the cabinet of mystery. They entered, and the door was closed after them by Jonah. Amidst an indescribable confusion of useless apparatus, sat the dealer in dark counsel, clad in a crimson velvet robe trimmed with minever broadly on the collar and cuffs, a stiff ruff round his neck, and a large cap of minever on his head.

Lilly's feet were thrust into large shoes. His bald brow was partially covered with grey hair combed straight over his temples. His eyebrows were scarcely perceptible, and the upper eyelids were limp and falling, (like the membrane that veils the eyes of reptiles,) and almost concealed his small, bright, black eyes. His thin and colourless lips were confounded with the pale complexion of his lean visage, pointed nose, and sharp chin. His livid and almost lifeless face had a still more strange appearance, from its sepulchral immobility; and but for the rapid

motion of his fingers, scrawling away with his pen astronomical signs and cabalistic figures, Lilly might have been taken for one dead.

It was a sinister spectacle to watch that corpselike man writing in mysterious characters in the dead silence and gloom of his den.

Scattered on the floor lay newspapers and pamphlets—the former in small half sheets; all of which had been sent to the wise man for interpretation of accidents and circumstances of the most trivial nature, which the interested parties or their friends imagined had some second cause, known only to the accepted disciples of the spheres; belief in his expositions amounting to an astrological epidemic through the nation.

Of the numbers of the "Mercurius Nubius," the proportion was greatest. Passages were carefully marked, and accompanied with marginal interrogatories, and several in the fine Italian hand, practised by ladies of that day, betrayed the sex of his firmest believers. These papers had been sent to Lilly from Oxford, the head-quarters of the King; and the sly old fox, knowing that his correspondents about the court and camp of the sovereign were not likely to trust each other with the extent of their faith in a rebel's replies, had drawn up a form, a masterpiece of mystification, which his factotum Jonah copied, with slight variation, to suit the rank of the parties whom they were destined to enlighten and com-

fort; the diction not altogether uninfluenced by the amount of the fees. Close to a heap of the above-mentioned Oxonian journals, was a small one of the "Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer," a thorough going ministerial print, wherein none escaped abuse, save Presbyterian ministers, a thickand-thick parliamentary partizan; by these were promiscuously tossed the "Mercurius Bellicus." a chronicle also devoted to the Parliament, in which every combat from a pitched battle between the contending armies to the pugilistic affrays between the rival tax-collectors of King and House of Commons in the parishes throughout the land, were registered, with the same evenhanded partiality and veracity that make the bulletins of Buonaparte so trustworthy a textbook for modern European historians. Perfect Diurnal" held the same party-led integrity, whilst the "Mercurius Rusticus" was a provincial chronicle invaluable for its correctness, as our " Midland Counties' Herald."

"The Parliamentary Scout" was a dawning of our Hansard's Debates; only speeches in reply to members declaiming against the King and his council were wisely omitted. A bundle of the "Mercurius Civicus" lay beside the Scout—a journal devoted, like our "Morning Advertiser," to the interest of sutlers and purveyors of pearl and barley wine: not far from this lay some numbers of the "Mercurius Britannicus," the

"Trade Informer," the "Welch Mercury," and the "Scotch Dove;" all esteemed the best chronicles of passing events by their respective local supporters. A " Mercurius Aquaticus" or two, stained with beer, betokened that this naval chroncicle was sent up to the shades of Walton from Portsmouth, and much was the grand master of augury bothered to find excuses for not shipwrecking royal convoys with arms from Denmark, whose destruction Lilly had been paid to predict. Three numbers of "An Old World to cast New Laws by," an "Informator Rusticus," with a lot of the "Mercurius Civicus," the "Mercurius Redivivus," together with the "Court Mercury," " London Post," " Mercurius Cambro-Britannicus," covered the floor from corner to corner.

On the north-west side of the room over these were cancelled horoscopes: nativities and charts of the moon were piled on shelves rising from the floor to the ceiling, in all the conceited accumulation of a young special pleader's chambers (only they were not acquired, for convincing proofs of an overwhelming practice, at twopence per pound at a waste paper merchant's in the City); mixed with these archives of fate, were more newspapers, and the King's eye ran over the titles that were visible of those ranged on the condemned shelves, and destined to become nourishment for Mrs. Lilly's conflagrations in the kitchen; amongst which were the "City Scout,"

the "Moderate Intelligencer," the "Mercurius Melancholicus," and the "Mercurius Pragmaticus," of which last frequent consignments had been sent to Walton.

On his table behind a large globe, and directly is sight of all who entered his sanctum, were placed several volumes with obvious parade, intended to impress his visitors with a proper sense of the genius of the great man in whose presence they stood. They were mostly his own works, being willingly obedient to the warning not to hide his light under a bushel. There lay open "Pancualle Medela, a way to find things, by William Lilly;" with " a Clavis to his book on the Art of his Art," by Mistress Mary Frith." Of this clavis he was very proud; and used to challenge the world to show him another instance of an author honoured with a commentator of the feminine gender. "The prophecies of Nicholas Fisk, the Colchester astrologer, with a frontispiece by Marshal Spaggo,"-"England's Recovery,"-" The Owl's Almanack,"-" Jack Daw's Prognostication."-"Sally Simmons, her Rhymes," and some other prophecies of the reign of James the First; in a strong vellum cover with clasps, was a quarto edition of the Almanack of Alcofribus Nasier, the Anagram of François Rabelais, with the pantagmelism of that eccentric and learned wit published at Lyons, 1553. The proof-sheets of our sage's great work were lying on his desk, entitled "Christian Astrology modestly treated of in three books, by William Lilly, student in astrology, which he amended and enlarged during the next four years, when its appearance created a great sensation amongst the admirers and students of the art"

"That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people far and near
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way;
When geese and pullets are seduced,
And sows of sucking-pigs are choused."

There was also open at the month of September an almanack of great repute at that period. entitled "The Bloody Almanack, directed to foreknow what shall come to pass, according to many predictions; being a perfect abstract of the prophecies of the best approved, out of Scripture, astrologie, and prophecy, by that admired astrologer of our day, Mr. John Booker;" and another lav near it, the leaf turned down at the same month as the last, entitled, "The Prophecies of Walgrave Merlin and Cardan for this ensuing year, beginning March 25th, 1641, and ending March 1648." It consisted of the predictions of John Walgrave in the year 1508, a hundred and thirty-six years before; but by Booker were propounded to relate to this present

year, when it was reprinted and much consulted. The manuscript had lain all that period in a library in Bedfordshire, and was then in the custody of Mr. Robert Glovin, minister of Topple in that county, written in the author's own hand in gold blood and ink.

Without waiting for any announcement of the object of their visit, Lilly the Great waved his hand to them, intimating that they might be seated.

"I shed tears of blood," exclaimed the sage, "when I think what the casuist of that miscalled seat of learning, Oxford, the head-quarters of your party, has done to predicate, despite the revelations of that day. Had his Majesty taken warning by my words-and that the King read them I know well from Johnny Partridge the bookseller, whose shops are at the sign of the Cock in Ludgate-street, and the Castle in Cornhill, for he sent three copies to Oxford for his Majesty, of my true interpretation of that strange apparition of the three suns, entitled 'The Starry Messenger.' Nay, I know that Oxford in her colleges, halls, and high places, was in uproar because of the rays of truth I was the humble instrument of shedding upon the earth. By the same token did not George Wharton send forth his "Examination" into my astrological judgments, to advance the declining strength of your party, to impedite the Parliament and dishearten the city and citizens of London? Did he not soberly deport Master Booker and myself from adhering to the Parliament, and tell a tale of a tub, as of one Gaunicus, a certain priest, who meddled with the destiny of princes, and was therefore well rewarded, after a fashion? Does not this pestilent Wharton follow Cardan, and say, "Never tell a king if any danger be near him?" That is the way with the false friends of the King—they say as Ahab's prophet did to him, "Go to Ramoth-Gilead, and prosper." God guide his Majesty better! O rare John Walgrave! why didst thou vouchsafe thy predictions to an unbelieving generation?"

Lilly's wrath against Wharton the royalist astrologer, his love for Booker, and his veneration for Walgrave's memory, now led him entirely from the subject of his visitors' inquiries, and the volubility with which he pronounced the monitory declamatory sentences I have noted down, prevented them from putting in a word.

To gratify his visitors with unadulterated revelation, drawn from the fountain-head, he even laid down his wand, which he had never relinquished since they had entered the room, but had from time to time waved about his head like an enchanter, or held it dignifiedly like a sceptre, or a marshal's baton, and turned over the leaves of his favourite Walgrave Merlinus. It was printed on parchment, and illuminated

with emplems, types, and hierographics. From Maren to December there were pictures of beeinves numed upside-lown, and the bees fiving sway, arrows dving in the sir: dead bodies wrant in shrines, with crucifixes on their breasts. whilst crowns and stars hung in mid-air; and Booker had, in the opinion of the astrological world, you the laurel by his " true exposition." Ou a scroil was written "a colde summer, foule weather, bees go away. Hunger in the land, death of children, a full and glorious state, much winde." From December to March were also emblems delineated in red, purple, and vellow characters: the former and the latter colours being the author's own blood and gold leaf. Each of these, in the opinion of Booker and his followers, predicted events that would transpire one hundred and fifty years afterwards.

The astrologer placed his finger upon the page, and desired his visitors to observe how singularly beautiful was the harmony of the types and shadows with the actual events of the day. Sol was in Cancer, and the emblems were a dry and barren mountain with dead trees, having a lion on one side and a wolf on the other.

"A pretty book, doubtless, for idiots and babbies!" cried Ashburnham, contemptuously, pushing the volume across the table. S'death, Doctor Lilly! Man! dost think we came here to be put out to wet-nurse again? if a pap-boat be the next toy thou hast in store for us, e'en indulge us with a morning dram. Nay, don't tremble for thy magnums, man, we shall not fail to give preference to the jolly hostel over the way—we have no designs upon thy cellar for a long draught."

The astrologer looked up indignantly at the utterer of this outrage upon his cherished author, then drawing his robe around him, he fell back in his chair with a seeming determination to hold no further communication with the gentlemen; his lips were compressed, his eyes sparkled, and even the glasses of his barnacles appeared to add to them a malignant obliquity.

"Depart in peace, foolish cavaliers, nor disturb again the repose of a philosopher by ignorance and insult. I command ye to be gone."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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# HAMPTON COURT;

or,

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

VOL. III.



# HAMPTON COURT;

or,

## THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Let any wight, (if such a wight there be,)
To whom thy lofty towers unknown remain,
Direct his steps, fair Hampton Court, to thee,
And view thy splendid halls: then turn again
To visit each proud dome by science praised—
'For the kings the rest,' (he'd say,)' but thou for gods wert raised.''

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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## HAMPTON COURT;

OR,

### THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

#### CHAPTER I.

The Astrologer propitiated.—The Horoscope of the King, General Monk, and the Prince of Wales.—The Ring again.—The true original Polka taught by Mistress Monk.—Jonah in the jerks.

ASHBURNHAM saw that the only chance of calming the astrologer was a prompt exhibition of his intended fee, so dexterously let fall a bag of gold coin close to the toes of the irritated wizard. The chink of the metal no sooner saluted his ear than his whole countenance changed, and his hand involuntarily grasped the bag. The King was fearful of speaking; but Ashburnham, availing himself of the gleam of sunshine on Lilly's countenance, earnestly intreated that no further time might be lost in casting the nativities from the papers before him.

Lilly took them in his hand, but could not find it in his heart to begin ere he had further VOL. III.

disemburthened his mind, set on the work by his imaginary conflict with his rival.

Poising daintily the genial weight on his bonv fingers, he mumbled in a milder key, "They may say what they may, but the prophets of Jezebel were not more false than the priests of Oxford divination. Hear Abbumazar, he wisely saith the eclipse 'significat depositionem, et pericula, et peregrinationem seu cursum;' that is, it shadoweth deposition, dangers, and of running up and down of kings, princes and great nobles. Did we not say too, by that eclipse would come treachery in the courts of princes, drowning of men in ships, towns wasted, rapine, murder, poison to great ones, unusual fevers and multitudes of pirates, a plague amongst men, murrain amongst cattle, and mutinies of servants against masters? This was three years before war commenced. An eclipse is always a kingly sign; but this had Jupiter in Cancer and Mars in the ascendant.

"Regard that scheme of the heavens," said Lilly, pointing with his wand to the diagram of the heavenly bodies in conjunction at the time of the eclipse on the 22nd May, 1639, the year of the King's forced concession to the Scotch, and establishment of their present system of church Presbyterian government. "In that year," exclaimed the sage, "the King, led by lazy lubbers among the clergy pampered with church prefer-

ment and places temporal in every shire in England, tried foolishly and impotently to make the Scotch swallow the lame, corrupt Book of Common Prayer; and that book has, I may almost say, been the cause of all the miseries and wars that have happened. Be not deceived,—once for all I repeat that emblems in theological, allegorical, and mythological astronomy are to astrology what the universe of planets is to the universe of mind, which they represent, as the soul does the body. Occult philosophy, it is not out of your province to know, called to arms though ye be, and hostile as arms are to philosophy,-occult philosophy, or magic, I say unto you both, is the science of the mind, traced by analogy in its similitude, natural philosophy, or the science of matter. They correspond exactly together, that in every respect the law of one is the law of the other. Fire in matter is thought in mind,-love and thought in God are one. Holy Writ declares that 'God is a consuming fire.' 'Love conquers all, and all must yield to 'God is love.' The letter is itself exoteric, the spirit of the letter is esoteric love. Those antediluvian cycles which serve to show the returns of the new moons are wheels to Montezuma's watch, which regulates the belfry of the universe, the music of the spheres. Then that fiery flame of thought, which will in less than two centuries consume all the world with power born

of smoke, and the vapour and smoke will torture the scientific potentates of those days to come, until they must condescendingly investigate the law of nature, not per taste, but per force. The taste of the worldly wise is, alas! for false-hood and error. Be ye, therefore, admonished in season.——

"Give me your papers, gentlemen," said the astrologer at last, exhausted with the length of his incantation, "and turning your minds inward, contemplate the Commonwealth of Theocracy."

The eyes of the King and Ashburnham wandered over the strange objects strewed about and suspended in the room. There were stuffed owls, stuffed alligators, painted moons, an eagle with blood-red glass eyes; the wolf's den in Der Freischütz was not fitted up with more objectless oddities.

"Sir John Denham," said Lilly, fixing his glowing eyes upon the disguised King, "if this be thine, thou art an unhappy man,—truly none more so. Why hast thou divorced thyself from thy love to whom thou wast betrothed? Why hast thou broken thine oath? Thou didst it seems once undertake to minister to a great estate and trust; but, instead thereof thou hast destroyed the goods of the orphan and made widows in the land. Can you part wrongs from their judgment? They are as the two wheels Ezekiel in a vision beheld, that move on the same axle."

The sage paused, ran his fingers over the horoscope, shook his head, and resumed—

"Askest thou me the revelation of the guardian angels of England, John Denham?—thou revellest in a king's orbit, thou hast been drunken with royal vanities, and thou hast pandered to them,—thou knowest thou hast; darest thou to hear thy destiny?" Here the keen eyes of the astrologer peered at the supposed Denham as if they would pierce his soul,—nay, as if they would search for royalty within his sheriff's gala bravery.

"I dare," said the King, deeply interested, his chest heaving within his breast-plate, his breath shortened, and his whole bearing that of a person wrought up to the utmost pitch of anxiety.

Lilly began then to recite Cornelius Agrippa's form of prayer, invoking the angel Salmodeus, after which he emphatically called thrice upon the guardian angels of England by the names of Salmael and Malchidael, and solemnly began to unfold the nativity.

"At thy birth Mars was in the eighth house and in the second face of Taurus.—Thou must die of iron! I will not give thee three suns' journeys in the zodiac before another shall take thy vineyard.—I have said enough."

The King was at first stunned with this bold revelation, but he quickly recovered himself,

glancing at Ashburnham to view the effect upon him.

- "Who bears this horoscope had once a ring, a precious ring."
- "It's present wearer?" inquired Charles, earnestly."
- "His name begins with B," said the astrologer, after poring into a thick volume full of signs of necromancy, "but one M,—I see had it from thyself, Sir John, if veritably thou art, (which I believe not,) the man born under the star in the eighth house in the second face of Taurus; but the initial of his name is C,—and no harm can touch him as long as it passeth not to C again,—then his end approacheth,—he must die a bloody death."

The King was deeply moved with this last revelation. The ring he knew had passed from C to M.—Who B was, it was impossible to guess. Was the young Duke of Buckingham a traitor? and then the last C and his connexion with his own end in three years: part was so true, that the rest was to be regarded fearfully.

The astrologer thus proceeded to pass judgment upon the dates of the Prince's birth, which the other had received from the King.

"If this be thine, thou shalt be in danger, but shalt escape and recover thine inheritance when thou thinkest thou hast lost. In thy case the lord of the ascendant is in the eighth house; received of the lord of the eighth house thou wilt lose to find again; but, I fear, thy lesson will be learnt but to be forgotten."

The King and Ashburnham whispered together. The latter asked whether it would be safe to fly a present danger.

"Who says there is a present danger? Beware of false prophets!" returned the astrologer, sharply.

Both the King and Ashburnham put fresh queries to Lilly on the expediency of the former's endeavouring to escape from Hampton Court, and whether he should go to France to join his wife, couched however in disguised terms, as if in reference to some family affliction.

The astrologer was displeased, spoke doggedly, and waved his wand thrice over his head; a signal, as Ashburnham knew, for their departure.

Without any notice of the parting salute of his retiring clients, Lilly betook himself to his studies.

In the hall they encountered a strange scene. Jonah, the gaunt Jonah! who resembled the anatomy of an exaggerated pair of tongs in boots, was being taught to dance a whirlabout fandango by an extraordinary, bold, muscular lady, tall, broad-shouldered, and with an elbow nerved like a wharf-crane, and limbs of oaken solidity. The countenance of Jonah betrayed a melancholy mixture of utter fright and bursting passion while

he was whirled round and round a partner, who stepped continually upon his toes, whilst she screamed in his ear,—"Now again,—again,—right foot up,—strike right heel against left heel,—now lumber limbs, strike right foot twice, and round again."

It was an exciting sight, and not an unwholesome relief to the King's mind,

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

depressed with the soul-searching and solemn tone of the astrologer's predictions. Round and round were the spindles of unhappy Jonah whirled, whilst his partner, elongating her limbs both before and behind, stamping and rattling energetically her Italian-pattened heels: permitted to witness the exercise, one might have realised the Redowa of Cerito, if one were not imbued with its rapturous resemblance to the style of the première danseuse of the Yorkshire-Stingo arena-of-arts.

"This is the only way to loosen thy joints for a 'double,' old fellow,—the barber's Bohemian jig is but a counterfeit, after all!" exclaimed the lady, dragging him along. Jonah, indulged with an initiation into the toe-and-heel exercise of this Irish wedding dance, was jolted about unmercifully by Mistress Monk, and both seemed one whirligig embodiment of lappets, streamers, tresses, and points, cloak doublets, flaps, and

knee-ribbons,—while from this rotatory variegated phenomenon came, like the drone of a hummingtop, this lay of encouragement, to the old tune of "Shule Aroon."

"Go dhi mo vourneen, slaun;
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cune,
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lume,
As' go dhi mo vourneen, slaun." \*

With a vibration like to the spring of an overwound clock the janitor's sinews ran down as if in obedience to the sound of the last word, for he reeled flat against the two spectators, who had gathered their astonished selves into the smallest compass within the recesses of his salle de bal; where, with the amazed look of two prebends in their stalls listening to an heterodox, unordained preacher in the pulpit of their cathedral, they witnessed the pleasant sportiveness of this volunteer maîtresse de danse.

"Gracious heaven, what a spot for a dancing school! That Amazonian Terpsichore is instructing our soothsayer's Cerberus the new dance in his own Domdaniel,—'tis no galliard; but the

\* Freely translated :--

Come frisk it, my long shanks, My partner, my pet, We'll away through the door And astonish them yet. heel-tap,—the pulltack, or pulletache, as it is more properly called!" exclaimed Ashburnham.

"Indeed! I never saw such a movement at our Court balls when we had them," said the King, amazed that such graceless eccentricity should come within the category of chorographics.

"Not likely your Majesty should. It has been lately brought from Hungary by Herr Clackandshake, Prince Rupert's barber, and is much encouraged by the light-heeled mothers of greasy-heeled daughters, who lie abed and wont work."

"What a strange name it has!" said the King, sheering closer and closer to the wall, expecting every minute to see the janitor's toe points irretrievably entangled in the folds of the lady's robe.

"It is called so from the similarity of its attitudes to a pullet aching with agony in its legs, drawing them up convulsively, the demoiselle like to a hamstrung hen, and the cavalier to a galvanised goose; but it is vastly popular among the ladies of the ladies of the bed-chamber, and the gentlemen of the grooms." At last down Jonah came with a crash only a trifle less portentous than that of the scaffolding round Nelson's Pillar, had it fallen into Cockspur Street instead of lingeringly dropping to pieces on the spot. His unkind partner stood laughing over him, with arms akimbo; her remarks, being more on the nature of military passwords than King's English,

were similarly inefficient in restoring his spirits At last perceiving the spectators of the pas de deux drawn up in their omnibus boxes in the wainscoting, immediately, without any blushing, she walked up to the one attired in Sir John Denham's sparkling apparel.

"I'm in want of another hundred, Sir John, and you're the man that will give it me,—you owe me a wedding present. I've been with Master Lilly afore you this morning. Here is my good man's nativity. It's what you shall see, Sir John, tho' your gizzard grumble for a week afterwards."

"Most excellent lady, do you know to whom you speak?" asked Mr. Ashburnham, overpowered with the daring of Mistress Monk, who was unknown to him, addressing the King in so familiar a style; but the King signed silence to his groom of the bedchamber, and preserved it himself, remaining still in the shaded recess.

"Hear it you shall for your grudge against my general," proceeded the delighted Mistress Monk, unheeding the jealous courtier. "It is in Lilly's own handwriting, 'Whosoever hath any star of the first honour or magnitude in the degree of their horoscope, or in the degree of their cuspe of the tenth house, or in the degree of the sun by day, or in the degree of the moon by night, he shall possess greater riches and honours than his ancestors have done, of the

nature of the fixed star.' This is the horoscope made by the great magician Taismer, and never hath deceived man or woman for five hundred years, and it fits the general's nativity. He was proof against thy stiletto at Hampton Court, and will live yet to do his Majesty more service than a score of whey-faced poets. D' ye wonder what I was about with this ghost of a man-creature?—I was overjoyed when he read to me my husband's horoscope, and rewarded him with a lesson in the graces; the brute was unaccomplished, and I was supplying the defect of his education. Now for the hundred, or shall I go back to Egham with you?"

"Pray go to Egham, my worthy dame," said the King, still imitating Sir John's voice; wishing to be disembarrassed of a person so very troublesome and dangerous under present circumstances; and this recommendation was immediately followed by the lady stepping over prostrate Jonah and quitting the house.

The King having consoled Jonah's broken bones and feelings with a liberal douceur, quitted the abode of the necromancer, and, with Ashburnham, was soon out of Walton.

### CHAPTER II.

The King prisoner in his own Palace of Hampton Court.—
Royal suavity triumphant in Republican petticoat Councils.—The Ring again.—Treachery suspected.—Sudden journey of Cromwell and Ireton to London in disguise.

MANY were the interviews between General Cromwell and Charles at Hampton Court; the latter began at last to hearken to his propositions, and not disinclined to accept the terms upon which the army, represented by that commander, would restore him to his throne (though it deprived him of the prerogatives to which he still fondly clung) although powerless and restrained. At the same time, this palace was seldom without the presence of Commissioners from the two Houses offering a treaty on narrower bases. The Church was the great difficulty with both. Charles smiled upon each, and endeavoured to persuade both, that he was with His revenue from Parliament was liberal for a large establishment of attendants; and dinners and cajolery were lavished upon the enemies he had been combating for six years in the field.

"And what's father to be, mother, if General

Cromwell is to be Earl of Essex and Knight of the Garter?" asked Miss Whally, of that prudent matron, whilst walking one afternoon in the pondgarden with her daughters.

"That's not all, my child; he will be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life, with five thousand a-year; and he promised your father, who has kept the King safe whilst these dignities have been had for asking, to make him a baronet and a major-general.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young ladies simultaneously, "that will be delightful! Won't it break Mr. Dull's heart, who wants to put down the army altogether, and make none but darning-needle-makers and leaguers, peers?"

"The great darning-needle question, my dears, is not to be spoken of again. Your father says that now his friends have got all they can by that clever bugbear of the darning-needle party, the anti-freeholders' league, they must be cashiered,—they are to be dropt, my dears,—we shall form our new aristocracy without them,—they are low, my children."

"Oh, mother!" murmured Miss Jane Whally, "I thought the handsome Mr. Staylace, the member for Milchester, was to be an earl, or a baron at least. I am sure he told me so whilst taking me home after the great rabbit-skin-league festival in the Bear-garden."

"Hush, girl! Mr. Staylace is a gay man, a

double-face, not fit for such as us to think of now. It was all very well when we were at Hackney, and he came to our chapel. No more of such young men as Staylace of Milchester, or Duncutter of Shirtlessbury. Oh! no, indeed! I must tell you something, girls; it's a great secret."

"Is it indeed?—pray tell us," said all the six Miss Whallys, supposing that at least a husband a-piece had been stipulated for in the four hours' negotiation, known to have been entered into that very day with the King.

"I have it from Mistress Elizabeth Cromwell and Mistress Bridget Ireton; both exercised women, and experienced in things spiritual."

"But of things temporal, is it not, mother?" said the impatient Miss Jenny Speckle.

"Listen, loves.—Dear Master Hugh Peters has preached before the King a most searching sermon; and it's more than probable that he will be put in that papist Laud's place at Canterbury; which, with the Lord's blessing, we will purify and transform into an Independent meeting-house. Our minister at Hackney will have Lambeth Palace, and your father will be made a lord and a general, with the lieutenancy of the Tower; and then, my dears, we shall belong to the great ones, and I shall not disapprove your smiling upon some of the young lords we shall have prisoners there; — they shall court your

father's favour through you, if they don't wish to live upon prison dietary. I dreamt last night I saw you all married to dukes in St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower; and Sammy, your brother, married to a princess."

"When shall we take possession, mother?—but I hope we shall be married soon, for ghosts of the queen, and great lords, and ladies beheaded there, wander about,—I should be afraid to be in the Tower long," said Miss Sukey.

"Don't be in a hurry, child:—I have half-a-dozen lords of great estate in my eye whom your father shall impeach in the House, and once in our keeping, leave them to me."

"Sammy must not be wheedled by a wretch of a laundress like our new General Monk was, and be ruined for life," said Jane.

"Take care you are not caught by a half-starved royalist officer;—no great match for her at the time; where would her husband have been if our party had not taken pity upon him? She'd have done better as a stocking-mending spinster," rejoined her mother. "I never liked that man, and I have told my husband he will rue the day that we took him amongst us;—but, I've not told you that General Ireton, my gossip Bridget's husband, is to be a baron and commander-in-chief; in fact all the best of us are to have the loaves and fishes; so pray drop the darning-needle party, and never let me hear the

name of the member for Stockinghole; it will spoil your prospects."

- " Nor dear Mr. Duncutter?" asked Miss Laura.
- "He is betrothed to half-a-dozen sheriff's officers' daughters already," observed her mother; "that is the way such as he outrun the constable."
- Mr. Duncutter was, for all that, an intensely popular youth with the London Apprentices. When out of Parliament, he luckily had no opportunity for any damaging eccentricity from exuberant spirits,—no 'time to commit himself; owing to his considerate committal by others to a debtors' prison,—blessed retreat! from whence he canvassed, and jumping like a rope-dancer across the river to soothe his legislative labours by Surrey air, and harangue on liberty from the peculiar sense of the possession which stimulates the patient in the gout by a periodical return to his flannels.
- "Nor Mr. Staylace,—father used to like his dinners," remonstrated Miss Jenny.
- "Don't be so blind to your interest, child! those cottontwist craftsmen were useful brawlers to rouse the people,—they've done it; and we've done with the people. No cottontwistman shall improve his fortune with my Jenny."
  - "But a Jenny may make the fortune of a cottontwist-man yet," said, in an undertone, the contumelious Miss Whally, a prospective elope-

ment concealed in the innermost recesses of her prophetic bosom.

The King made acquaintance with the family of the military governor of Hampton Court, by the approved mode among royalties, from the days of Solomon and Hiram down to those of Solomon and the apple-dumpling. He even condescended to give Mrs. Ireton a lesson in painting;—at least, repeated to her one morning when she was filling up a sketch she had made of her father, some of Sir Anthony's maxims on the art he dearly loved, which the turmoils of six years' hurryings to and fro through the length and breadth of the land, and the terrors of twenty battle-fields, had not effaced from his memory.

Mrs. Cromwell and Mrs. Ireton were entirely won with this affability; he could not be, they thought, the crafty underminer of their liberties, their husbands were accustomed to represent him. Charles saw the impression he had made, and he improved it by entering without notice the Queen's presence chamber, where Mrs. Whally with these ladies her visitors were sitting at their morning employment of embroidery; and, bidding them remain seated, commenced chattering with them most pleasantly.

"So your daughter is to be married to Master Rich? and will be Countess of Warwick in God's own time. Neither Lord Warwick, nor Lord Robert Brooke, has been a friend of mine; but

I wish you, from my heart, all the happiness you anticipate from the connexion, You have other unmarried daughters, Mistress Cromwell?"

- "Two others, your Majesty," replied this worthy matron, with composure, for she was ever self-collected, through all the rising gradations of her husband's career, nor ever presumed upon her influence with him; nor mixed in politics; for which indifference she endured the supreme contempt of her friend Miss Phelps, who inherited with her foreign blood the Madame Roland and Staël-the-epicene relish for matters to which pure British female dignity rarely stoops.
- "Let the marriage be solemnised in our chapel. I will give the bride away," said Charles.
- "My sister will be married by no prelatical idolatrous form, but by the law of liberty and conscience, which is now our right," said Mrs. Bridget Ireton, whom contemporaries describe as "a person of sublime growth, a woman acquainted with temptation,—having a breathing after Christ,"—a rigid Independent.
- "Daughter Ireton," said Mrs. Cromwell, her features puckered with vexation at Bridget's unseasonable discourtesy, "thou knowest that thou wast not unwilling for thy own marriage to be sanctioned by the Church of England, though first performed before the magistrate, nor will, I fully believe, any of my daughters be easy in

their minds unless their troth be plighted in the Church of their fathers."

The King looked pleased; for both the sentiment, and warmth of manner in which they were expressed, were unexpected in the wife of the Church's bitterest enemy, and observed, in a subdued tone of well-assumed meekness,—

"We must admit that the God of battles has been on your husbands' side, ladies. We are hearty for peace and the good of our people; and it shall not be charged to us if a coronet does not adorn the brows of the mother as well as the daughters; for Lord Falconbridge is to be the happy husband of one of your other unmarried ones, I hear. When our Queen returns to us, which depends much upon your husband's influence, she must know the young ladies,—we must see you all at Court, - their sober virtues will mend our levities." Perceiving the ladies spellbound with this unbending condescension, he added, " Let us see you both with your husbands at dinner to-morrow: our lord steward shall bid you right royally. My good friend Mistress Whally and her girls shall join us. The young lords must guard their hearts if they feel as their King does, that a godly mind and Christian manners are sharper darts than bright eyes and a fair skin."

The King then conversed on the subjects he loved to dwell upon,—his pictures, busts, and medals.

Mrs. Cromwell's daughters were introduced to the King with the wives of Colonel Rainsborough, Sir Arthur Haslerigge, and Nathaniel Fiennes; and, encircled with these ladies, he put forth his power of conversation, accompanied with smiles, to which the imprinted marks of his late melancholy and anxieties added a peculiar, a winning charm.

"Indeed, ladies, for twenty years prior to the war, which was none of my seeking, let your husbands and brothers say what they may, I was occupied with adding to my collection, and I believe I could say at that time no prince in Europe had such a gallery. Now," he sighed, "I cannot say so,—various potentates are enriching their collections with those sold by the Houses. I must look to your using your influence to preserve the triumph of the arts for our country,—you can indeed."

The ladies, in spite of their prejudices, could not but sympathise with the King's sorrow for the dispersal of his collection; and, not a little flattered with the power ascribed to them, listened attentively.

Charles saw the interest he excited, hoped favourably from its influence, and followed up his advantage.

"Think you of the glory of possessing for my people thirteen hundred and eighty-seven of the best pictures ever painted; eighty-eight are chef-dœuvres, not to be repurchased for money," said

the unfortunate monarch, cheating himself, by the glowing reflection, into a momentary belief that he was still their undisputed master.

- "At Greenwich Palace we have three hundred and ninety-nine sculptures,—no prince possesses such,—possessed I should say,"—his voice sadly lowered,—" until Master Skinny prevailed upon the House to sell most of them.—I have fifty-four books of rare engravings,\* medals, and gems, that are priceless: your husbands must allow me, ladies, to find them in good condition at Whitehall and St. James's, and hope the day will shortly come when I can gratify my heart by laying them open for the judgment of your bright eyes."
- "Only think, Susan, what will the Mistress Penningtons, and the Mistress Wallers, and the Mistress Desboroughs say, when they hear we go visiting to Queen Henrictta at Whitehall and St. James's!—they will look as black and frowning as the Gate-house," said Jenny. The appellation of Miss, we should explain, was only given to girls not yet in their teens, or indiscreet young women.
- "The horrid wretch! the daughter of blood and papacy!" exclaimed Miss Ann; but her polite remark did not reach the King's ears, for
- \* This was an immense collection at that period George the Fourth left a collection of five hundred thousand: a smaller one than Charles's in proportion to the advance of art.

all the younger ladies, and not a few older ones, by coughing, upsetting of footstools, and crowding up to the plain-spoken snarler, drowned her voice, and by their looks convinced her that they had not enjoyed the flattering civilities of royalty in vain—that personal courtesy had scattered to the winds all their preconceived horror of the heathenism and wickedness of their prince, for whom they were now as ready to scold and scratch as they had before been to devote him to perdition.

On this very day the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Capel, Sir John Berkeley, and other devoted adherents to his principles, dined with the King, who made them merry, and raised their hopes with satirical anecdotes of the favourable footing he was gaining with the petticoat moiety of their hated opponents. The blunt Sir John looked horrified, but Charles only smiled and observed—

"Lord Ormonde will tell your friends that he never could have concluded his Irish treaty without holding a candle to the devil;" whereat Lord Capel and the rest laughed, thanked God for giving them a patriot king who would condescend such graciousness to rebels for his country's good; and all drank to the speedy coming of the day when all the present intruders at Hampton Court should be hung on the chestnut trees in the park.

The next day, by gracious command, Crom-

well, Ireton, Whally, Rainsborough, Lambert, with the ladies of the former three, dined with the King in the state banqueting-room. The table-deckers, grooms of the chamber, and servers, now reduced to about fifty by Parliament, exerted themselves to impart, by their looks of importance, and brushed-up state liveries, as much as possible of former dignity to the feast; indeed, we have the testimony of his faithful 'body-servant' Thomas Manly that "at Hampton Court he (the King) seemed to begin to reassume his pristine majesty, being admitted to see and be seen;" and Clarendon says "The citizens flocked to Hampton Court as they used to do at the end of a progress."

The antique carved buffet shone with gold plate. The wines were the choicest, for Peter Pipe selected them from the royal stock; but the dinner was a very plain English one; the worst character any repast can have, that is not eaten al fresco in a shooting-jacket by the shady side of a hedge; for Caleb Gravymeat was the artist. Both treated their guests con amore.

The great gold cup in which the jester had pledged General, then Captain, Monk in the great hall, was passed round, filled with mulled claret of the finest vintage of 1645, as famous a year for Lafitte as our own 1834. Cromwell, who was dressed in a suit of mulberry velvet, an unusual circumstance, when his turn came to

take the cup from his next neighbour and stand up before his lips touched the splendid vase, bowed towards the King, and boldly spoke out that his Majesty in his dominions had not a more loyal subject, or a more zealous supporter of the rights of the constitutional Crown than himself. Charles smiling at this bit of volunteer loyalty, remarked, "that his devoted subject had taken a very singular mode of showing his love;" but said it in a happy tone of jocularity that rather increased than diminished the intente cordiale of the party. He delighted the ladies, and availing himself of their smiles, drew from their husbands and their companions tacit acquiescence to some very unpuritanical sentiments. He was evidently exerting all his experience of human nature, and that power of playing off one party against another, which he was fond of believing he possessed: the wine freely passed; he would not permit the ladies to withdraw—their influence appeared invaluable at this critical moment of afterdinner diplomacy—visions of reinstation, accommodation, domination, and I am sorry to say, retaliation, flitted before the mental vision of the royal host. "What a lucky thought this dinner! -a few more such hob-a-nobbings with the leaders of the victorious army — he had only to promise fair-talk of forgetfulness of disobedience and forgiveness of resistance—they would carry him in triumph to Whitehall—he should with their VOL. III.

countenance dissolve the Long Parliament—promise to call another—put it off—"

These reflections were too felicitous—Charles was getting drunk faster with them than his guests were likely to be with his wine.

When the ladies at last rose, Charles desired Cromwell would attend him to his closet; and that officer, puzzled to know the cause for so much condescension, with shrugging shoulders obeyed. Having motioned his guest to be seated, the King, when all his attendants, save Ashburnham, had withdrawn, looking earnestly in his face, was about to follow up the pleasant footing of the dining-room, on the principle of striking when the iron is hot, by fixing the latter with some separate proposal for accommodation; when this officer raised his hand to put aside the dark brown hair that was parted over his furrowed ample forehead.

"That ring!" exclaimed the King, starting back, and turning excessively pale.

"Is a very handsome ring, and which I am certain, your Majesty, as a personage of virtu and liberally affected to those gewgaws, must allow," said Cromwell, spreading his hand out carelessly.

"You showed taste, undoubtedly, in its selection," replied Charles uneasily,—"some fortunate spoil perchance? Alas! as many ringed hands lay cold on Marston Moor, and Naseby field, as on the plains of Cannæ, after the slaughter of the Roman knights!"

"I cannot but admit that the personal decorations of your Majesty's friends did whet the appetite for battle of such of ours as were given to lay up the dross of this world," said Cromwell in a tone indicative of distrust that plunder could, save under very extraordinary temptations, ever form a part of the war practice of soldiers of the Covenant.

"My friends died to little purpose," said Charles, his eyes suffused with moisture.

"Victory is alone with the Lord; to Him be the glory," said Cromwell, his eyes suffused with any moisture but that of painful regrets.

A pause ensued, which Charles longed to break. He had not yet learned to reconcile to himself direct opposition to his wishes, with the outward respect paid him as a king; nor could conceive the possibility of a vain wish for any personal favour that a subject could bestow. His kingly pride, and their relative position, forbade any implication of obligation; yet his excusable avidity to repossess that ring, tranquilly encircling the little finger of the strong bony hand laid on the table within a few inches of his own, now sharpened to an incontrollable degree by a depressing remembrance of Lilly's prediction, and its startling realization so far, was such, that he recurred randomly to a subject on which

they had ceased to talk from the irreconcilable nature of their veiws.

"General," he said, after some struggling with his conscience and faculties for mental reservation, "I am free to confess I have been long deceived in your character, and that our late opportunities of personal intercourse have removed all my suspicions. Let us be friends! I ask your pardon—I cannot be any longer easy to distrust the nephew of my father's constant friend, Sir Oliver, and his namesake too-we were playfellows at Hinchinbrook, General. Rarely did October pass without my father paying his cousin Cromwell a visit. We must know each other better. General:" then added in a lower and more confident tone, "I have but played with the Houses and the Scots, General, and will keep no terms with either. to the army's proposition for my restoration take a carte-blanche, General-indemnity for allrepeal the Queen's impeachment - and - the earldom of Essex—the garter—my privy council - the vice-royalty of Ireland on your own terms."

"Those are your Majesty's last, and may I say, final resolves?" asked Cromwell calmly, with a piercing look, causing Charles to repent the words as quickly as he had uttered them; and bitterly too, when the former added,—"but I must not doubt your Majesty's royal word—

pledges, voluntary pledges of high moment are not given for sport. I hope I now understand your Majesty, and I shall report this conversation to Sir Thomas Fairfax, at Putney, to-morrow morning."

"I have a whim," said Charles hurriedly, assuming a smile,—a wretched one—seeing Cromwell about to rise—"I had a ring—it was the Queen's—I could swear that yours were the same—my good general has but to name his price. The garter shall be easier to thy knee, than that ring to thy finger—it galleth it, doth it not?"

The King was proceeding in the full expectation of having the coveted jewel the next instant presented to him by his flattered subject on his knees (Cromwell having actually drawn it from his finger); but he never was more mistaken in his life; for the general, with that respectful, yet collected suavity which tells of birth and the companions of our earliest years, let our maturer ones be ever so boisterous, bowed to his sovereign whilst he rapped emphatically the forefinger of his right hand on the palm of his left, whereon the coveted object was now placed.

"It is a pledge of love from Sir Thomas Balfour, constable of the Tower, to whom 'twas given by a prisoner of war, four years in his custody, but now an officer in high trust with the nation."

"His name is Mon-," said the King, breathing hard.

"The same," said Cromwell, coolly. "I put it on my finger the morning I joined Sir Thomas Fairfax, in Yorkshire. after my promotion to the rank I hold. The God of battles blest it on my hands as he blessed the pebble and sling of David, and the lock of hair the depository of Samson's strength. It were boasting to repeat what is a page of history. The day was lost until I struck the blow that scattered the godless host of the Hungarian Prince, your Majesty's nephew. On the heath of Marston, I smote to the back-bone the foes of England's liberties. I laid it by for months, and found it on my hand but the day your army quitted your impregnable position near Harborough, and, hurried to ruin by the same rash Prince, came upon us at Naseby. I had been on horseback three days-my hands swelled for need of rest-the ring bound me painfully until my sword was drawn. All was then easy - I waxed strong, this ring gleaming above my head as I cheered my men, and cut down your troopers, the water of the diamond rivalling the flashing of my good broad-sword. Basing fell not until the day I charged with it on this little finger. Forsake a harbinger of triumph whilst my country is in danger! No!" "But I would-" commenced Charles.

scarcely knowing what to say.

"When the coronet and garter bind my brow and knee, the ring of my good fortune will be then at your Majesty's disposal, as the reconciled Father of his people."

This unsatisfactory, and to Charles humiliating interview, took place in the closet on the first floor of the eastern side of the clock-court, a favourite room, where he diligently proceeded with the diary of his religious impressions, his Eikon Basilike. We remember the morning he commenced it, in this palace in the royal closet adjoining his bed-room in the eastern front of the palace. This room, now occupied by Lady Hill, in its present state presents little to connect it with its former royal occupant, the terra cotta gilt and blue panelled ceiling being evidently a late fixture, and the frieze is carried round two sides of the room only. This and the adjoining rooms, occupied by Charles and Wolsey, were remodelled by Kent when he altered this part of the palace, and may have been part of the "border of antyke with naked chylder, the antyke alle gylte, the ffyld layde with ffyne byse." In the long gallery, in Henry Eighth's time, the subjects on the 'table,' or painted panels, were the sufferings of our Lord.

A fortnight after this conversation Cromwell, Lambert, and Whally, were earnestly conversing in the water-gallery, adjoining the banquetinghouse which stood near the towing-path, abutting upon the mount-garden to the north, and on the house-park west. They were in high spirits, elated with Cromwell's successful negotiations with Charles, outwitting as they thought so cleverly, the Scots' commissions, and the Presbyterian divines.

"Sir Nat. Brent and Prynne think they have the King," said Whally.

"And Sandy Henderson has ordered prayers to be put up in his church for the triumph of John Presbyter," said Lambert; "but the King has sat under the pouring forth by Peters: may he be a brand snatched from the burning!"

"Verily, Hugh is a priest after the order of Melchisedek," ejaculated Cromwell. In the popish chapel of this palace, which we have cleansed from idolatrous defilement, he spake words of fire to the King last Sabbath."

On the Sunday alluded to by Cromwell,\* Hugh Peters preached before the King in this chapel, (his Majesty once, to curry favour with the fanatics, consenting to hear him,)—"that if King Ahab and Queen Jezebel were justly put

\* Declaring that an organ smelt of popery, Peters had it removed by soldiers who believed in his inspirations, against the entreaties of Dr. Hammond, and even the prohibition of the King. It had been built in Henry the Eighth's time, and fixed in a deep recess or building made expressly for it, and was now placed on the floor of the chapel.

to death for the blood of one righteous Naboth, what proportion hath the blood of that righteous man to the blood of many thousands?" And he went on blasphemingly, to compare the soldiers of his party, who in their red coats sat on the pulpit stairs, to Christ, and Charles to Barabbas, saying, "It is a very sad thing that this should be a question amongst the Jews of old, whether our Saviour be crucified, or that Barabbas should be released, the oppressor of the people; but he hoped if the rabble raised that cry, his brethren would know what to answer."

- "The Lord has chosen his own time," said Cromwell. "At one period I feared we should have been called to do a fearful thing; but the King's heart is softened; we will yet uphold the monarchy, purged by our hands as refined gold."
- "He must have been verily brought low, to have forgiven us so lovingly; we shall dwell in the land, unquestioned and in peace, for the lion new lieth down with the lamb, "said Whally.
- "I fear the return of the Queen greatly,—yea, I tremble," said Lambert; "the leaven of the Moabites cannot be unleavened. We offend Heaven in allowing her to live."
- "Trust in the Lord, and in his chosen instruments. Can the she-wolf bite when her teeth are drawn?" said Cromwell.
- "The barony of Hampton, constable of the Tower, that is not forgotten?" inquired Whally.

"The viscountcy of Farnham, the majorgeneralship and baronetcy for my brother?" asked Lambert.

"Neither; nor the heads of Duke Hamilton, Lords Derby, Holland, Goring, Wilmot, and Ned Hyde, to make a moiety of twelve sacrifices of blood to the saints they have slain," said Cromwell, his face glowing with an expression of great comfort in the reflection.

At this moment Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, hastily joined them, his eye flashing with resentment, and his whole countenance inflamed with a passion that seemed bursting for utterance. He approached the officers, leant upon the stone balusters of the gallery, and gasped for breath. They regarded him with astonishment.

"Son Ireton, hast thou been combating with the enemy of our souls? hast thou been wrestling with the arch fiend?" asked Cromwell.

"The devil is alone true to himself; who thinks to change his nature, is a son of foolishness. To be quelled, he must be utterly destroyed—hewn in pieces as Dagon," exclaimed Ireton, clutching the handle of his sword.

"Speak not in parables, son; we can bear to hear any tidings now that the main business is secured."

"O father, father, thou much deceived servant of Heaven!" said Ireton. "Read this, 'twill try thy charity;" and he placed in Cromwell's hand

a letter, which the latter read—bit his lips, but showed no alteration of manner.

"We will go this instant; to horse, my son!" he said: "Adieu, my friends, and tell the King that General Cromwell will return to Hampton Court with despatches of moment to-morrow morning;" and taking Ireton's arm, walked to the stables. Lambert and Whally were mystified.

"Some favoured manifestation to our leader," said the latter, who implicitly believed in Cromwell's temporary inspirations; the former shrugged his shoulders, as they both walked to the old bowling alley to seek a diversion of their anxieties.

The letter Ireton placed in his father-in-law's hand contained intimation from a trusty spy, that the King at this moment was privately communicating with the plenipotentiaries of all the contending parties in the army and in parliament; assuring each that he was with them; and that he was at the same time urging upon the Queen, then in Paris, to beg from her brother a French force, to land and take advantage of the divisions he believed he was creating; it stated that the writer had certain information that a letter, confirmatory of these double-dealings, would be found sewed up in a saddle packed up in canvas, ostensibly addressed to a gentleman at Calais, from a saddler in the Poultry, and which would be brought to the George and Blue Boar in Holborn, for the Dover waggon.

To the George and Blue Boar, both Cromwell and Ireton, unattended, to avoid observation, and dressed in buff jerkin belt and huge boots of common troopers, rode at a gallop over the dreary ground between Hammersmith and Brentford, and where no house was then to be seen for a space of three miles. At the former place the indefatigable ubiquitous Nicholas Crisp came in for passing malediction, and from thence two miles further traversing an equally solitary region, by the little cluster of low houses around Abbot's Kensington Church, forming that village, Sir Philip Perceval, a native of the place, who had spent a quarter of a million of money for the royal cause in Ireland, but, for his virtues, was buried at the public expense by Parliament, had a sneer dropped to his memory by the morose visaged equestrians; whilst Lord Holland might have been heard from behind his park wall, his doom plainly foretold by his quondam friends.

It was quite dark when, leaving the village of Charing, they leapt their horses over the fences into a turnip field, of five acres, called from their oblong form, the long acres, (now Longacre) and thence through a paddock called Whetstone park into the Oxford road, from the Ludgate of the city, partially flanked with country-houses, and called Holbourne.

Lower down the hill was Skynner street, which was in these days a narrow, recently com-

menced street, conducting miscellaneously west-ward to the rustic snuggeries of Bloomsbury and Saint Giles's. Sign-boards as large as barn-doors, swung from the projecting upper stories of the houses, and no one needed a ventometer; for when Eurus or Favonius blew from their oriental or occidental quarters, the signs exactly attuned by the rustiness of their hinges, creaked in concert from Skynner street to Chancery lane, and a horrid teeth-on-edge harmonicon it was.

Besides a florid pictorial sign protruding from the inn, was a gilt Bacchus, sitting on a barrel, that would have done honor to the chisel of the sculptor, whose dancing group of young ladies (not teatotallers), carrying the rollicking sot on their heads, startled all who entered the sculpture exhibition-room in 1843 with fear, lest he should topple on the floor from his singular elevation. By the bye, we never heard for what gin-palace this disorderly party, immortalized in marble, were ordered.

## CHAPTER III.

Royal dissembling detected. — Fatal discovery of a Letter to the Queen. — The resolution. — Seizure of the clandestine Correspondence in a Saddle, at the old George and Blue Boar, Holborn, by Cromwell and Ireton.— Midnight gallop across Saint Giles's Fields.—Successful Counterplot.—Spectre of the Long Gallery.—Where is the King flown?

At the tavern, whose name still endures (and to describe which, at that period, would be to tire the reader with the graphic particulars of old gable-fronted inns, with their lanceolated windows, stone transums, and crenelles, which have been, and will be, to save us the task, repeated again and again by contemporary story writers), the supposed troopers reined up their steeds. Dismounting, and leading them to the stable, I reton demanded from the ostler if a saddle lay there, directed, as named, for the Dover waggon. No package of the kind could be found; and the stable-boy whom they accosted, proceeded to the bar of the tavern to impart his suspicions, that two very questionable characters were within the

territories of the saint, and his azure jacketed male pig.

"Look to the reckoning, Tom," said the hostess. "What are your eyes wanted for, but to know Mint gold from Bromwicham\* base metal? Show the gentlemen into the Dolphin chamber."

By the lady's allusion we are edified concerning the precocity of "this ancient and half-penny town's" genius, for infringing the King's prerogative of coining.

In the Dolphin was an enormous fire-place, with high-backed settles on each side of it, the tall mantlepiece being grotesquely carved. On this settle Cromwell and Ireton seated themselves, and ordering a stoup of Canary and tobacco, commenced smoking silently and so vehemently, as soon to be undistinguishable in the Into this room dropt, from time to time, persons projecting the pleasant journey, per waggon, from London to Dover, the only regular conveyance down what we critical geographers term the south-eastern line of road. It was a luxurious conveyance for fat gentlemen and delicate ladies, to whom the saddle and pillion were too locomotive and exciting. The former landlord of the George and Blue Boar had been ruined by a wild Dædalian speculation; he had actually started a Dover and London coach to make the journey in two days. Noblemen and

<sup>\*</sup> Birmingham was then so spelt.

gentlemen, and they were few, save employed upon foreign missions, who frequented this road, travelled in their own coaches or on horseback. The daughters of England loved their homes too well to quit them, and despised foreign manners and fashions too profoundly, for curiosity to see Merchants took ship at Gravesend, and them. trusted to that propulsion, which no light of modern or ancient science has been able to retard or accelerate a second of time-" the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and no man seeth whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." The contest in those days amongst conveyances, was to keep you on the road inoffensive and void of reproach, as long as they possibly could to improve your acquaintance with tavernology, "for the good of the house," and finally to set you down a fatter if not a faster man at the end of your excursion, than you were at starting. A journey was an important paragraph; nay, a leading article in the chronicle of existence; it is now scarcely a parenthesis. There had not been a waggon to Dover for a week, so to-day the number was unusually great, both of passengers and goods; fow men, one woman and a child, the wife and offspring of one of the male travellers. Cromwell and Ireton sat in the ingle corner smoking their pipes, and kicking the burning logs impstiently, from time to time, their dim ensconcement and slouched beavers entirely concealing

their features. Friends of the passengers accompanied them to the inn, to see them off on their hazardous expedition.

"You will tell the young Prince, the Scots, the loyal Welsh, and the men of Kent, are ripe for rising to rescue the King from his Hampton Court jailers," was whispered into the ear of one of the travellers, by his friend. "Tell the vice-admiral, Lord Willoughby, he has only to creep up to Gravesend with a force, for the city to rise and seize the General."

"When I have seen Lords Colepepper, Cottingham, and Mr. Hyde, I will send thee instructions; meantime hold me informed," muttered the gentleman addressed, in a low guarded tone. Sir Philip Musgrave, who after the surrender of Appleby Castle, and the Duke of Hamilton's defeat by Cromwell's bosom friend, the Marquis of Argyle, was retiring with other loyalists to the Hague, where the Prince and his brother, the Duke of York, now were. Sir Philip was disguised as an egg-dealer, of Antwerp, for eggs then, as in these days, formed a branch of foreign commerce. Cromwell touched Ireton's foot, for the smoke they purposely emitted prevented exchange of glances; their hats were pulled over their eyes, and they puffed away more vigorously; the former muttering, "Rainsborough shall occupy Southwark with a brigade of horse and foot to-morrow; the citizens truly - to dare to grumble!—they must be mastered, and quickly."

Whilst the refugee and his friend were thus exchanging hastily parting messages to distant friends, and laying their plans for future correspondence, the waggon was announced in readiness, and the travellers took their places in the snug straw under the canvas tilt.

"Son Ireton," said Cromwell, with some temper, "we came not here to gather eaves-droppings from these miserable agitators of a sunken cause,—they are beneath our notice; thy letter has deceived us."

Ireton drew it from his pocket — read it, visibly mortified, and fearful of imposition. It was now nine o'clock—a bright starlight night, and the waggoner proceeded to lead his team of eight horses through the covered gateway.

"Stay, sirrah, stay; I have goods for Dover, to be delivered to the master of the first smack bound for Calais," cried a man, carrying on his shoulders what both Cromwell and Ireton were convinced was the object of their search. Two words sufficed to arrange their plans; Cromwell pushed against the man, as he carefully picked his way through the arch close to the wall, to avoid a kick from the horses, already moving under the gateway; and stumbling beneath his burden, at last fell beneath the huge bellies of the beasts attached to the waggon. During the confusion

caused by the cries of the prostrate porter, in imminent danger of being trodden to death but for that beautiful instinct of the animal, which prompts it to lift its feet from injuring man, the curses of the waggoner at the delay, the running to and fro of ostlers, the rattling of horn lanterns amongst wheels and shaggy fetlocks, the instinctive squallings of landlady and chambermaids, always louder before danger than after; the bundle was carried off to the Dolphin chamber, burst open, and from the saddle therein sewed up between the corks, hind bolsters and troussequin, was cut a letter in the handwriting of the King, addressed to the Queen. The saddle, next moment, was flung out of the room into the little yard, amongst the crowd, which now filled Now was heard indistinct stable-dialect jabber and recrimination, every one was in turn accused by the unhappy ticket-porter of mischievously ripping up the package committed to his care, he of course, ignorant of the precious dispatch concealed in his load; and as all denied the charge, he was kicked out of the yard; told he might think himself very fortunate his ears were not slit, and he put in the pillory for scandalising a respectable hostel; one of the ostlers most vociferous in repudiating the charge, throwing the outraged article slyly into the straw-bed of a stable.

Grinding his teeth, his hand holding the steal-

thy prize, and trembling with passion, Cromwell flung to violently, locked and double-locked the door, regarding it and Ireton alternately, with a fierce triumphant sneer, plainly saying, "Who is this man that dares to circumvent me?" He grasped convulsively a small lamp, the only light in the room, placed it between the letter and his face. Ireton resting on his clenched hand, leaned over the table towards him. The rest of the room was nearly dark. The ruby-coloured thick now, embrowned cheeks, and shaggy brow of the former, surmounted by the broad cavalry beaver and falling feather, on the prominent edges of which alone shone the light, contrasting with the depth of the gloom around,-formed a subject as Rembrandt delighteth to paint. The countenance of the son-in-law was expressive of fiendish triumph, combining the features of the tiger and the fox, while the vulture and the bat might have served as a model for the physiognomy of Cromwell; the eyes of the former gloating in a prospective sacrifice, watched the silent moving lips of his father-in-law, who perused and reperused these lines with staggering incredulity :-

<sup>&</sup>quot; Hampton Court, November 6, 1647.

<sup>&</sup>quot;SWEETHEART.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Thy precious letter by Sir John Denham is hugged to my bosom. Sweetheart, thou in my

thoughts art ever present. Fear not thou shalt soon join me, and tell me thou forgivest me for temporising with rebels. I will tell thee, and thou, sweetheart, will believe thy Charles-it is for thy sake. Thou should'st not be angry, for God knoweth my heart, that I never thought to perform one tittle of my promises to rebellious True, I have been obliged to assure garters, commands, and peerages - they cost nothing, sweetheart, but breath, and when the proper time cometh we will furnish Cromwell and his bloody son-in-law not with silken garters, but with hempen cords. All the factions seek me. I sat two hours under a sermon, from Hugh Peters, in King Henry's Chapel here, for which I have the rogue mine own. To be at Whitehall again were worth granting any conditions. I subscribe to all, for Dr. Hammond telleth me, being under restraint, my conscience is loosened. This comforteth me, sweetheart; my church and thy church will be hereafter on better terms, and tell Mazarin I do not despair of the concordat with Rome set on foot by the sainted archbishop whom the rebels basely murdered. Tyburn tree and Tower Hill shall settle accounts for his and Strafford's murder. Send thy next in cypher to my faithful friend, Lady Newburgh, at Bagshot Lodge-Lady Aubigny that was, who escaped to us at Oxford, when the rogues would have hanged her, for her privity to Waller's and Challoner's unlucky business. My blessing to thee, my heart's true love—thy husband. C. R."

When Cromwell had finished the third perusal of this, every pimple in his coarse countenance assumed a frightful glitter, his nose became a deeper red, and he absolutely tore his large hat from his brow, flung it violently on the table, thereby upsetting the lamp, and wafted his sovereign's letter contemptuously towards his son-in-law. In scornful and furious accents he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of demoniac joy—

"We are redeemed, son Ireton! had I indited this; had I bid him send it forth from his hand as Elisha bid king Josiah to shoot the arrow of deliverance, I could not have more heartily said, 'This is the arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Svria.' So the monkish driveller has thought to play with me - with me - me - ah, ah, ah! believed he was at last a match for us, and had us in his toils! - That now our swords were sheathed in mercy - our hearts thought to be tenderer than prince Rupert's-we were to be awed with the kingly presence, and led this way and that, with a silken string! Had he resisted at Holmby, Joyce had my orders to shoot him. It would have saved us trouble, for the chance we gave him he hath thrown away. For all this fighting we are to have a bit of paper. No!"

The last word was uttered with terrible determination. After a pause, during which the replaced lamp burnt so low as to leave the pair nearly in darkness, Ireton exclaimed—

- "Thy great heart is itself again! God keep it strong to its resolves! Now, thou canst have no hesitation."
- "Son Ireton, I have not—give me thy hand," replied Cromwell.

The two iron-fisted warriors grasped each other hard and close, nor did their hands part for several seconds, during which each other's mind was read through and through, and bond-sealed guarantees of support given through their eyes.

Not another word was spoken, and the gold angel which paid the reckoning, confirmed the landlady in her belief, that her guests were some cavaliers in disguise; gentry she had profited so richly by, since their discomfiture and necessity to hide. Before the pair quitted the house a letter was written by Ireton - but anonymously, to the King, at Hampton Court, warning him of plots against his life, by hot-headed enthusiasts in the army then at Putney, and hinting that a flight to some place which his most trusted friend Ashburnham would point out, was his best, if not only, way of saving his life. This letter was put into the hands of the ostler, with a golden fee, for delivery at the palace gates on the morrow.

"Let him but once get within Hammond's quarters—we will have no throng of friends—no compromised malignants—no sneaking, scratching spy of Scotch Johnny Presbyter—we are safe, and if it suits me, I may give the false knave another chance, — if he play the devil again, his blood be on his own head," muttered Cromwell, in words enlivened by a broken and bitter laugh, as they rode past Gray's Inn.

These midnight musings rendered him inattentive to his route, and his horse had trotted down a fordrough, allured by the smell of a hayrick, close to Saint Giles's Church-yard. Starting up by his steed's stoppage at the bottom of this rural cul de sac, he called to Ireton, who was two fields' distance to the westward. To rejoin his impetuous son, Cromwell had to make a detour round these fields, the site of a district infinitely more difficult to thread under a modern pavement board of laid out streets, than it ever was found in the most hazy night of its former deep-rutted lane intersections. Need we name the Seven Dials?

Brooding revenge, these gloomy warriors rode on in silence to Fulham, frightening the ferryman out of his bed to row them to Putney, the head-quarters of the army. The King, Cromwell resolved never to see again at Hampton Court, and he kept his word.

"Our royal caged bird seems uneasy within

the last few days," remarked Mrs. Whally to Major Huntingdon, an officer of her husband's regiment, in the long walk by the fountain, two days after Cromwell's departure, "our folks, at Westminster, let two many people come about him; I tell my husband so. His Majesty will be giving us the slip, and go to the Houses, or the Scotch again. I saw Lady Fanshawe crying to-day, after she left his apartments, and was determined to get at the bottom of it;" and, Mrs. Whally continued-" ' His Majesty is finely to-day, he's happier than ever he was in his life,' quoth I, waiting to hear what the prelatist would say; 'nay, Mistress Whally,' said she, 'though the King always speaks of your husband's consideration, in discharge of his duty, I am sure he is very unhappy. I took my leave of him to-day, as Sir Richard and I depart to-morrow, and when he had saluted me I prayed God preserve his Majesty, with long life and happy years: he stroked me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God willeth, it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in whose hands I am.' 'He never was in better health, Lady Fanshawe,' says I; 'but he is our King, and but six years ago had fourteen palaces. He cannot but feel being a prisoner in his own house,' says she; adding, 'that Mr. Acworth informed his Majesty a week ago, that Colonel Rainsborough was resolved to VOL. III.

kill him, and offered to prove it before two witnesses—"

"Colonel Rainsborough is not near the King at this time, madam, and you might have told her whining ladyship that your husband's guards are on the alert," said Major, Huntingdon, cutting short Mrs. Whally's report of Lady Fanshawe's cross-examination.

Disappointed of a compliment from the major for her watchfulness of their royal prisoner's movements, she sharply remarked, "Well, I've done my duty: now tell me; is the peerage and Tower lieutenancy settled? Delays are dangerous, major. I look to you to push on the colonel; he is too backward for his family. I have daughters to marry, major, and Anne has always said she thought you—you ought to have a regiment, and you shall."

By this time they were in front of the south gate-house, under the arched roof of which Ashburnham, Legge, and Berkeley, were earnestly whispering together.

"That will never, never do indeed," muttered Sir John Berkeley; "the King shall not trust himself, with my consent, to such a wild-goose scheme; we are ruined—madness."

"Sir John Oglander is true as steel, and may be trusted," rejoined Ashburnham, inaudible save to the party addressed, who quickly replied, "How are we to get to France? Have you the vessels ready?" "Yes, yes, O yes," replied Ashburnham, but in a tone so unsatisfactory to Sir John Berkeley, that the latter said in a louder whisper than he intended—"Good God! entrust the King's fate to chance! he'll be brought back, and murdered in reality by the Putney agitators."

"Save me from my friends!" said Major Huntingdon, in a low significant tone, into Ashburnham's ear as he passed.

It was Colonel Whally's duty to obtain a sight of the King as unobtrusively as possible twice a-day, for his Majesty was under surveillance rather than restraint: his children were frequently with him, and Lely, then a young man, was engaged painting his portrait. This day the King professed indisposition early in the afternoon, desired not to be disturbed, and declined going from his bed-room to the dining-room at supper time.

"I shall not be easy until you have seen the King," said the wife of his military guardian. "I heard that sly-looking Berkeley, who isjust arrived from the Queen, say as we passed him at the gate, something queer about being brought back and murdered. Major, do you go to the King's dressing-room, and ask one of the grooms of the bedchamber if his Majesty is still indisposed this evening. See his Majesty's physician."

"Let the hares rest, good wife, I had his

royal word that he would not escape; spice me another cup of malmsey, Jenny, dear," said the colonel to his daughter, wishing to turn the conversation.

"Have you it now?" inquired his wife, pertinaciously.

"I had it a week since," he rejoined carelessly. "And it was retracted yesterday — you know it was—after showing him General Cromwell's pious letter, hoping the Lord would punish the assassins who were banded against the King's life—nay, my groom of the chambers has it from Dutton, Ashburnham's servant, that his master instructed him some time ago, because he was acquainted with the Hampshire and Dorchester ports, to look out for three or four ships to be ready for his master and some friends," said she.

"I have seen Dutton about the palace every day," said one of Colonel Whally's officers.

It was now eight o'clock: the sky was overcast with thick clouds, and heavy drops of rain fell upon the casement of the fine old diningroom of the Queen, in which the party were supping. The log fire blazed in the chimney; so Colonel Whally complacently stretched out his limbs for the absorption of as much caloric as would penetrate his russet boots, folded his arms, and closed his eyes in defiance of his restless better half, a little fiery-eyed woman, who sat opposite in Queen Mary's chair, the same in which that Catholic shrew had called her husband Philip over the coals in the same apartment, a hundred years previous.

Unable to stir up a proper sense of alarm in her incorrigible husband, she relieved her conscience by dilating to her daughters upon the grave responsibility that rested upon their family, who would henceforth become historical characters. Sensible surmises were made of the probability of their portraits illustrating the next new edition of Echard's History of England, and what attitudes would be becoming the Hackney heroines.

This pleasing state of things around the fire was disturbed by the entry of Major Hunting-don, hurriedly advancing to Colonel Whally, who started from his seat at a word from the former, and quitted the room through the suite of the Queen's apartments, occupied by the Whallys, to those dedicated to the King.

The door of the King's dressing-room had been opened already by the major, after knocking many times without any reply, and the first thing that met the colonel's eyes, was a letter addressed to himself in the handwriting of the King. He seized it—perused it hastily, walked to the window, whilst his officers diligently lifted the arras tapestries of the walls of the room in search of some secret door:—

"Hampton Court, 11 November, 1647.

"Colonel Whally,

"I have been so civily used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand, as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy, by your protecting of my household stuff and moveable of all sorts, which I leave behinde me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embesled; only there are three pictures here which are not mine, that I desire you to restore: to wit, my wives picture in blew, sitting in a chaire,\* you must send to Mistris Kirke; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcarn, to the Countess of Anglesey, and my Lady Stannop's picture to Cary Rawley: there is a fourth, which I had almost forgot, it is the original of my eldest daughter, (it hangs in this chamber over the board next to the chimney,) which you must send to my Lady Aubigny. So, being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest

"Your friend,

"CHARLES R."

"P.S. I assure you it was not the letter you showed me to-day that made me take this resolution, nor any advertisement of that kinde. But

<sup>\*</sup> Sold by Mr. Christie amongst Mr. Harman's pictures during the present year.

I confess that I am loath to be made a close prisoner, under pretence of securing my life. I had almost forgot to desire you to send the black grew bitch to the Duke of Richmond."

Whally read the letter slowly, then handed it to the major.

At last a door was found. It led into a narrow corridor from which a flight of stairs took the astounded party, their leader stupified, or pretending to be so, with so unexpected a step in the King as a nocturnal flight. At the top of the stairs the wind, now increased to a storm, howled dismally: they were in the same gallery in which the then Captain Monk groped his way from Sir John Denham's room at the masque, to the spot where his life was saved by the courage, devotion, and promptitude of the woman he had since made his wife. A casement was blown suddenly inwards, the glass falling in shrill shivers as it was violently flung against the thick stone-mullioned frame-every one started, and regarded each other uneasily by the flickering glare of the carried light. They pressed closer together; but the next moment the torches themselves were extinguished, and the pursuers stood in the gusty gloom of the apparently interminable corridor. None of the party had been in the passage before-its concealed access and uncertain termination added to

the feeling of insecurity, and the indefinite fears that paralysed their limbs. A fiendish laugh of derision rose on the extinction of the light from the remote end of the corridor; and a door closed with a furious slam, echoed again and again, then burst out afresh, and was echoed afresh, each peal characteristic with distinct degrees of contempt, defiance, and scoff pointedly directed against the advancing party. They shook with fear. Presently the clanking measured tread of a man sheathed in complete armour approached louder and louder: they shrunk to one mass of trepidation,-colonel, subaltern, officers, and servants; again rose the laugh, mocking them at intervals from a very remote distance. A dim light shone around the armed man, his vizor was down, and every feature concealed: the teeth of Colonel Whally and his officers chattered; breath was altogether suspended in their parched mouths: they were near enough to touch and count the nails on the greaves and gorget of the supposed spectre; but they stirred not. The outline of the figure indicated a dignified embodiment of the royalty of many centuries: a hollow sepulchral voice from the mailed bars of the vizor said, "intruders, begone!" It retreated, and the scoffing yell of derision was succeeded with a distinct groan that rose from the floor of the gallery, involuntarily followed by a sonorous shudder from the party, who, huddled together, were perspiring at every pore from excessive fright. A light fell upon them welcomely from behind, and a well-known voice hailed them by name. Too much terrified to answer, the whole party remained in their petrified position for some minutes, until the unquestionably terrestrial hue of Peter Pipe, accompanied by his yeoman of the buttery, assured them of really having survived the visitation. To the colonel's mention of what he and his followers had just seen, Peter only remarked, that if they lived as long as he had done at Hampton Court, few dark evenings in the passages and vaults would be coveted by the boldest.

Guided by the reillumined torches, the door of the subterraneous passage was after a little time discovered, into which none but Peter had ever descended. Through this vault there was not the slightest trace of the King, or the three companions of his flight—it was a forbidden route, and the party had dropped off to Colonel Whally, Major Huntingdon, Peter, and three unwilling servants, when an unfastened door was discovered leading by way of Paradise, a place so called, into the garden; and on the gravel moist with rain, was discovered by their torches the recent impression of horses.

"They are gone — clean gone," said the colonel; and in a lower tone added, "you are

not put out of countenance with the loss, major, eh?"

"Exactly as the general wished. A manœuve worthy of him," said Huntingdon; "I shall never forget his eye fixed upon this foolish, faithless King, when stuffing him with plots he had detected for assassinating and carrying him again off to Scotland; the ex-member for Hastings has been a ductile tool in our hands," he added with a chuckle. "But this night's work has been no game to us, has it?" said Whally. "God forbid a rehearsal!—I will march from the palace first."

"Hark! heard ye not that cry?—there, again. It's his favourite greyhound—they are driving him back," exclaimed Major Huntingdon.

"I hear nothing," said Whally, without moving a muscle of his face.

Intelligence of the King's flight, without ostensible cause, from Hampton Court, was soon circulated around the palace, and several days elapsed before any clue arose as to the route he had taken — Mistress Whally receiving the intelligence amid a shower of hysterics, and the young ladies cried in dutiful concert. Loss of office seemed certain, and hopes of honours flown. The Lords Ormonde, Langdale, and others then at Hampton Court, friends of the King, bit their lips with vexation, for they clearly saw that a more fatal step, or one more lowering to his

dignity could not have been taken. The King had been practised upon by Cromwell and Whally; and decided by the letter shown him, where a plot was mentioned for murdering him, as well as by several anonymous ones, brought to the palace by persons who galloped away the moment after their delivery; he had relied solely upon Ashburnham's assurance that he had means of transporting him to Jersey to the Prince of Wales, and to France; and took that step which was the regular commencement of a series of mistakes, which brought him ultimately to the scaffold.

## CHAPTER IV.

The fatal Escape of Charles from Hampton Court.—Who is the Traitor?—Battle of Kingston.—Death of the Earl of Holland, and End of the Civil War.

THE night was dark and tempestuous; the rain fell in torrents; still the King, equipped in a thick riding-cloak, high full boots, and broad slouched beaver, full of hope and confidence in the prudence of the step he was taking, galloped on towards Oatlands, Chobham, and Bagshot, towards Hampshire, scarcely exchanging a word with Sir John Berkeley or Ashburnham, who, with difficulty, maintained their position by his side, his horse being so much superior to theirs. Behind them rode William Legge, William Levett, William Merry, Anthony Mildmay, and servants with led sumpter-horses; but there was nothing in the party to attract observation; all gentlemen of condition travelled in this way from one house to another.

He hurried by his royal castle of Windsor, nor drew rein to bait, until ten miles beyond it: unrecognised at the hostel at Bagshot, they

pushed forward; when, late in the afternoon, being now on the borders of the New Forest, the King, after a long silence, suddenly observed to Ashburnham, "Now, Jack, on my faith, in thy forethought and apt scheming I am come thus far without a question. Where lies the ship thou hast chartered for transporting us to France?"

This plain question, though not made misdoubtingly, or in a tone implying the slightest diminution of confidence in his friend and guide, caused Ashburnham to start as from a deep reverie.

- "Ay, a ship, Master Ashburnham," he repeated, astonished at any hesitation in the gentleman of the bedchamber.
- "Ship, Sire!—I have not been able—I have no ship in particular for your Majesty," answered Ashburnham.
- "No ship!" exclaimed the King and Sir John Berkeley together. In their agitation of excessive astonishment, they sprung upwards in their stirrups and inclined backwards from their holsters, which were smitten at the same moment sharply with their bridle hands.
- "No ship!—then what is to become of the King? Thou assuredst his Majesty in my hearing, but a sevennight since, that Dutton, who rides behind us, had great knowledge of the coast, and was despatched on the errand," ex-

claimed Sir John Berkeley, with ill-suppressed indignation.

The King regarded sternly the saturnine simpering courtier, whom neither frowns nor menaces could ruffle, and, in the bitterness of his soul, exclaimed, "Oh, Jack, Jack, thou hast undone me!"

"I have been thinking that your Majesty would have vantage-ground in the Isle of Wight; Hammond, the governor, is brother of your Majesty's chaplain, and left Hampton Court but three days since. I had much converse with him, and he is well affected. He thinks, and I think, that your royal person will be safer from the army agitators; their quarters at Putney are rather too neighbourly. Mistress Whorrold hath spoken to Lilly upon the matter."

"Think!—I gave thee no authority to trust my safety to a rebel. Cromwell has not a stauncher ally than this Hammond; he married the daughter of the beginner of these troubles, John Hampden. Oh, Jack! thou hast sold me—thou hast deceived me!" cried the unhappy King, tears of vexation and disappointment rolling down the embrowned cheeks, on which the sun and wind of six years' campaigning in all weather had beat less painfully than the trickle of those misery-begotten drops.

"I will manage Hammond—there is no need of apprehension; he is ours entirely, Sire,"

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said Ashburnham, in a voice of the utmost confidence. That night, the King rested at the Bell tavern, at Sutton, in Hampshire.

"I go no further than my Lord of Southampton's, at Titchfield," said Charles; "we must then take fresh counsel."

At Titchfield, where stood a noble mansion of Lord Southampton, the King resolved to repose himself after his fatigues; the roundabout roads by the coast, which they had taken, had lengthened the journey to several days, and he had reposed incognito at but indifferent inns.

The remainder of that day's journey was a wretched one for all parties; each had reason to remember it to the end of their lives.

Whether Ashburnham was a tool or a knave; whether he betrayed the King of his own deliberate and treasonable intention, or whether he was the dupe of more designing actors, it is not my province to pronounce, even were I able to do so, which I am not, after reading the late Lord Ashburnham's vindication of his ancestor, the first Earl of Dartmouth's notice in his notes on "Burnett's Own Times;" and Jack's own "Narrative," framed after the Restoration, for the purpose of his defence against the charges in circulation against him, and with a view to preserve favour at Court. Whatever was his motive, he has kept his own secret; for Sir John Berkeley, who also wrote a narrative of

this untoward journey, never could find it out to the day of his death.

Arrived at Titchfield, the King made himsel known to Lady Southampton, a handsome ol lady, nearly eighty years old, whose perplexit and fears of her incompetence to entertain he visitor damped the gratification and pride none would have felt in greater degree than hersel at this mark of royal confidence. Her son had suffered, like all the rest of the King's supporters, both in purse and lands, and her ménage was consequently rather on a narrow basis. logies, excuses, lamentations, were all she could utter to the King's assurances that she must forget he was her King, but regard him as one taking the freedom of an old friend of the family. She would not have dared to approach the royal guest from very dread of witnessing wry faces at her country cookery, but for a happy incident relieving her mind upon the preparation of viands, which left her to attend to wants of which the harassed King stood infinitely more in need. Anthony Gravymeat had been recalled by his father from Lord Holland's, when the King's stay at Hampton Court bore the appearance of being a lengthened one; for the chef de cuisine endured not the same flesh and blood serving up dishes for the King and an arch-traitor. He arrived at Hampton Court the day before the evening of the King's sudden departure, the secret of which was entrusted by Ashburnham to his father; the servants accompanying them being only told they were wanted to escort a nobleman returning home from a visit to the palace.

"His Majesty should have a royal peacock pie, when he arrives at his destination, and who is to make his carbonades, grillades, saucepiquet, dumbisque, and capitolades to the gauge of his palate?" sighed old Gravymeat; "and who can mix his posset? ay, and can be trusted to put the cup into his royal hands?"

"Who better than your Tony, father? I have not made choice drinks for the government lords and gentlemen during these past years for nothing."

His father looked displeased at this honorable mention of the government de facto. He would not have brewed them any drink more palatable than muddy beer, sweetened with hemlock. "Then prepare thyself a nag, and be at hand during his Majesty's progress; be smart and constant," said he to his son. "Thou shalt take the place of Elford, one of the grooms of the chambers, and wilt not be noticed until day-light—the King will not be angry with old Caleb for sending him a trusty cook. Many a king has died from absence of his taster."

Anthony was not ready to accompany his three fellow-servants; a delay which he cared not for, liking better to ride after them, than run the

risk of losing the fruits of a promising adventure by detection at starting. He remained in the long narrow gallery we have had occasion to mention, at a casement overlooking the road the King and his attendants had taken, until the clatter of their horses' hoofs had died away. He was quitting the window to seek his horse, when Colonel Whally and his noisy company from the suppertable, entered the gallery in pursuit of the fugitives. Anthony, in his first surprise, permitted the wind to blow inward the casement, and then stealthily betook himself to a recess, in which hung a suit of complete armour.

Hearing from their discourse the object of the party's visit to the gallery, the fancy struck him to retard its accomplishment, and the effectual manner in which the dispersal of the whole party, save their two leaders, was accomplished, we have seen. Anthony became of the utmost service to the King, at his subsequent quarters in the Isle of Wight, where more than suspicion was raised that foul means would be used by his enemies to be rid of their troublesome obstacle to power.

Sir John Berkeley and Ashburnham left the King at Titchfield for a few days, whilst they sounded Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight, who affected to be in the greatest alarm at the King's arrival within his jurisdiction, and on his hesitating to give an assurance that the King might, if he wished, remove himself from

it, Ashburnham coolly proposed to the King to assassinate him, and make the best of their way to the west, where friends would provide a ship for France. To this cold-blooded proposal Charles replied—

"I understand you well enough, but the world would not excuse me; for if I should follow that counsel, it would be said and believed, that Hammond had ventured his life for me, and that I had unworthily taken it from him. No, it is too late now, to think of any thing, but going through the way you have forced upon me, and to leave the issue to God."

"But," adds Sir John Berkeley in his narrative, "when his Majesty began anew to wonder that he could make so great an oversight, Mr. Ashburnham, having no more to reply, wept bitterly."

The King having, in consequence of the situation in which he was placed, resolved to proceed to the Isle of Wight, was lodged in Carisbrook Castle, where he was at first respectfully treated by the governor. When, however, the parliament and the army united, Hammond, "that detestable villain," as Asburnham then called him, "began to use the King with great irreverence." Intelligence was conveyed to his Majesty, that the army was bent upon his destruction, a project which, if not originated, was highly encouraged by Cromwell and Ireton.

Charles, determined to escape from Carisbrook, again concerted with Asburnham for that purpose, who contrived that the Queen, who was then in France, should send over a French vessel to Southampton, to wait Ashburnham's orders. This was the only step which the Queen ever took for effecting the safety of her husband. The bark was prepared for the King's reception, and as he had liberty to ride abroad, no obstacle to his flight now appeared to remain. "The King with greate joy ranne to the window, to see how the wind stood by the fane, and finding it perfectly fair, made all hast to draw on his bootes, and being readie to go out of his chamber, hee turn'd againe to look upon the fane, when so fatal a mischiefe did attend him, as it was changed at that instant cleare contrary, and continued so for six dayes together, so as the barque could not stirr." The Parliamentary and the Scotch Commissioners by that time arrived at Carisbrook Castle, and Ashburnham, Berkeley, and Legge, were removed from the service of the King. Herbert was appointed by the commissioners to be of his bedchamber, and Anthony Gravymeat allowed to remain.

One more attempt at an escape, as unlucky as all the others, the King was induced to make by Lilly, to whom Ashburnham paid a heavy fee for astrological encouragement through a Mrs. Whorrold, the Archimago prognosticating certain suc-

cess. In pursuance of this revelation, Ashburnham found means to apprise Charles, that he would have horses at Netley Park, to carry him to a place where he had provided a ship to transport him to France; but after waiting a quarter of a year upon the sea-coast, with a view to assist Charles in his meditated escape, he was taken prisoner, when he made his composition, and was enlarged.

The King's friends at Hampton Court, whose spirits had begun to rise, were sadly cast down; the presumption of Mistress Whally became boundless; strange squads of sectarians from London came thither to hold meetings and exercises within the stately saloons of a line of princes. The Miss Whallys, seated on a heap of embroidered cushions, which, piled along a low platform that surrounded the apartment, served like the estrada of the Spaniards, instead of chairs and stools, held their court like princesses of the blood, at which were presented all the daughters and wives of Kingsland and Hackney; and the royal apartments of the queens of Henry the Eighth, of Queen Elizabeth, and of Queen Henrietta Maria, with all the luxurious bhul and marqueterie furniture, gilt cariole chairs, girandoles, commodes, rich velvet covered divans, and satin damask hangings, were now the lounging places of tradesmen from Camomile Street, Eastcheap, sweet Rosemary and Carter Lanes,

and of rude plebeian officers of the newly modelled army, with their female relatives. Colonel Whally himself preached from the pulpit of the chapel, which was occupied sometimes during a whole day by a series of lay lecturers, fanatics encouraged by Cromwell and his son-in-law, now the two military chiefs of the dominant party, by the death of Lord Essex, and the resignation of Fairfax. Dr. Hammond, the royalist chaplain, was plumply informed that a hireling ministry could no longer taint the palace, as only true gospel ministers, uncontaminated with episcopacy, would be tolerated in national pulpits; and great was this good man's astonishment at being pushed on one side as he ascended the reading-desk one Sunday, by a violent democratical physician, Dr. Staines, a virulent enemy of the Presbyterians and Church of England, who, in addition to his professional avocations, performed those of quartermaster-general, and lay vicar of the British army; he preached an hour by a glass fixed on the pulpit, and having completed the prescribed period, turned it, exclaiming, "As I see, my brethren, that you are all good fellows, you will not object to take another glass with me."

The chaplain, though driven from his pulpit, resolved not to quit the palace until dismissed by his Majesty himself; and his apartments became the secure rendezvous and sanctuary of sorrowing royal adherents. Here they delighted

to talk of the glorious times they had seen in the royal undisturbed sway of Elizabeth and James, and to hatch small treason against their new masters.

One afternoon whilst Dr. Hammond, Sawyer, the head verderer, the curate of Ham, Sir John Berkeley, Sir Endymion Porter, and Caleb Gravymeat, had sat down to a comfortable bowl of hypocrass, compounded by the latter in nice proportions of red wine, cinnamon, ginger, and augar, two gentlemen abruptly entered: one middle-aged, his face artificially tinted, and the other a much younger man, and exceedingly handsome, who, though disguised like his friend in the clothes of a countryman, seemed as indifferent to discovery as his senior was anxiously nervous for concealment.

- "His Grace of Buckingham," cried Hammond.
- "Doctor, your fist! Haven't clenched it since that jolly night when the conduits ran wine, and you used the ivy bushes so badly—made their old green leaves blush—Ah, ah—you remember—" exclaimed the young duke, shaking the chaplain's hand very cordially. Perceiving their distrustful glances towards the door, he rose, and slammed it carelessly with so loud a noise, that all, save himself, trembled; and then throwing himself into a seat near the fire, said, "I must be spokesman, I see. Holland and I

have scampered from a battle-field, as badly off as Telemachus and Mentor, that's all—It's all over for King Charles now, my boys."

Still all were silent and apprehensive.

- "Come, old fellow, introduce yourself, or I must—the Earl of Holland, gentlemen.—Let bygones be bygones; his lordship has wiped out all his coquetings with the strange Lady Presbyter, by returning to his old love. He has fought a battle not ten miles off this very day, for the good old cause of Church and King, and lost it—the bloodhounds are after us. Where shall we hide?—that is our business with you, gentlemen."
- "How daring to enter this palace, the enemy's stronghold!" said Dr. Hammond, lifting up his hands with wonder.
- "The very reason we came. No one would look for us here."
- "You conceal us at the hazard of your lives," said Lord Holland in his usual silvery tones; "I hardly dared to solicit your aid."
- "If your lordship will shave off your beard and put on a cap, I can take you into the kitchen as yeoman of the spicery on my own responsibility, for the Westminster gentry have dismissed most of my corps."
- "Take a cross-bow and the green jerkin—we will shoot the King's bucks together for your lordship's old allies," said Sawyer.

The earl shook his head; he could not find it in his heart to part with his beard; and to rough it as a gamekeeper suited not his luxurious habits.

Dr. Hammond agreed to find them both bed and board for that night, and bade his friends give warning, if suspicions were entertained of the lurking-place of these fugitives.

Lord Holland was low-spirited and unhappy—he well knew he had deserved no mercy from the Parliament, against whom he most unadvisedly got up an ill-timed insurrection for delivering the King from his captivity at Carisbrook—a desperate, hopeless attempt to regain his character for loyalty.

The duke's brother, Lord Francis Villiers, a son of Sir Kenelm Digby, and many brave men were killed in this battle, fought between Ewell and Nonsuch Park.

Next morning the Duke inquired whether the verderer had paid him a visit, and was answered that he was gone to Kingston fair.

- "Thither will I go myself, and wager that I walk about, talk with a score people, and return with a whole skin."
- "Your grace rushes to destruction; remember the fate of Sir George Lisle and Sir George Charles Lucas," said Sir John Berkeley.
- "Tell me of those gallant gentlemen, for in this hermitage I have heard little of late, and I vol. 111.

know the Lord Lucas, brother of Sir Charlesonserved Dr. Hammond.

"You must know, then," replied Sir John Berkeley, "that Colchester has made the noble stand against the rebels of any town in Englances, since fate frowned upon us at Naseby. It we reduced to famine—men ate horses, and dran at the muddiest ditch with gladness. To Fair fax it at last surrendered; but Ireton, the blood and implacable, selected two for vengeance, those gallant knights Lisle and Lucas, who were putt to death after surrender, in a manner new, anwithout example, in civilized countries. Thre-e files of musketeers were drawn up. Sir Charle Lucas was their first work, who fell dead; upo which Sir George Lisle ran to him, embracehim, and kissed his bloody face; then stood upand, looking his executioners in the face, tolethem to come nearer.

"' I 'll warrant you, sir, we'll hit you,' replied one, to which, with the calmest, sweetest smile of his face, he answered—

"'Friends, I have been nearer you when you have missed me.' Thereupon they all fired, and did their work home; so that he fell dead of many wounds without speaking a word. The Earl of Norwich and the Lord Capel, who were taken also at Colchester, they had sent to Windsor Castle."

"I'll not only visit the fair, but the fair shall

pay my expenses. I shall enact mountebank, fortune-teller, pundit, quack, or Punch, according to the temper of my audience," said the duke, gaily imitating the nasal twang of Punch's invisible impersonator, and at which the doctor could not refrain from laughing.

"If I do not fit you with a new and welllaid stratagem," continued the duke, "call me with Lilly Bos, Fur, Sus atque Sacerdos.

"My own sister would not know me, nor Sir Jeffrey himself, my own playfellow: I am impatient to pick up the maravedies, and shall be off. Adieu, Lord of Kensington: if I hear what has become of Lord Peterborough thou shalt know on my return to-morrow."

"I fear I never shall see thee again, duke; one of us will be taken before night," said Holland gravely.

"That will be thee, then, for hiding like a bat: no, no, we shall drink King Charles's health in the King's hall next Christmas," said the young duke, boldly walking out into the corridor conducting to a flight of stairs into the clock-court, trusting solely to the disguise of dress and saucily slouched felt hat, to conceal the person of a proscribed outlaw, whose life would be the certain penalty of his detection within the realm.

Keep within the room, and thou art safe, my lord, until we can devise some plan for escape to the north, to the Marquis of Hamilton, and

General Littleton. By to-morrow's dawn a guide shall be provided. But keep room, my lord, I will go and sit out a sermon from Colonel Rainsborough this morning, to lull any suspicions."

Holland had always been one of the gayest actors in all the pageantries and delights of Hampton Court during this and the preceding reign, How gloomy and forbidding was the aspect of these courts, where once he, the handsomest man of his day, was flattered and caressed by majesty, nobility, and the fairest of creation, England's noblest daughters, Lady Carlisle, Lady Berkshire, Lady Newport, Lady Oxford, Lady Anne Cavendish, Lady Penelope Egerton, and Lady Strange! These were days, the like to which he bitterly felt never would return to him; and his conscience convicted him of being one of the most willing causes of their banishment. He longed again to visit the great dining room, and view the cartoons of Raphael and Triumphs of Cæsar, by Andrea Mantegna-had they been injured during the confusion? Thither he ventured, unobserved by any servant of the National Commissioners, as the people sent by Parliament to reside at the palace, were termed. These latter nine spirited paintings in distemper were favourites with Lord Holland; the King had purchased them from the Duke of Mantua, as he had eighty-two splendid pictures, principally by Julio Romano and Correggio, by the late Duke of Buckingham's advice. Reubens had made a copy of the fifth, which Lord Holland knew was in his own mansion at Kensington, which he might never see again. The portrait of Queen Henrietta, her hair falling in clustering ringlets on her shoulders, in a blue silk robe with full sleeves and gold chain by Vandyke, which Charles had requested, in his letter to Colonel Whally, to be sent to Mistress Kirk, hung in this apartment.\* Lord Holland had many tender reminiscences with his Sovereign's consort; they were called up vividly; and, unconscious of what he did, fell back on a chair, which before had often felt his weight, and gazed at the rich brown hair and expressive dark eyes of this vivacious intriguing Princess with absorbed attention, totally unaware of the entry into the room of two persons, a lady and gentleman.

"What shall we make of this room, Bess?—'twill dine the merchant adventurers next time dad's privateers capture a Dutchman," said, in a harsh repulsive voice, no less a person than Mr. Lionel Phelps to his sister.

"This has been the banqueting-room of queens—no dirty trading orgies will I allow here. My father is wealthy; we may be rid of them. Young England, Lionel, will be worthy of her offspring. A new order, a new aristocracy will displace the old. It shall not

<sup>\*</sup> Now in the possession of Mr. Samuel Rogers.

be less worthy of respect in the people's eyes."

"Curse it!—we must do the thing hearty never turn back on old friends; as we pulled the stroke-oar, so we must row. If I inherent this palace, I'll give a dinner to all Bishopga the Within and Without twice a year," said Lioned, almost suffocated with prospective greatness.

"No more of these degrading associations exclaimed his sister, in a tone of habitual command.

Mr. Lionel, the deputy of Bishopgate war d, son of the Lord Mayor, was dumb.

"I love that man," she exclaimed, regarding a picture of Philip II., in a black cassock edge and with fur, "bigot, bloody as he was; he never blenched from his purpose—he never was traitor to his convictions. How unlike that renegade Holland! There is one purpose, for which I would not care to see the room applied."

"What is that, sister?" said Lionel.

"To hold a court-martial upon Lord Holland, if brought here a prisoner, and upon Monk, if he turn traitor to the people."

The speaker had walked up the room without perceiving the fugitive; but the latter, starting at her last words, and uttering an involuntary ejaculation, her attention was thus directed towards him. He rose, essayed to make a rude apology,

consistent with his present costume. His life had been of courtly conventionality, and dreamy deification of rank had phased a long existence; dissembling of artifice was unattainable to him who had too long been an adept in cloaking nature.

"I know that voice," said she; "I have heard it at my uncle Knightley's at Fawsley—at Mr. Pym's—at Lady Carlisle's—at Kensington. It is—is it not—my Lord Holland's?"

A distressing attempt at evasion of this question dribbled from the peer's lips. Miss Phelps was satisfied it was no other than the courtly peer, whose rank, fortune, and hospitality once threw so respectable a light upon her father's party; but who, she knew, was now the despised of both open enemies and allies. She ceased speaking, her eye steadily and contemptuously fixed upon him, and hesitated for a moment. The recreant peer trembled in his hob-nailed shoes, russet and coarse woollen garb, before her eve of fire. It was but for a moment—the pitying nature of woman within her was scorched up by disappointment and baffled chimeras-she had become implacable to any who were of General Monk's former party.

"Lionel, look to that man—he is a traitor in disguise," said she, in a hard, pitiless tone, as she swept out of the room to her father, who was giving orders for an inventory of the furniture of the palace, with the intention of approprating it to his own use.

Lionel was not bold enough, unassisted, to labands on the poor bewildered peer, who might have been bound resistless by a child, but called for his servants, who quickly conveyed the presoner for identification to Colonel Whally. However, by the Council, committed a close prisoner to Warwick Castle, though titular constable thereof, where he remained until his trial and decapitation in Old Palace Yard, with two others unfortunate noblemen, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel.

## CHAPTER V.

Herbert's mournful Narrative of the King's last Moments.

—Sensation produced at Hampton Court by the Intelligence of the King's Execution.—Who wrote "Icon Basiliké?"—Dispersal of the Household.—Gravymeat's Prudence.—Hampton Court sold to a Tradesman of Bishopgate Street.

It was in the first week of the month of February, after the failure of Lord Holland's insurrection in the south, and Lord Derby's in the north, which hastened what they were intended to avert—the destruction of the King—that the same party, save the chief cook, were snugly seated in the chaplain's (Dr. Hammond's) room. It was, in Wolsey's time, called the legate's chamber, from Cardinal Campeggio being lodged there, and hung with nine pieces of tapestry of the seven deadly sins.

In all the chambers were a profusion of windows; and in the galleries, or perambulatories, an admixture of straight or bay windows, making, in fact, one entire window.

The wainscot, to the height of two-thirds of the walls, ran in small square panels, some with a sort of undulating scroll-work, and others fill led with small fretted compartments.

The fronts of the screens and doorways we formed with the all-abounding mélange of scrolk lik, orbs, obelisks, grotesque figures of men, wome len, beasts, intermixed with foliage, which also pervaded every decoration, either of terins, column lik, pilasters, or entablatures.

This was the only place within the palace for indulging the sweet luxury of cursing their oppressors; when, on the absence of Gravyme at being remarked, Dr. Hammond observed that he had seen two individuals enter the porter's lodge splashed and muddy, as after a long ride. He had no sooner said this than Caleb entered, introducing his son, with Mr. Edward Progental and Mr. Herbert; but the latter sank on a chair and burst into tears before receiving the greeting of Dr. Hammond.

- "Do not speak to him—it's all over," said—d Caleb in a low tone.
- "The canting villains have not dared to lay their sacrilegious hands on our monarch?" exclaimed Doctor Hammond trembling, and his face assuming an ashy paleness, which, at the same moment overspread that of the other.
- "My son saw the axe fall, and Herbert laid him in his coffin," said Caleb, covering his face with his hands.

His auditory looked at each other fiercely -knit

their brows, and silence reigned for a quarter of an hour in the legate's chamber, upon which the afternoon's sun through the stained glass casement threw a sobered crimson hue.

Herbert was too affected to speak—a gentle knock was heard—no one dared to break the silence—the door opened—it was the gigantic porter—he had heard of the judicial murder, and came to mingle his tears with those of the only ones who he knew dared to sorrow for the stroke which had robbed them of a most beneficent master, and in their eyes a matchless sovereign.

The weeping party, which had now increased to forty, filled the apartment — they were old servants in whom loyalty remained untainted, though prudence dissembled their feelings to preserve their appointments on the demolition of the royal household.

Herbert had to tell again and again to this sobbing crowd of the tragic end of his master.—
He could only speak at intervals, his head resting all the time on his hand, and his lace ruff moistened with the tears which dropped from cheeks pale with vigils of several weeks; for his attachment to his master had not permitted him once to seek his bed during this last period of the King's life. Revenge and eternal enmity to his muderers were deeply and secretly sworn whilst Herbert related the indignities perpetrated in the Isle of Wight; exciting his hearers to the

highest pitch by the account of his attempt to escape from Carisbrook, and of its near success, when thwarted by the difficulty of passing his person through the bars of his prison window—his brutally hurried journey on horseback from Hurst Castle, by the Nantwich butcher's son, Harrison, through the forest to Windsor—the conversion of that stately palace of his ancestors into a prison for its master—his sudden arraignment as a traitor before Sergeant Bradshaw, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, presiding over a court of sixty-five lawyers and military officers, whom civil war had brought out of obscurity.

-Lord Fairfax's absence, and his wife's courageous disclaimer at the hazard of her life, crying out when the King's impeachment, "in the name of the good people of England," was read, "No, nor the hundredth part of them!" and the horror that thrilled through that vast hall when the officer gave the word "to fire" into her box, not knowing that it was the wife of their general, who alone dared to speak out the truth; and the expulsion of this brave daughter of Horace Lord Vere from their court-how the soldiers, set on by their officers, hooted at their anointed King, shouting 'tyrant,' 'murderer,' in his ears in his passage from the great door of the hall to the opposite end-how one spit in his face, which his Majesty, without expressing any trouble, wiped off with his handkerchiefHis bold kingly defiance and denial of their authority to question their legitimate ruler, and his firmness for the three days that the trial lasted, refusing to plead to an illegal tribunalthe daring of these self-constituted judges in proceeding to pass sentence—the hopes, anxieties, that foreign intervention would avert execution—the three dreary days and nights spent at St. James's, and the patience of the royal martyr under the insults of his guards-his last night on earth-his cheerful walk from St. James's through the park, mildly chiding Colonel Tomlinson, the officer of his guard, for going so slowly to the scaffold at Whitehall, saying, "that he now went before them to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often bid his soldiers fight for an earthly diadem"—his notice of the elm-tree planted by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, as he passed \*-his touching speech to the people when there,—his asking forgiveness from God for assenting to Lord Strafford's execution, and his last words to Bishop Juxonthe thrilling sweep of the regicidal arm that levelled the axe upon the neck bent in prayer !sad cruel particulars - too dreadful to be believed by those who never thought of, spoke of, or approached their sovereign but with awe.

- "That is for you, doctor," said Herbert,
- \* This elm-tree still stands near the entrance of the passage leading into Spring Gardens.

placing in Dr. Hammond's hands a small book, "you will treasure it as the apple of your eye. I bought it the very morning after that homble act. Royston told me that he had orders not to publish it till then. Already people say it was not written by the King; some, that Dr. Harris was its composer; others, that yourself, who knew his thoughts so well."

Dr. Hammond opened the volume;—it was entitled "Icon Basiliké." "I can myself swear that every word of these meditations were written by his Majesty," said he, reading some passages which he had seen the King write in this very palace, and at Holdenby. "If any doubt, ask Endymion Porter and Lord Montague. It was only just before he left Hampton Court, that Fairfax sent the trunks taken at Naseby, with seventeen chapters; and the King's wanting some careful person to transcribe and arrange them, asked Bishop Juxon to recommend one, and he sent John Brantle, who, with his son, sat up several nights methodizing the papers in the King's handwriting. Deny it to be the King's! General Hammond knows it, for he searched the King's papers at Carisbrook, and has spoken of these very meditations; and Sir Jeremy Whichcott transcribed the very chapters, when Fairfax lent them to Major Huntingdon-pooh, pooh! They would deny Lord Bacon his Novum Organum," exclaimed Dr. Hammond, much excited.

"Poor Symmons, who undertook to see the work through the press for the King, had a narrow escape; two of the printers, Cheltenham and Jones, gave information to government of the book's coming out, and they watched Symmons to his lodgings; and he, though in a shepherd's habit, was discovered, was pursued into Great Carter lane by the officers; the villains fired pistols at him, frighted him up stairs, and out of a garret window, from whence he made his escape over the houses. Harrington and I have seen the King place it under his blue watchet waistcoat, upon occasion of interruption-when at Carisbrook, I saw him give the copy into Symmons's hands, and thank him graciously for his book called 'Vindiciæ Caroli.' Ay, doctor, they know all hearts will be touched with the book, and would put it into discredit. Kirk and I were watching in an inner room at Carisbrook, when Anthony Mildmay, the king's cup-bearer, came to his bed-chamber at two in the morning, saying, the soldiers wanted him to take him there, and thence to Hurst Castle. They abused us, and made the King rise and dress, calling out, they would force him if he did not, and I noticed he only concerned himself to secure this manuscript, and a small cabinet, in which were copies of his letters to the Queen. He gave Will Levet the manuscript and cabinet to take care of, till we arrived at Hurst Castle," said Herbert.

"My Tony was in attendance upon his saced Majesty,—the table-deckers and serving-men received only from him, I hope Master Herbert?" inquired Caleb, through his tears.

"His Majesty saw little of table-deckers towards the last; but nothing would he eat, save from the hand of your son, or drink, save from Mildmay the cup-bearer, good Master Gravymeat," replied the King's attendant.

"I am comforted, and shall die happy," blubbered Caleb, the cook.

"You remember what a laugh the prior of Esher's prophecy raised, when I repeated it to you in the kitchen—come Christmas eight years," said the verderer.

"You frightened us with as many changes of masters, as there are courts here, I remember," said Caleb.

"Here is the first of them; deny that if you can," said Sawyer. "But all will be right soon; the Prince of Wales with a French force from his uncle's court will be over, and all Scotland will be rising to string up these traitors at Tyburn," said Anthony.

"The owls whooped dismally over the battlements of the gate tower; that very night one flapped in my face as I walked on the leads, and Virgil's lines where one almost hears the illomened bird's death-song, which foreran the death of Dido, came to my mind:—

'Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces' "

muttered the chaplain, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Those old screech-owls were never more boisterous; they hissed like serpents, and snapped like coffin-makers, as I went my rounds through the house park," said the verderer.

"I tremble to think of Isaiah's picture of the desolation of Jerusalem," groaned the chaplain. 'There also shall meet Ziim and Ijim, and the Setyr shall cry to his fellow, and the screech-owl shall rest there, and shall find for herself a quiet dwelling.' Hampton Court now, methinks, has no brighter prospect than the habitation of the king of Judah. Does he not also say, my friends, 'Idumea shall be an horrible desolation and barren wilderness'?"

"Though the prior's prophecy goes for five successive usurpers of our murdered master's palace, yet the sixth may raise it higher than ever," said Sawyer the verderer.

"God grant he may! but I fear the sun royal is set in England," ejaculated Dr. Hammond, tears rolling down his cheeks.

The party assembled in the legate's chamber listened in the gloomy silence of hopelessness.

The majority already pictured their land desolate, and felt that the edict had gone forth, that proclaimed "that thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court of owls."

In a few months, these sad forebodings seemed in a fair way of being realized. To the horor and disgust of the old nobility and loyal hearts that still beat in England, Parliament put up to sale the King's palaces, pictures, plate, and all other valuable apurtenances of the crown; and many a deeply-uttered curse might have been heard along the Thames, from Richmond to Walton, when John Phelps, citizen of London aforesaid, was announced to be, by purchase, lord of the manor of, and proprietor of the honour of Hampton Court, the palace, parks, gardens, and the whole royal demesne thereunto attached.

Phelps, who began life by keeping "a frippery," as retail shops were termed, was a warden of the Leathersellers' company. As one of the fraternity, he was a stickler for the rights and privileges lodged in their keeping; and though no one in the Court of Aldermen, or in the fine old hall now existing of the company in Bishopgate Street, declaimed fiercer against the monopoly granted Edward Darcy by Queen Elizabeth, or in favour of the monopoly claimed by his company; yet as a thorough-going leveller in Parliament, where he was sent as an enemy to monopoly and a friend to free trade, he had to eat his words and ruminate his oratorical cud as

often as a member for the modern metropolis, or any milch cow in Middlesex. Phelps's monopoly morality accorded with his chaplain's (Hugh Peters's) notion of orthodoxy, which was right, because it was his doxy; and heterodoxy, wrong, because it was another man's doxy.

His daughter's desire for the abasement of the Queen, by whom she had been insulted eight years before, had urged her to unremitting persuasions of her relatives, who had great influence with their party, to thwart every treaty for pacific arrangement with the King, and bring him to trial and judgment, and to gratify her was the palace purchased by her father.

The very inexorable disposition to which her virulence was carried, first showed itself after raising the siege of Nantwich, when Monk's imprisonment was rendered so severe by her interference; rich presents being made indirectly to the constable of the Tower to induce him to gratify her revenge upon her captive. thought to tame his spirit, shake his constancy to the memory of Lady Miranda, then believed to be dead; and then, having entirely humbled him by destitution, make him a suitor for her mercy. She could scarcely contain her exultation at the thoughts of this approaching triumph, when the news of his extraordinary marriage was brought her. This was the severest blow her pride had ever received, and she was rankling

under its effects, when apprised that she must receive the spurner of her love with her preferred rival at her own father's house. She might have behaved worse; better no one could scarcely expect amid the tumult of passion that distracted her breast. But, at last, her hour of triumph was come; the proud palace of the Tudors and Stuarts was hers. In her mind's eye, Mrs. Monk was divorced, and the general's powerful judgment allied to her soaring spirit, were issuing mandates for the regeneration of the country from the council-hall of their princely abode.

We pass over particulars of the altered state of things at Hampton Court, consequent upon its confiscation and sale.

Caleb Gravymeat was told by the purchaser he might remain if he liked; and hearing that Master Phelps was a gourmand, loved ortelans and stewed carp, he grunted and did remain; so did the verderers, as they said for their attachment to the deer of Bushy. So did the chaplain; but he never thought of the possibility of removing. Most of the other officers of the palace were displaced as useless. Phelps's family, greatly as it was expanded, could not inhabit a hundredth part of the buildings; but the hundreds of thousands who now visit it have a right to be informed on good authority, who did now occupy these rooms, indentified with the royal and noble individuals chronicled in our history.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Reign of Everything for Everybody.—The Leaguers and their Chiefs.—Elizabeth Phelps, the Star of Hampton Court, and Henrietta Maria eclipsed.—Sorrows of Lady Miranda.—Early morning Walk. Rescue by Lionel Phelps.—The Challenge.

TUBBULENT times are fertile of great characters. It becomes my duty therefore, as a scrupulous chronicler, to name a few of those who broke cover at this epoch, especially as they figured during a reign of everything for everybody, when omnia omnibus was substituted for Dieu et mon droit, a political phase, which for aught we can say, gentle readers, may yet distinguish our times.

Amongst the people turned up in the rebellion, was one Sir Candid Smooth, upon whom both parties had built great hopes. He was a bumptious supporter of kingly prerogative, talked much in favour of his sovereign's questionable crotchets until war began; driving the state-coach round awkward corners with a complacent confidence that raised in the Queen's party almost supernatural hopes. He had great statis-

tical fertility, a blandness of face, and a sonorous voice, that took wonderfully as long as parties were nicely balanced, and people snatched at any bit of batten for a rudder amid the troublous waters of Parliament; but in the turmoil of war, when sacrifices were demanded, and stern lines of principle were to be drawn, he slid out of sight, vanished, dissolved like a dish of uncooked white bait under a coup de soleil.

Now that questions were no longer settling by sinews, muscle, and what he would call brute courage, and that the cannon had ceased to roar, and his hopes rose that the era of talk would return, Sir Candid's voice was heard once more in Parliament; the stirring nobles and gentry named in the early portion of our story having been almost all killed or banished, and small fry simmered up to the political surface. Amongst many plausible innovations which he persuaded Parliament to adopt, one was, that it would be the salvation of the land that Dutch steers. Spanish heifers, and French vegetables and fruits, should be eaten by the people, in preference to those grown by our own graziers and gardeners; and also that money in circulation must be made scarce, lest too large balances might bring on headache to some friends of his - Jew dealers in exchange, residing in some courts out of Lombard Street in the city, and retard, by two minutes, seventeen seconds and a half, on foreign

post-nights, the making up of their accounts; for he argued that, as English producers would soon, by his measures, have little to sell, their money would become an encumbrance, and had better be dispensed with. "Plethora of money," he said, "was like the cholera—it generated itself wherever it spread; and that it was more consistent with a state of nature for men to die for an artificial want, like that of money, than increase and multiply in bloated unwholesome prosperity."

He had some trouble in persuading the country gentlemen in Parliament to support these schemes, and only succeeded by promising them that the cotton-twisters should be starved, ere he would allow foreign corn to be eaten in England. Mr. Muzzle, of Buttontown, said he did not see how they could pay for wheat, either at home or abroad, without money, and plenty of it. But, on Sir Candid exclaiming, "Won't you give me a fair trial?" with an imploring tone of offended virtue, Mr. Muzzle shrunk into his whiskers and moustachios like a hedgehog, and was heard of no more.

After the King's execution, the artificers of Stockinghole, finding by these measures that their party was uppermost, got up a sort of Derby lottery for the royalists' estates, called an "Anti-Farmers'-League," which proposed to throw all the land of England into rabbit-warrens, and for farmers to turn hat-makers, with the skins

of these animals for the noddles of all the world. Books were written about the plan, lectures were given from the pulpits of churches, no longer used by the exploded worship of the Church of England; an old nunnery in Covent Garden was hired for the purpose, and became, at the same time, by Miss Jenny Whally's confession, a place of assignation for lady patriots and gentlemen rabbit-skin leaguers. The reason we mention these features of political economy, which, from their severe historical character, are nther more becoming the dry annals of the chronicler than the apocryphal pages of a novel, is, that, encouraged by Sir Candid's success, Mr. Cobnut had carried a bill in the House, termed "An Act for making buildings, called palaces, hitherto kept up for the luxury of our late Kings and enslavement of the people, into temples of national wealth." Henceforth, the fourteen palace of the King were to be turned into hat an darning-needle manufactories, and the bells of Millchester, Grubby, and Grindemdown, range thereat triumphantly.

For two years did Hampton Court swarm with the odoriferous perfumes of glue, felt, fur; and models of Golgotha, the place of a skull, in various shapes—steeple-crowned, flat, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, and Spanish slouched, were fabricating busily therein, which Master Phelps exported to his great profit.

When Miss Phelps found that Sir Dudley Carleton's house, Ember Court, was the abode of Lady Miranda, she sent a despatch to that lady, expressive of her regret for the misfortunes of her father and of her uncle Vavasour, whose mansion at Ham had been surrendered to the Earl of Holderness, and inviting her to find an asylum in the apartments at Hampton Court which she formerly occupied under the royal Lady Miranda was astounded at this impertinent condescension: its provoking coolness was intolerable. Reverses of fortune never sppeared to her so hideous or so galling. Nursed n the lap of luxury, she never knew what it was to have an expressed wish ungratified, or a supposed one unanticipated. No answer was sent this despatch, conveyed by the same messenrer entrusted with Miss Phelps's letters to Geneal Monk at Kew and Braintford.

"Grammercy, madam!" said the letter carrier, truck with the lofty bearing of the high-born ady; "but you and my young mistress would nake the best running couple e'er coursed Mouley Hurst—never saw a pair—what blood and nettle! If you knew how mistress was took on bout the colonel—general that is now—and pits of notes I've taken to him from her. Ma'am, ma'am, I could tell some tales. And to think of my grand young lady being cut put by a stitcher and latherer, and to see them

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fighting a stand-up battle afore dinner at our master's in Bishopgate Street—ha, ha, ha!"

The tap of Peter Pipe was always running for the faithful and their servants; it had to-day lubricated Obadiah's tongue.

Lady Miranda rebuked her servant, for allowing such a person to approach her, and commanded his instant removal. Obadiah was huddled off Sir Thomas's premises, growling self-reproaches at throwing his pearls before swine. The excesses of the sectarians—for a fresh one spring up every day-the encouragement given them by the army leaders, who now dictated to the legislature—their entire overthrow of the Presbyterians, or moderate reformers, who strove to preserve the King's life, increased the disgust of those having the greatest stake in the country. Lady Denham heard of revolting occurrences daily. "Can this be the cause," thought she, "that George Monk espouses? Impossible; he is too far removed from the core of mischief, to know its rottenness; he is kept in the dark. It is I who drove him to this marriage-perhaps to desparation; indifference to life has dulled his perception of the real motives of those, under whom I have caused him to serve; his own royal blood would curdle in his veins, before it would flow for such villanv."

She resolved to seek an interview with the general, on his expected return to England; but

refore taking this step, to pass once more, unobserved, through the gardens and courts of the ralace where they had first met. The morning was not a bright, nor yet a heavy one in September; a rosy grey tint prepared the landscape for he advent of the autumnal sun, and gave a crisp naziness to the upland stubbles over which he rose.

The partridge whirred from its night squat, and drifted drowsily over the fences, into the lew-spangled turnips, as Lady Denham walked hrough the fields towards East Moulsey, with the intention of crossing the river to the palace.

"Half willing, half reluctant, stands the nymph,
With nought to fear but gazers' eyes.
And though
In loneliness secure—the which she feels—
Tho' stillness reigns, and every sound be foreign
To the spot; yet e'en the water rippling

At her feet will turn the thought aside."

Her only companion was Nelly, who had never quitted her mistress since her separation from Sir John. They crossed at the ferry,—the form and features of her ladyship, screened by a hood from observation of the Hampton Charon, Jack Raybould, and ascended the wide stairs, which then led from the river side, to the watergallery and garden terrace.

This front of the palace was now brightening with the sun's first rays; the red towers, mina-



eastern gates, gardens and h seen: but, wh of the pavilions about the weste

The measure beaver, or shir party-coloured troops, body-g by dirtily and l gait and draggir ployments with her boldness at such a vulgar allured on by with the garder her father's att posing ceremon amongst its for ground, too, lai alone, and neve save by special hollies and prec honors. State and beauty, marshalled in the alleys and walks, had left an idelible impression on her mind.

This dear favourite covered walk of cradlework hornbeam, beneath which the exquisite feet of satined symmetry had deigned to pat the sifted gravel, and under the summer's shade of which purest Parisian phrases had been lisped-was it to be the sauntering ground of plebeian tobacco-smokers? Was this dark, snug avenue (opposite the orangery), so beloved of Henrietta Maria as to be called Queen Mary's bower, to be approached by others than the crême de la crême of regal selection? Were the garden seats, hitherto unimpressed, save by the soft incarnations of ladies of the bedchamber and mistresses of the robes, to be enveloped with the gaudy patterned brocade of ponderous based blowsabellas of Bishopgate Street?—profanations not to be contemplated! Lady Miranda dared not suppose such a chaotic revulsion of mundane affairs. She was regarding the figures of Fanelli, and the fountains that had forgotten to play, thinking of the many happy hours she had enjoyed in their refreshing coolness, whilst throwing up arcades of a thousand diamonds to sparkle in the sun; when Nelly, who had in vain tried to attract her mistress's attention by scornful reproaches upon every alteration made by the new comers, uttered a loud scream. She had been caught round the waist, and kissed by Lionel Phelps. After squeezing and pinching this young person in the manner he thought most likely to make himself irresistible, he pushed her on one side amongst the shrubs, for the stately figure of Lady Miranda Denham, hitherto concealed by an obelisk of yew, burst upon him. With the most impudent patronising air in the world, he left the waiting-maid for the mistress, offering the latter his hand, assuring her he would not allow any of his servants to remove her as a trespasser; nay, how kind and neighbourly he took her visit. Undine passing through the enchanted forest, and encountering the wooddemon Kohelborn, was not more terrified.

Her ladyship drew back—the colour rushing into her pale cheeks, her eye lighting up with the lustre that had thrilled the hearts of England's noblest sons, as she heard herself thus addressed—

"Make yourself at home, pray; take my arm—your ladyship must see my improvements: the affairs of the late landlord, Charles Stuart, were so deranged, that all was rack and ruin but for us. Won't your ladyship take my arm?" repeated he, throwing up his elbow most offensively towards her bosom. "Come, my lady, don't fear Bess; I'll come a-neighbouring to you some day. Come to breakfast, eh?—come, don't be shy—no formality sort of introduction, I suppose, eh? Don't know me—

ought to have told you—took me for one of our gamekeepers, very likely—good joke!"

Lady Miranda sunk upon a garden seat; and Mr. Lionel, seating himself likewise, put his hand in hers, which, owing to the delirium of astonishment into which she was thrown, remained some seconds unwithdrawn.

"Don't be scared, dear; though I am Lionel Phelps, son of John Phelps of Fisher's Folly, Bishopgate Street, president of the merchant adventurers to the East Indies, member of Parliament, and late Lord Mayor of the first city in the world, and his heir-apparent to the honor of Hampton Court, with a better title than the young slip simpletons call Charles the Second, can show."

"What's to be king, without a palace to call his own? An't I heir to one? Believe me Prince of Wales, and yourself Princess, my angel!" said he, in a tone of gruff tenderness, winking audaciously his right eye, and pressing her ladyship's hand with corresponding confidence in her entire acquiescence in such a felicitous coaliton.

This fresh endearment did at last rouse her, and she sprung up to depart, covered with shame and self-reproach at the insult to which she had rashly exposed herself.

"Shan't cut away, neither, my lady—no intrusion whatever—don't undervally yourself, ma'am —always sorry for the unfortunate—old Vavasour shan't go to Kingston jail—shall have a low composition—speak to my friends in the House about it—expect Skinny, O'Rint, Sir Candid, and Tom Duncutter, and other free-hearted patriots, down shooting here this morning—was up early to take the punt to the Mole for a dish of trout for their breakfast—last June caught one twelve pound weight, with a soldier-palmer for the tail fly, a March-brown for the first bob, and a blue-dun for the second.

"The old governor's keeper, Saywer, makes my March-browns with body squirrel's fur whipped in yellow silk waxed; red hackle for legs wings, pheasants' wings; hook, No. 10 to 12, that's the bait of baits; but this time of the vear we shall spin a minnow. Peter Borem has promised to bring his book of flies, that he made in the Fleet Prison-fine opportunity for studying fly-making-sudden dissolution - choose your College, Marshalsea, or Gate-house-Fleet or King's bench-Blue-dun bait done blue, ah, Stay to-day, and you'll see the new Jacob Behmen, the state-Aurora, as he calls himself-Hobbes of Malmesbury can't hold a candle to him. He's been a collegian too, like Tom Duncutter and Peter Borem-between us and the post."

Whilst airing his vocabulary of self-complacency, the heir of Hampton Court retained fast

hold of the terrified Lady Miranda, whose agitation he believed solely arose from timidity at her unexpected proximity to so great a person. To assure and allay her ruffled spirits, he placed one arm round her neck, and as coolly as possible, was approaching his yellow face and red whiskers to the hucless lips of this exotic of delicacy and unapproachable fastidiousness, when, overcome with the shock, her ladyship dropped back on his shoulder. Nelly immediately set up a series of her well-practised screams, which brought out of the palace no other than her old and constant lover Anthony, whom she commanded in a tone of terror to snatch her mistress from the brute who held her. Anthony could not exactly perform: he was now a servant of this young gentleman's father, and had his place to preserve as well as Mistress Nelly's affection.

"Coward—coward—scared fool!" were lavished by Nelly upon the youth, in vain; he saw how matters stood, and was not likely to disturb his young master, whilst only rendering assistance to a fainting lady.

"You shan't take her in, 'twill be the death of her to enter that palace now—I know it will!" Nelly cried again and again; then a thought shooting through her brain, she tore the broadbrimmed felt hat worn by female domestics from her head, and plunging it in the fountain op-

posite the moat, brought it out full of water, which she flung in her mistress's face; whose start on revival, threw her bearer and herself over the edge of the basin, wherein they were both in an instant entirely immersed. Anthony was soon in the water, which was but four feet deep, and, raising the lady, brought her to the edge, leaving Master Lionel to flounder about and scramble out as he could. By this time other servants had come up, and the condition of the rescued lady made it no longer a question where she should be carried.

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Into an elaborately ornamented apartment hung with rich arras, from the bay-windows of which she had often admired the stately avenue through the park terminating in the Saxon tower of Kingston church, and wherein the merry laugh of the Queen had oftentime blithely rung, was she now laid; and upon the self-same couch of silk and gold too, appropriated formerly alone to ma-Restoratives were applied; but immediate change of clothing was necessary, and a warm bed, until they should arrive. Nelly would not leave her mistress, and darted furious looks at poor Anthony, to whose pusillanimity she attributed the accident. He set off to Ham without any instruction what to bring; for not a word would the maid vouchsafe him, save abuse for permitting her mistress to be carried away by "one of those dirty London rebels," as she had the

boldness to name Mr. Phelps in his father's house.

Miss Phelps heard of the event which had consigned her rival within the walls—where her brain had been on the rack for months to bring her. Every sort of comforting luxury her misfortune required was taken to the chamber in her name; and she prolonged this intoxicating fevered suspense of visiting her involuntary guest, until wild with triumph, and unable any longer to restrain herself, she bade her maid announce her mistress's approach to the invalid's chamber.

Then even, she paused, and a slight tremor passed over her frame-four maids had been summoned to follow her; and Miss Anne Whally, who was her visitor at the time, requested to accompany her as lady-in-waiting. In state she quitted the Queen's presence-chamber, wherein she generally lay, and stepped proudly towards the prostrate object of her deadly hate, now a suitor for her succour. Their eyes met for the first time: those of Lady Miranda were filled with tears of humiliation—a humiliation which her worst enemy could not have desired to be deeper. Her conception of human nature never contemplated the existence of a character so impassioned as that of her hostess. Had she had opportunities of knowing it as we have had, she would have fled any intercourse as determinedly, as from contact with the vulgarity and

In the last she might have discovered good; but in the former the attempt was hopeless. Teams trickled down her face as she essayed to speak what she knew was expected from her—an acknowledgment of the attention she had received. She endeavoured to rally, conscious of her weakness, and summoned all her strength.

During this conflict within the soul of the insulted lady, a conflict originating in her sense of the interpretations likely to be put upon her visit to Hampton gardens at such an hour—her meeting with Lionel Phelps—his familiarities, which, to add to her grief, she now believed she but too feebly repressed, nay, perhaps, whilst disarmed by astonishment, had seemed to encourage—Elizabeth Phelps was regarding her with sentiments entirely antithetical to those which were wearing through the soul of the former.

Miss Phelps stood before the bed, with arms folded below her bosom, her eyes the index of her inward exultation; and she imagined in the moistened ones and compressed mouth of the recumbent invalid, but tokens of mental anguish for wrongs similar to her own, and awakened by her presence. Lady Miranda in vain essayed to speak; her words clove to the roof of her parched mouth, for Miss Phelps, in her condolences respecting the accident, chose to entertain the whole adventure as an unforeseen sequel to an

effaire du cœur with her brother; her excruciat-.ng phrases used to convey her regret gently nitigated with censure, with the speaker's hopes or the resuscitated lady's speedy recovery, and her unxieties that as little should transpire for the sakes of all parties—rendered reply impossible, without the appearance of an attempt to explain what she felt neither needed, nor should have, explanation at her hands. The possibility of the idea was disgusting enough, without hearing it clothed in words. Bad news travels fast: an exaggerated tale of his wife's tumble into the water, whilst rambling at daybreak in company with the coarse, unscrupulous, Lionel Phelps, spread through Farnham and Egham before noon. Sir John Denham lost no time in repairing to Hampton Court, indifferent whether his wife was dead or alive; but not so about the accuracy of the rumours that had reached him, all of which, even to their scandalous interpretations, he secretly hoped might be found true. Miss Phelps was easily prevailed upon to allow him the privileges of a yet informally divorced husband,an entrance to her chamber.

With the exception of a few words spoken to Nelly and her sister, who had arrived from Ham, she had not uttered a word until the voice of Sir John broke upon her ear as he approached the room.

Then rising with an effort that startled her

weeping attendant, and almost frenzied little sister, who was now arrived to her succour, she cried—

"What! O God, have I done to undergo this trial? Spare me the sight of that man!"

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He would have advanced, and in the face of the congregation, addressed his much-enduring wife with some most respectful, and soul-appealing epithet of endearment, and with heavenly charity assured her of his forgiveness, but for the ready interposition of the waiting-maid, whose quick eye read the real cause of her mistress's looks of horror and despair; and whose ear had been startled by the tenor of the gossip amongst the palace servants, of the Bishopgate invader, whilst she attended the preparation of some of the restoratives of the morning. In Sir John she knew her man; and with flashing eye, she sprung upon him like a panther, and put him out of the apartment before he could open his mouth. The consternation this abrupt ejection occasioned amongst the domestics, threw the banished husband into the presence of Miss Phelps, who had retired to her apartment, the Queen's presence-chamber. They had never met since the ball night in this very palace, ten years before, when she was young, enthusiastic, carried away sincerely by the spirit of the new religious outbreak; more for its daring and its promises of the dawning of an early paradise on earth to its proselytes, than for any reflective respect or

Adhesion to the puritan doctrines of her father and his friends.

Lovers of character, stability, and wealth, from every ward in the city, she had had singing soft hosannahs to their angel; but all were put to flight by her sublimity and imperiousness. motion she encouraged of a necessity for the blending of her soul with Captain Monk's, to carry out the purposes of fate, had, until the ssignal wreck of this cherished mania by his marriage, occupied her heart and mind to the exclusion of all other objects. Being the only daughter of a widower, and possessed of a mind before which her father succumbed, she deemed it no presumption to broach her opinions before Legislators; to act for herself on all occasions; and meglect not her gifts of eloquence of face and tongue, to carry out whatever she had determined. For Sir John Denham, as a royalist and a poet she had little regard, but there were in his character qualities and dispositions not unconcernedly observed by a person like herself. His eccentricities were but inducements for his acquaintance; nay, she had jotted his name in her book of sports; for, like her royal Scotch predecessors in the palace, she, too, had been concocting a book of sports for the ensuing first Christmas at Hampton Court of the Phelps'-regime,—and had the terms of her invitation to the poet of Cooper's Hill in her mind.

"I had scarcely anticipated the honour of early a visit from Lady Denham—I presume I am right—and that the lady for whom the humble offices of our household have been proffered, bears still that name?" said she to the confused husband: who replied—

"She is Lady Denham; and, would to God, that he who gave her that name possessed more than a mere nominal interest in her ladyship, or none at all!" he replied.

"My brother's interest in that quarter was entirely unknown to me, Sir John; nor was I aware she was within the Honour of Hampton Court, until informed she lay within the very walls of our mansion,"—palace she was going to say.

"If I could believe—" he burst out, with affectation of wounded honour, growing paler when interrupted by the lady saying,—

"Which, for your own peace, you must not, nor attempt to see her again here—even though reconciliation between estranged man and wife be the blessed result;—you came hither unasked, Sir John," said she, with an indescribable air of demi-hauteur.

"Had Lady Denham borne a name less distinguished, one less spangled with the ineffable corruscations of lofty birth,—" commenced he, with a languishing air towards the lady—

"Sir," said Miss Phelps, preventing both her-

of this fine speech, "I am a woman, and know for what you sought her,—nay, why you won her."

"I am no hypocrite, madam," said he.

"Yet, which of you has deceived the other? Must I condemn you, Sir John?"

"Adorable creature! mind of a scraph, with the body of Raphael's finest creations!" cried he, willing she should drink in a compliment with the question.

Miss Phelps was minded to laugh, but she checked herself, and would not appear even to be concerned about the flattery and nonsense of the petted knightly poet. She could arm herself on another tack more to her taste.

- "Until your honour is satisfied, and your acquiescence be published for these meetings, our house will be more honoured by the absence of both of you," said she, regarding him with well assumed concern and interest.
  - "I will seek your brother instantly," he said.
- "I said not so—think you I point out the way of blood?" said Elizabeth Phelps.
- "But, you hold me regardless of my honour, though I would not for a moment credit—with such a man—she the wife of ——;" here he stopped, his egotism was leading him too far into an exhibition of incurable vanity.
- "A brother of Elizabeth Phelps, with the blood of the Hampdens and Knightleys in her family,

may be as formidable as a son of a scarlet-robed judge. Lady Denham shall not be removed, until it be her pleasure—this interview grows painful," said she with ill-concealed anger.

"To you, celestial woman! to you is it so?"

and he approached her.

"You are scarcely man to trespass a second longer in—in this mansion, sir, with the object of your visit unexplained." Saying this, she walked scornfully into the Queen's private closes adjoining, where we must remember, Sir John had experienced other sensations than discomfort, on the evening of the last grand fête given by royalty within these devoted walls.

"What an original !- what a mould for Titian to paint! in verity an ox-eyed Juno, the queen of heaven! a Venus belligerens!" he exclaimed, when she disappeared. "That picture there, embodies this full-limbed commanding daughter of Eve. But still," said he, his eyes still fixed on the painting of Michael Angelo, one purchased by John Phelps, with many others belonging to the King, which had not been removed from the walls-"the work of an Apelles kindled by s Lais, or of a Praxiteles inspired by a Phryne, has no fellow characteristic here. The master who abjured matrimony, not like Raphael through his devotion to the sex, but through alienation from them, saying, 'that his art was his wife, and his works were his children,' was not the chosen

painter of the goddess of sexual desire. To do justice to my terrible fair, and to no Paphian Venus and her wicked boy, was here\* the design of the great sculptor of the famous Moses, on the tomb of Pope Julius; a most sinewy queen of the tender passion in muscular grandeur, and more than Phidian severity; no better type of our city goddess exists, methinks-humph! Her good opinion is worth gaining, and this city coxcomb is, by all accounts, a poltroon. Since the bout with that man-my evil star-the cause of my domestic woes-I have eschewed garden rencontres. The sister of Horatius encouraged her brother to combat, but to fall before a lover's handmay be it that she-'a thousand hearts are great within my bosom,' as Will Davenant's godpapa maketh King Richard to say-'on, on Macduff, and d-d be he who first cries hold, enough. May I be luckier than both these gentlemen duellists!" Spouting these heroics, and looking slaughterously affected, he descended the stairs, to seek out Master Lionel Phelps. This latter gentleman had a constitutional antipathy to fighting, but was at this moment in no position to neglect opportunities for shining as a chivalrous character. Fancying a poet but a sort of an advertisement composer for the stationers' company. he not only accepted his challenge, but expressed his willingness to settle the affair then and there.

<sup>\*</sup> No. 401 Catalogue.

Since the famous combat between the porter and the dwarf, several fatal encounters had stained the pavements of the courts, cloisters, and gateways of Hampton Court, as a careful observer cannot now fail to perceive. The intensity of political feeling which had called men to leave their stately mansions and happy homes, to perish voluntarily for the cause they espoused, in wet lanes, muddy sedge-banked ditches, and on bleak moors, extended to palaces themselves, where quarrels between the more or less disaffected and " Malignants," as royalists were termed, were of constant occurrence. Three grooms of the spicery had fought three yeomen of the larder, and left two dead on the wafery floor, the battle spot; two yeomen of the wood-yard had perished in s chance medley just before the battle of Naseby, when the King's partisans bore themselves fiercely, full of hopes and intolcrance to their opponents; various like skirmishes had kept the palace wide awake, during the five years' war, when every fluctuation of success in the field was a matter of intimate personal concern to the dwellers therein, involving as it did a change of masters and discipline. Amidst all the causes of affectionate and dutiful anxiety, agitating the royal household more or less in every palace of the King and Queen; no fear, however, of cold-blooded wholesale butchery, for honestly discharging their honourable duties, appalled the heart of humble domestics. It is reserved for the Frenchmen of polished Paris to discover, that political phases of their constitution cannot be carried on with comfort to themselves, or without doing violence to their feelings, unless permission be given at these periods, to every man who wills to become an amateur executioner. Necessity for sanguigraphical divisions is unacknowledged in the political arrangements of our government officers. Grateful ought we to be to God, for vouchsafing us this blissful lack of appetite for our fathers' and brothers' blood. Ours are always bold, stand-up fights and fair play. Heaven and earth must pass away, and the Channel no longer divide a different race, before a guillotine could be viewed unconcernedly severing a hundred English heads a day, for a couple of years at Charing Cross, amidst the approving smiles of all the ladies and gentlemen passing from Piccadilly to the Strand. The most confessed, it is true, to a heavy, unbouyant splash or two of corses, sent to their account through a pool of bloody water, and the cloister walls, and fountain court walls, have still here and there a stone shivered, as with the point of a forcibly plunged rapier, or broadsword, which had pinned some luckless adversary of the more adroit, or bitter practised, swordsman.

Both the knight and common-councilman might have said with Peachum and Lockit,

"Brother, brother, we were both in the wrong, with great propriety; but each had unfortunenately character for courage to rebuild, and the interest in that property was not insured agains fire. They walked away to the Pleasance news the wall flanking the towing path; when the bethought themselves of witnesses, without which Master Lionel flatly refused to draw swords, odischarge a pistol. This cause of delay was soo removed; for, as it never rains but it pours-famore witnesses than were pleasantly needed flocked around them. These consisted of the party of Members who we said were expected by the hospitable heir of Hampton Court to shoo and hunt that day in the park. They had hunted, shot, and were dining right jovially in the royal dining-room, when their host was called away on the matter, which was not of all others calculated to stimulate digestion of Caleb Gravymeat's very worst dinner that he and his some could purposely perpetrate.

## CHAPTER VII.

The Duel.—General onslaught and defeat of the Rump.—
Monk dines with Phelps at Hampton Court.—Orgies of
the Republicans.

chist," said Mr. Duncutter, to a small, very shrewd-looking lawyer, who always wore his silk gown out of court, for fear he should not have sufficient practice to wear it out when in, and had got a facetious notoriety by introducing for the amusement of the House, when business was uninteresting and heavy, the game of cross questions and crooked answers; "you have played first fiddle at a duet of this sort, my little Bathbrick, let's go and see fair play."

"Pikes, rapiers, or small-swords!" exclaimed Colonel Bristle; "a fight, eh? some filthy trick of a Presbyterian to murder a landlord. Cobnut, or some of the darning-needle people are at the bottom of it," added he, jumping up in a long loose coat and wide trousers, which hung, contrary to the fashion of the day, far below his knees. Members were accustomed to bear all

evils under the sun, attributed to two causes, by Colonel Bristle, who had been a backbone caulier during the war, and not very nice in his parliamentary language—one of which was to the "filthy tricks" of the Presbyterians or moderate reformers: had he lived at the present day he would have certainly called them "the filthy tricks of the Whigs;" and the other was to tumpike roads, and any roads whatsoever; for he held "that people should stay at home, or, if they wandered out of their parish without a constable, should follow the antiquas vias of pastoral life—the sheep-walks."

No sooner was it suggested that the young mater was "gone out," than all rose to see fair play, save Mr. O'Rint, who said he had blood upon his hands, and had registered a vow in heaven to confine his organ of combativeness to encouraging of others to shed it, and Mr. Skinny, who never fought, save with the tallies of the exchequer. Headed by Duncutter, the party thronged the Pleasance, where also were in attendance on their friend Sir John Berkeley, Herbert Progers, Sir Endymion Porter, and, as if he really coveted destruction, the Duke of Buckingham, in the flimsy disguise of Dr. Hammond's clerical coat, hand, and doublet, all of which became him, as well as would the body-clothes of a late glorious lord mayor her Majesty's elegant solicitor.

Sir John, as need he might, became nervous on

viewing the numbers assembled to witness the fray; a fight was a pleasant variety, and recalled associations with late stirring times which many would gladly renew. Lionel Phelps strutted about on his ground; his auxiliaries were ten to one to those of his opponent: ignorant of fence, he had no character for mastership in that art to maintain—he had only his life to lose, an advantage over his adversary he seemed not to be a little proud of. Inspired by a sense of this privilege, or from the muscular vigour of his great heart, the well-practised knight had to sustain violent random lunges at all parts of his person, which set at defiance all rules of tierce and quart. After a time the latter assumed the offensive, and sweeping his rapier about his adversary's face, the iron would have entered his soul while performing this critical zodiacal tracery, but for a constant rapid windmill motion of the left arm, which, with the eccentric passes of the right, baffled the poet.

"Charterise him—give him home the five point," cried Mr. Duncutter.

"Handspike his larboard fin, and run aboard his main-deck, as I did into the Tory brig Teignmouth," piped portly Commodore Blake, limping about the circle in the highest possible state of enjoyment at a chance of slaughter—three dreary weeks having elapsed since his last engagement with the Dutch.

This wild arm brandishing and exposure of the VOL. 111.

body soon left an easy passage for Sir John's a' rapier. Master Lionel fell, dangerously though an easy passage for Sir John's a' rapier. Master Lionel fell, dangerously though a friends.

To alleviate the victor's disappointment at soeasy and inglorious a conquest, Mr. Duncutter sprung lightly forward, insisting upon measuring swords with the victor and avenging his friend; = ; but was, alas! seized roughly by a squinting gentleman, of an Israelitish cast of countenance. who had the assurance to assert a deeper interest in the life of Mr. Duncutter than even Master Finsbury, the friend who stuck to him through good report and evil report in Tom's most trouble---= some times. Rid of the second assailant, Sir John was about to sheath his rapier, when rushed from the ring a rakish, sandy complexioned, brown moustachioed, athletic member of the Rump, with trunk hose fitting as tightly to his body as a har-This legislator, whose name was Fitzgrantley Cole, had become very thick with the lord of Hampton Court, by vaunting himself possessed of a twenty-hound power process for hobbling the Bushy and Hampton deer, and saving Master Phelps the salary of three of his verderers and their keep, as well as some dozen of his buck hounds. In a buzzy Gloucester dialect this sporting phenomenon exclaimed-

"In two minutes I'll fraser him off, my boys—be ready to pick him up;" and he bran-

dished over the author's head a Cotswold wood knife, a weapon unknown to gentle passages of arms. The poet's business in this world would quickly have been done, but for his friends who accompanied him arranging themselves by his side, and pricking back the brutal assailant.

The assault of arms became general; but the superior dexterity of Sir John and his friends best back the Rumpers.

When the senators were evidently giving way under the pressure from without, Master Peter Borem was thrust by his friends before the front to keep up the battle and receive the thrusts aimed at themselves until further aid arrived: one of their number having been despatched to search the Tennis Court and the buildings, where the gossamer fingers of fair stitchers and binders plied their quota of labour in the Hampton hat manufactory; three or four of the younger Rumpers, sons and nephews of Mr. O'Rint, being seen to cut off in that direction immediately after dinner. Had not Peter had a skin like a rhinoceros he must have sunk under home thrusts from his foes in front, and kickings and hustlings from behind: but his wounds healed in an incredibly short time, owing, as he conceived, to his friends keeping him on the reduced diet of humble piean infallible preventive against formation of proud Berkeley, Denham, Buckingham, Herbert, Progers, and Porter, aware that they had little to deserve from the parties with whom the had by accident got so hotly embroiled, and that auxiliaries from the palace might be momentarily yexpected, pressed the Rumpers vigorously to the brink of a wet ditch at the end of the terrace the site of the canal laid out by William the letter the canal laid out by William the letter the canal laid out by William the letter the later the late

One by one were all toppled down the bank , kicking at each other indiscriminately as they floundered in the rushes and clay; and more accustomed to the arena of the tongue than the e sword, railed at the cavaliers rabidly from the lower deep.

"For your grace's safety let us retreat," whispered Sir John; "if you are taken, nothing swill save you."

In this counsel all so well agreed, only substituting themselves for the duke, that in the course of an hour they were recalling right merrily the disasters of the Rumpers amidst shouts of laughter, at Kingswood Lodge, Sir John's seat near Egham.

The flight of the latter disappointed Elizabeth
Phelps, whilst the state of her brother's wound,
which then gave small hopes of his recovery, frustrated the plot she had laid.

Determined more by the raillery of the Duke of Buckingham, who still remained with him in disguise, than his own conviction, Sir John sought and obtained, by a summary legal process,

a divorce from his wife. The power of Parliament, which seemed now incontestable, had confiscated her father's property. She was too feeble to be removed to Ragland, and remained a prey to chagrin and poignant grief, the involuntary miserable guest of the Phelps's at Hampton Court. Their attentions to her added to her mortification, for the manners, conversation, and habits of the family, and those who visited them, were diametrically at variance with all she had been from childhood accustomed to see within these walls.

During this transition of ownership of Hampton Court, General Monk remained in Ireland, where his judgment, coolnesss, and firmness, appeased much of the hostile feeling of the Irish towards this country. The capture of Mr. O'Rint tended greatly to this temporary pacification. This wily Irishman had great influence over his countrymen; obtained, as described by Sawyer the verderer, in his jeremiad over the fallen fortunes of his country. Former military governors had feared to touch him, never finding him with arms in his hands, though patting on the back and inflaming with his language all who had.

Thousands had perished in contests instigated and fomented by his extraordinary power of cajolery; nor as long as this easily persuaded people could be induced to keep him and his

children and relatives by the product of the labours, did there seem the slightest chance doing justice to the interests of Ireland. On him capture, Monk had him shut up in prison for: few months, and would have kept him there a-yearbut for a discovery of a blunder in the warrant o his committal, of which Parliament were so gene rous as to give him the advantage. Unfortunately the government at home at this period warbased only upon a compromise of compromise Parliament had dismembered itself of three-fourthers of its members by disqualifying its best anced honest men from sitting therein-attachment tethe King's cause, or a disposition towards some settled form of a church government in preference to "the law of perfect liberty" and inspiration being the charge assigned. With no energy or singleness of purpose in view, scrambling on from day to day with what majorities they could intimidate with threats of throwing up the reins or government to the prelatists or cavaliers, the council did little to support Monk in his straightforward track towards doing justice to the interests of the country by peremptory measures with the pestilential originators of all the mischief-To add to his difficulties, Master O'Rint was released as we have said, and confusion and bloodshed recommenced with redoubled horrors. To General Cromwell, whose hatred of half-andhalf measures was well known, he frequently

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applied; but this personage was too busy in preparing an army to invade Scotland, now the declared ally of the young Prince of Wales, who had been crowned at Scone as Charles the Second, to attend to Monk's requisition; and rom the council of state he had, from the dispositions of its members, little to hope of energy and decision. Under these circumstances, he concluded a truce with Owen Roe O'Neal, the armed chief of the Irish insurgents, who was, after all, but a tool in the hands of Master O'Rint and the priests, whom the latter had rained by the promise of the supremacy of papacy and the extermination of every protestant in the island. He returned to England, when the party who had left him in the lurch questioned his truce. Monk, incensed at this, refused for a time all employment under so ungrateful a set. He wrote his defence, which is now extant. and obtained a resolution of the House in his

At this time his elder brother dying without issue, the old family estate in Devonshire fell to him. Neither desiring the society of his wife, nor renewal of her feats amongst his city friends, he had left her at Belfast to join him in Scotland.

avour.

Anxieties and fatigues had impaired his health; and a fortnight afterwards, when at Bath for the hot wells, he was recalled to town by hearing that a storm had destroyed several of the transports

with his regiment on their passage from Belfast to the Clyde, and that his wife, who accompanied it, had been one of the sufferers. The account of her loss was too circumstantial to be discredited; and fully as he owed his obligation at his most trying hour to his late spouse, and admired her courage and resolution, a severage of matrimonial connexion with her could not but be confessed a relief. At the same time he heard of Sir John's obtaining his divorce by the new law, which dispensed with the obstacles ecclesiastical jealousy has ever thrown in the way of dissolution of this holy ordinance.

The next day orders came to him to meet General Cromwell at Richmond, and prepare to march with him to the north against the Covenanters and their young King.

Arrived there, he found that the general was at Hampton Court with his officers, dining with John Phelps, and that he was expected to join them.

After the occurrence at Fisher's-Folly, he was not desirous of reviving any reminiscences of his defunct wife's vulgarities, and particularly desired avoiding another interview with the lady who had conceived so extraordinary a passion for him, and which he felt he never could return, though now free from another engagement. How much had passed since his midnight walk up this very avenue of Bushy Park!—what desolations—what

miseries had all England suffered from counsels taken in that very palace!

O Hampton Court, for much wrong hast thou to answer to the people of England! In the boudoir of the Queen-that venerable octagon room. every inch of whose tapestried walls and ceiling was thickly decorated with rich mouldings and carvings in the boldest relief of Wolsey's ecclesiastical style, each compartment and stained pane studded with emblems of the religion of peace—were the threats, jeerings, and coaxings put in operation on a fond doting husband, which plunged him step by step into those measures, which cost him both the love and respect of his people, as well as his own life. Over the gateways, the old heavy carved badges of regal proprietorship Monk found removed, and instead of the burnished brilliancy which shone from all the brass and steel inlayings, locks, bolts, and gilt mouldings, rust and neglect had marked them for their own; and grieved was he to observe workmen employed in removing the old huge bricks made of battened clay, as we see them at Sutton Place, near Guildford, on which were impressed, with proper mouldings, and enriched with a tracing of running foliage and cavettos, the letters W. Y. (Wolsey, Archbishop of York,) for the purpose of substituting others stamped J. P., and the arms of the Leathersellers' Company, of which Phelps was a member.

Where the Tudor sovereigns had entertained five hundred guests at a time, and always maintained double that number of servants employed heart and soul in rendering the palace the shining glory of the land and the envy of European princes; a private citizen of Bishopgate Street had not only fixed his dwelling, but called the whole time-honoured fabric his own, by the firster at of prescriptive rights, and consequently that of converting it to any purpose of mercantile cun-Monk sighed over the dirt, dust, and rus accumulating around the eastern court and en-The balustrades that surrounded the e trance. Queen's garden, then in front of this aspect, was mostly defaced, or entirely broken down, admitting sheep from the house park to stray within the inclosure, once sacred alone to royalty. The porch, with its little surmounting chamber, the elegant gallery to the terrace-walk, extending on its right over the vestibule window to the alender turret, the twelve broad casements in the wing with the grand bay ones of the King's diningroom; all bore the marks of most rueful, most wilful neglect.

For nearly ten years prior to its sale no one was responsible for its maintenance, and those dilapidations ensued which, thirty years subsequently, induced William the Third to pull the whole down, save those parts which served but as lodgings for domestics, and to instruct

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Wren to build what forms such an incongruous addition to Wolsey's structure. It was a satisfaction to Monk, as he gazed at the ruinous edifice, to reflect that he had in no way contributed to the downfal of its former owners. He entered, and found at a table in the banqueting-room, where courtiers on Twelfth Night had caroused round their King and Queen-John Phelps in a rich black velvet suit trimmed with jet, plain cambric ruff and band, his hair closely trimmed, a distinguishing mark of separation from communion with the worldly, who heathenishly permitted their hair to fall in ringlets over their shoulders. His daughter was by his side on a gilt cabriole chair, covered with Utrecht velvet, the back surmounted by a crown, whereon the Queen was wont to sit as we see her in Van Bassen's curious picture of her husband and herself dining in public in this very room, where the figures of our friend Gravymeat, his son, and the officers of the King's household are preserved. Throughout Europe, during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century, it was the custom for the sovereign, on special days, to dine in public.

No other lady was present, for Elizabeth Phelps had little taste for the society of her own sex; but on the seats privileged only to the

<sup>\*</sup> No. 293 in the Catalogue, which is a valuable historical memorial of the usages, and of the interior decoration and furniture of the period.

highest blood in the realm, now sat General Cromwell, General Harrison, Colonels Pride e, Rainsborough, Okey, Lambert, Desborough, Fleetwood, and Whally, with Sir Harry Vane e, and Sir Arthur Haslerigge.

The two latter were men of considerable wealth and influence, and having shown a spirit of resistance to General Cromwell's stealthy steps to supremacy, were invited to Hampton Court today, in furtherance of this general's plans, and for his powers of rhetoric, in conjunction with seques tered royal wines, to be brought to bear upon them

Towards Elizabeth Phelps Monk preserve and the utmost reserve, whilst that lady gave full venr \_\_\_\_t to her exuberant spirits, which she seemed to-da unable to control; alternately saucy, witty, grand. and satirical. She was in a black velvet dress. sleeves slashed and puffed with white satin; no an ornament was upon her person, save a string #8 of very large and valuable pearls round her wais to the point of her stomacher, and on her wrists = her black hair was braided, which gave a relief to 0 her full sparkling eyes, expressive both of archness and all the devilment of womanhood. He gazed at her with the passionless admiration which some fair object of art produces on one who has refined his taste, but who has survived his enthusiasm. She joined in the conversation of these chiefs, all of whom, when with their inferiors, more or less affected to be the visited

chosen children of Heaven to work out the regeneration of the land, and who had that mighty power at command, the eloquence which stirs the heart and raises the courage of men to endure joyfully hardship, torture, and death.

After supper, which was eaten at six, Monk rose to return to town; but this intention was

entirely frustrated by his host.

"General, you remain here to-night, as well as our friends. You, who have overthrown kings, shall repose in the palace of kings, and sleep in their silken beds—Bishopgate Street againt St. James's — John Phelps vice Charles Stuart; let those laugh who win," said the cockney usurper, striking his round corporation and short fat little thighs with a cheerful chuckle, that spoke of unmitigated satisfaction and self-exaltation in every fibre of his frame.

"But General Monk fought against the nation, father. Do not you remember how gallantly he carried a pike for the tyrant at Nantwich? He will not sleep easily in our house," said his daughter archly.

"For that very reason he shall do the penance of remaining with us," said Cromwell, carelessly flinging a piece of candied fruit at his host's face; "prepare a bed, old fellow. He is on my staff to-day, and dare not disobey me."

"Even as to Saint John was manifested the deeds to be done in these latter days of precious

light, and on this very spot under the scarlet about mination were banded together the knights of the Saint in holy brotherhood; so I call on the Monk, to join the military priesthood. Those who own the Lord in these days shall he own in his own day. Art thou moved?" exclaimed Sir Henry Vane, an enthusiast, who believed have was led by inspiration to preach Christ's kingdom on earth for a thousand years, and that he was prime minister of Heaven of the Fifth Monarchy, shadowed in the revelations.

"The scales are not yet fallen from his fleshleyes. In his own good time will the Lord gather him with his sheep," said Colonel Rainsborough who, though looking more like a sheep-stealer than a shepherd, was a man of immense influence with the soldiers, whose enthusiasm he had oftentimes by narration of his visions roused to deeds of surpassing heroism against superior numbers of the Cavaliers.

General Monk expressed his acquiescence with Cromwell's wish.

"Willing to remain! certes you are. We'll have a night of it, Rainsborough. I have been visited, and have a dispensation:—we have to night no preachers to astonish with our spiritual gifts; no parliamentary fools, the greatest there excepted (pointing to his host), to bamboozle us out of a subsidy—no deputation from the City to mystify; in fact none to humbug: so, Phelps

thou thinkest to remain in Hampton Court ther day, by the grace of the army, the masof you all, let us taste Charles Stuart's icest wines which thou contrivedst to smuggle . of the Commissioners as a make-weight to purchase of this place—delay not!" eximed Cromwell, in high spirits; for he was w in a humour for buffoonery and practical es, in which, when in a merry cue, he inged without the slightest regard to persons or ngs; a humour, which his officers were quite ling to fall into at the expense of the lord Hampton Court, whom they all in their arts held but as one of those fortunate milnaires created for scraping together wealth for : requisitions of military men, the master jugrs in all revolutions. The dessert was comsed of the most costly sweetmeats from the st and West Indies, with candied fruits, the idiwork of his daughter; and these were m time to time, as the caprice of his guests arrelled with the wine which Peter Pipe rught himself from the royal cellar, filliped at latter's and their host's head, Peter joyfully eiving them as marks of preference from the ted warriors.

Miss Phelps had withdrawn before this bufnery commenced. Sir Harry Vane refusing drink more than two bottles of claret, sayg "he only arrived yesterday from Raby Castle, a fortnight's journey," was taken by Cromwell by the nape of his neck and roughly shook, amidst the screaming laughter of the party; and that of the ex-lord mayor was adorned with chain, whose links were a score of oranges strung together; and a large piece of one of the beautiful silk damask curtains, embroidered by Queen Elizabeth, torn to make a robe for his shoulders. Cromwell proposed tumbling him into the remaing portion and tossing him to the ceiling: where he would assuredly have been grievously hurt against its bold gothic pendants and deepcarved panelled divisions, but for Monk's interference; thereby discharging a little of the debt due from him to his daughter's killing kindness. The sports of the evening wound up by the heroes flinging embroidered velvet cushions at each other, a recreation in which Cromwell particularly delighted when his animal spirits were untameable.

The royal dining-room had never before echoed to such orgies, for the very brightest of Dick Tarleton's, Will Somers's, Archer's, and Muckle-john's jokes, had never raised any sound more boisterous than a laugh of the most courtly calibre.

At ten a groom of the chambers showed Monk to his bedroom; its walls rich in carved panels, its ceilings in blue and gilded mouldings, the upper part of the former hung with seven pieces of the

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story of David—the identical room to which he had been carried ten years before. A silver beaker of ale was placed thoughtfully by the chamberlain against the possibility of thirst assailing a guest who had been imbibing such a quantity of hot foreign wine. This was an invariable mark of attention after any excess in festivity; and for gentlemen to lie two in a bed, and for ministers of state to hold conferences with their secretaries between the blankets, was a frequent practice. To this a ballad of the period alludes:

"My Crummer and I lay down to sleep,
With two pint stoups at our bed feet;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry,
What think you o' my wee Crummer and I?"

I have some recollection of hearing of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle being bedded, better to resolve the doubts of the Bank Restriction Act. This is the last curtain cabinet council on record; and, of course, none of my readers can confess to an acquaintance with precedents for curtain lectures.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Midnight Apparition in the Chapel.—Death of Lady Miranda.—The dying Request.—Monk's Oath.—Restoration to Life of his Wife.—Fortunate Escape.—Nocturnal Disturbances.—The Palace haunted.

THE offices of the groom of the chambers, whose duty it was after a feast to see the guests safely bedded, were declined; for Monk had a strong desire to visit again, at the same hour, the cloisters and courts through which he had been, as he thought, supernaturally conducted on that eventful Christmas. He remained musing in his room an hour, to allow time for the household to be a-bed; and all households at that age, in the courtry, were a-bed before nine o'clock, save on the occasion of inordinate festivities like the present-At last he opened the door, and instinctively was led through the same corridors, passages, galleries, and ascended and descended the same staircases he had on the former occasion; but on this not ! sound was to be heard—no burst of distant merriment—no flourish of trumpets from the departing cortège of some stately guest-no clangor of haut-boys, drums, and clarions beat more and more irregularly as the energies of the children of Apollo became steeped in the balm of Bacchus.

Not a foot tramp was to be heard; still he walked on for a period that seemed an age, though an hour had scarce passed, through endless passages and state-rooms, a faint light from the moon affording him sufficient guidance to avoid injury to his person. At the head of the stairs leading to the cloisters, a sweet sound struck upon his ear-now it rose and fell in delicate thrilling notes: it was a female voice, and accompanied at times by the deep swell of an organ. He hardly dared to breathe, lest he should cause the sounds to cease. A light shone from the further extremity of the chapel—he ventured under the portal: from the organ came overpowering melodies blended with the painful thrill of a faint female voice—raised as he thought in the extremity of feeble effort.

"Oh! could I view my prospect clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'd bid farewell to every fear
And dry my weeping eyes.

Let cares, like wildest billows, come, And storms of sorrow fall, Might I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all!"

Having sung this to chords which rose gradually to the final line, the light, which burned

within her attenuated frame, quivering in its hard struggle with the failing flesh—the singer paused—then struck a voluntary on the organ. Monk had never heard anything more heart-stirring and pathetic. Every note was the vibration of a feeling. It was a blending of celestial, uncreate music with the throbs of human aspiration. Then lifting her fading orbs to Heaven, with a faltering voice, in which he felt the meaning of every tone and word in silvery cadence, this last invocation to himself was heard:—

"Hush! hush thee, my spirit! thy sorrows are ending;
For soon wilt thou leave this frail temple of clay,
To be wafted by seraph's wing, swiftly ascending,
To regions that joy in eternity's day.

I welcome the summons,—for smiles have departed

Long, long from these lips;—this bright world is to 
A wilderness dreary, all cheerless, cold-hearted;

I pine for the place where my spirit would be.

One link, and one only, that binds me to earth,

The cause of the exile, remains to be broken,

A wanderer abroad from the land of his birth,

Despoil'd of each semblance of royalty's token.

But peace, my vex'd spirit! one heart there is true,
One arm is there still for the cause of the right;
That heart and that arm are mighty ones too,
To cope with the rebel in treason or fight.

Then rouse thee, brave Monk! in thy corslet of steel,
A thousand true lances will follow thy own;
The nation awaits but thy call, in its zeal
To bring back thy King to his ancestors' throne."

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"I will! I will!" burst from Monk's lips, unable to restrain himself any longer; for every word of this appeal went to his soul—an appeal made by one unconscious of his presence, who was pouring out the last prayer of her bursting heart.

In another moment he was by the instrument lately placed on the floor of the then unpewed chapel, and with throbbing bosom knelt before a female in white-Lady Miranda-his Lady Miranda. A tremor, but it was but transient, passed over her limbs. She was deadly pale, and attired in a slight night-dress overlapped by a silk dressing, or morning-gown. She raised her hands from the organ and placed them upon his forehead as he knelt-they were clammy cold: she parted aside his curls, and turning her face slightly power of vision was fast leaving her, and her voice scarcely articulate—he heard gurgling from her very heart the words, "No, it is too late-I am not for thee, or for this world. It might have been-I never loved any but thee."

Monk's heart froze at this, as well might it.

"I heard that thou wast dead—dead—as I shall be; a lovely state. What portion have I here? Lord, I come to thee."

Her hands dropt instinctively on a chord of angels' music, the swelling notes rolled over the deep-fretted roof of the chapel, and she sunk upon his shoulder; but what a frame! so slight,

so weightless it seemed, liable to be crushed by his touch; so delicate and soft, it had no tangible substance.

- "Wilt thou, as thou lookest for Heaven, fulfil my last request?"
- "Lady Miranda," he gasped, yet with an effort of firmness, "what causes thy appearance here? art thou a living creature, or a shade of the being that bore thy beloved name?"
- "Wilt thou?" she again murmured in a love tone.
- "I know thou wilt—be true to thy King. Resolve!" said the sad form, raising itself slowly, opening its blue dim eyes.
- "Gracious Heaven! what means this vision? I obey thy commands!" he lisped fearfully, his voice choked with sensations, heretofore never realized or imagined.
- "Heaven commands thee to restore thy King—for this thou wert born; swear to chase from these walls their polluters."

Monk suddenly experienced a glow of supernatural fervour, and felt for the moment in the highest state of physical ecstasy of which a human being is capable. The words seemed to him to be put into his mouth ready sounded, or he spake them from volition he knew not of.

" I swear—"

There was a silence for nearly a quarter of an hour—he still knelt entranced before the figure.

"Thou wilt not marry Elizabeth Phelps?" faintly and imploringly fell from the lips of Lady Miranda, as she sunk again into his arms.

He scarcely ventured to breathe over the frame which he believed was ethereal. The music, the words, the spectral apparition, the invocation, the visions seen on former visits to the palace—all assured him, as certain he was of his existence, that he was in the presence of an airy spirit. He shook himself, and essayed to rise:—might he not be in a dream; and in his room all the while asleep in the chair? Indeed it was no dream!

His solemn pledge had been borne away by the departed to heaven; but until aided by the direct hand of the Almighty, its fulfilment was impos-The government was strong; its head was wise: abroad, the new republic was more respected and feared than the monarchy had been. Malcontents existed everywhere; but they were miserably disunited, and their leaders were incompetent to combat Cromwell. He himself was a confidential officer of Parliament; and although as yet had, on account of absence, avoided making the formal abrogation of the young Prince's right of succession, he might be called upon any moment to do it, or pay the forfeit of his head. The more he pondered, the more insurmountable seemed the difficulties, and he felt that his faculty of concealing his thoughts, his caution and reserve must be exercised to the fullest extent, to circumvent the long heads, firm minds, and unscrupulous consciences, of the men who governed England.

He had laid his now clay-cold burthen on the dais, formerly the altar stone; the communion-table being removed into the centre of the chapel, in imitation of the Geneva reformers, whose form of worship was enjoined in all the churches of Great Britain; the name out locality of an altar being a popish abomination in the eyes of the Puritans. Over it, until this see period, was a splendid picture of the Virgin b Correggio, and the wonderful ivory image o- -f Christ on the cross, so justly celebrated; both owhich were taken down and sold by Sir Rober Harlowe, the Parliamentary Commissioner, where he laid waste, with destructive zeal, all remains o superstition here, at Canterbury, and at Windsor-In the Catholic chapel of Worksop manor was this precious image long retained with pious care. and the author has since seen it, where it is deservedly prized, in the Catholic Cathedral at Nottingham. Many pictures of Saints and miracle had adorned the upper part of the chapel, above the string courses of the wainscoting, but were all stript from the walls by the fanatical Sir Robert.

For a full hour Monk encouraged thoughts of returning to Devonshire to his patrimonial property, quitting for ever any care of the succession of crowns, or the command of armies: in this determination there was a soothing vista of peace.

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But what a desolate solitude is the country, without communion with a congenial mind! She was gone with whom alone soft rural leisure would be bliss; arms and the din of camps must be, as they had been since his marriage, his occupation and element. He stood at this moment at the chapel door, under the armorial blazons of Henry and Jane Seymour, their initials entwined in a true lover's knot, where to this day they remain. The chapel itself was in total darkness, save where the lambent flame of the small lamp flickered on the altar step, and its death-stricken burthen, and was fitfully gleaming on the sharpening features, forehead, breast, and the rigid feet lifeless outline of prominent painfulness, telling of what has been, and never more will be.

Monk's dilemma was trying and cruel; he could not, must not quit the remains their departed spirit had seemed to bequeath to his care. To arouse the household was to draw upon himself the onus of explaining what, to the most reasonable or credulous, must appear a doubtful story. He paced the chapel in this miserable state for some hours; pausing to throw prolonged harrowing regards towards the spot where lay the beautiful corpse; then enlarged his walk into the adjoining cloister, and at last into the fountaincourt. All was silent and black as Erebus. Not as in royal times, when sentinels paced the courts, and warders watched, trolling the troubadour lay

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over the gates; and leaned from embattled towers to count the stars reflected in the inky most below; when festive and furtive marauders we like fire-flies, poaching here and there for frol or mischief upon forbidden unguarded ground. All were asleep. The morality of the English republican leaders, and their personal austerit which to pluck a piquant incident for the gamenish of our history. We cannot chronicle of our leaders of the fierce democracy, what Moote has, with more or less poetic license, sung of a transatlantic one:—

"The weary statesman, for repose, has fled
The halls of council, for his negro's shed;
Where blest, he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace."

Cromwell and his chiefs had laid themselves down in the royal apartment, where slumbered erst were "lulled with the lascivious pleasing of a lute,"—bibles and trusty oft-tried broadsword their mistresses, folded in their arms. Monk remembered the last living words of that voiceles mould, and believed that her spirit yet hovered round him. He almost heard a feathery breathing from those blanched, still icy lips. Did they not murmur strengthening assurance? and was not their last injunction before the vital spark had left them spoken now audibly? They did

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—it was: and carried away by this belief, solemnly and audibly broke out responsive these words from his own:—"To the sacred duty of restoring my King shall the energies of my life henceforth be spent! Repose in peace, blest shade; thy remembrance shall strengthen me in the day of battle, or on the scaffold—amid the tortures in the most trying hour of mortal anguish. Unite myself to another!—no, sanctified spirit, my spouse—is thy last injunction! I am wed to the cause thou hast bequeathed me, the monarchy and the son of my murdered sovereign!"

This was said in a voice that fell full and solemn in this darkened silent chapel, and resounded in irrecallable accents round the grotesquely enriched wainscoting with which the entire chapel was surrounded. He started at the first sound of his own voice, but, nevertheless, felt impelled by uncontrollable impulse to go on. The light, after a bright lambent flash, sunk, and he was in total darkness.

"Who talks treason so loudly in the house of a member of the National Council? Who's that candidate for a dance upon nothing at Tyburn? Come forth! I arrest thee in the name of the good people of England," exclaimed a voice from the corridor, followed by a loud laugh, in which the voices of three persons were distinguishable. Cold perspiration stood on Monk's forehead; he stood self-convicted of egregious

folly—of boasting imbecility—of uttering would that must be now the death-blow of his care, and render him a spectacle for the ridicule of those with whom he was acting. He had ne ver feared the consequences of any undertaking in which he embarked; but what else than to sheer madness, or worse, could the words he had uttered, as it appeared in the presence of three persons, be referred?

"Strike a light, my little knight, we must secure the traitor to the republic," repeated the first voice.

"Odds-fish! the sweetest sounds I've heard since the Dutch lugger bore me from the Brill before Rotterdam, where I left the dear prince," cried a vioce of picolo volume, which Monk thought he had heard before in times and places when loyalty was no crime. He felt his way to the spandrils of the porch, and fell over what he thought must be an infant of about six years old from its height. In his fall forward, another person fortunately stood hard by the stumbling-block, and saved him from a violent prostration on the pavement.

"In God's name, who goes there—friends or foes? Bring a light," exclaimed Monk, certainly not pleased at his position, though he might, if he had chosen, have slipped away unrecognised in the darkness through the passages he had traversed, to his chamber. He might save his life perhaps

by this; for the opposers of his passage might be armed; but the thought of forsaking those dear remains was not to be entertained for a moment.

"Are you the Colossus of Rhodes, or Lucifer on his night-walk?—am I to be kicked like a foot-ball? Your brave soliloquy, my friend, whoever you be, has saved your bowels from an acquaintance with cold iron—let me tell thee, I would see thy face and quality."

A sharp hacking noise, accompanied sundry sparks falling into a tinder-box; and in another moment the quick flare of a brimstone-match showed to Monk the person of Anthony, the son of Caleb, and Johnny, the jester; whilst the party holding the match appeared, as far as he could imagine in the obscurity, to be seated on the ground. The motion of the latter object, however, dispelled his doubts—their link-boy in this strange place of rendezvous, was Sir Jeffery Hudson, the dwarf, who he believed was with the Queen in Paris.

"What brings you here, I ask not; but your dispositions are not unknown to me—the words which one of you overheard can be of no moment to you, nor the cause of my repeating such expressions. There is a dead body lying in the chapel—so let me put your loyalty to the test. The daughter of Lord Hertford lies cold on the altar steps—transport her to her chamber, and ask no questions."

"Gracious Heavens! what means this, general?" said Sir Jeffery, shaking in every limb, and looking up into the latter's face, greatly alarmed to be so neighbourly with a corpse in the dark.

"Chamber of a lady," said Mucklejohn: "does your generalship say a knowledge of the way thither is a part of your military erudition?"

No one of the party of course knew the lodging of Lady Miranda in the palace. Monk had not known that she was within its walls; for Miss Phelps had purposely abstained from naming her when conversing with him at dinner. At last Anthony said, "I know where Nelly is lodged; but were I to go, her good opinion would go for ever, for approaching her chamber at this time of night."

At a word from the general, whose name he knew was an important one with mistress and maid, he lighted a lamp, and proceeded with a beating heart on his bold errand. Anthony was already some score rooms distant from the chapel court, stepping noiselessly on and speculating upon the reception awaiting his assault of Nelly's doo. A light suddenly gleamed in his face on ascending the stairs; and the damsel herself stood before him in disordered and scanty dress. She neither screamed nor expressed surprise at finding her lover wandering about the palace at that hour. In tones of horror and distress, she

wildly cried, "My mistress!—my mistress!—speak, Tony, have you seen my mistress?"

"I will take you where the body lies," he replied innocently; so few words had passed between Monk and himself, and that he knew not the poor girl's ignorance of the awful event in the chapel."

"Body!" she cried, frantically. "Do not trifle with me at this moment. I sat by her bed-side—she was alive, though delirious and sorely ill—I had watched her fall into slumber, and I dropped away into sleep myself, Lord forgive me! When I awoke, she had risen and was gone—I have been searching her throughout the rooms a full hour—the Lady Anabel I dare not tell—lead me—lead me to my dear, dear mistress."

Anthony conducted her, without speaking a word, to the cloister in which he had left Monk, Mucklejohn, and Hudson the dwarf. It is needless to describe Nelly's grief; her confidence in Monk, and her own exclusive privity to the feelings entertained of him, by the deceased, rendered explanation easy. She led the way to her mistress's door, and received injunctions, to say nothing of the delirious somnambulism that had terminated so fatally, unless called upon by Monk himself; but to rouse Lady Anabel without delay, and break the terrible event to her as she best could. Having placed the body upon the bed where it was to be found, as if death had

there done his work, Monk slowly quitted ===t; but not before he had imprinted kisses fervent a nd fevered on the sweet passionless face; kisses he had never before given to living woman.

"You have done right, sir. Her dear blessed soul will rest easier. God help me through proy task! Lady Anabel will be raving, and his lowdship, her father—to die here too! oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Nelly, as she closed the door.

In the corridor, Monk found Mucklejohn, Hudson, and Anthony lingering: the former took him on one side, with the familiarity of his profession.

"We ask no questions, general; we know mething. Her ladyship walked in her sleep; died an a fit—heard she was very ill yesterday, as soon I arrived from Paris with Sir Jeffery; will yesterday, as soon I arrived from Paris with Sir Jeffery; will yesterday, as soon I arrived from Paris with Sir Jeffery; will yesterday ask none? the present, (laying emphasis upon present) masters of Hampton Court are not I have visitation enough anon (here pleasant inward chuckle intercepted some appropriate words). Mind, general, Sir Jeffery and are in Paris; in Paris mind. Dost recollect the cards in the withdrawing-room? how much of method in the withdrawing-room? how much have not? I shall not see thee again until it be all fulfilled. Beware of the dark lady."

With that Sir Jeffery and the jester softly stole away, leaving Monk with Anthony.

"The sun had long since in the lap Of Thetis taken out his nap; And like a lobster boil'd, the morn From black to red began to turn."

The morning was just breaking, as our friend Sam Butler says, and sounds of footsteps crossing the second court were distinctly audible. household of the city hat maker were early birds. Monk would have sought his room, but found it impossible to bear himself away from the vicinity of the chamber where the inanimate form of the adored Lady Miranda lay. He knew not until this moment how deeply he had loved her-he now found out the intensity and fulness of the passion, which he doubted. But a short period elapsed, before the screams of Lady Anabel broke on his ear, from within her departed sister's room. The affectionate girl had thrown herself upon the body, entreating it to speak, and defying all attempts of Nelly and other servants to withdraw her from the features over which was shed in death the same impressive air that drew the eyes of love towards her when alive. The household was aroused; Monk, with a bursting heart, his eyes tearful, and all his features speaking of inward conflict, at last quitted the corridor, and slowly descended the staircase. Half-way down the stairs, Elizabeth Phelps, who was ascending them, passed him. She saw his condition.

and refrained from further recognition, saves, stately bend of her full rounded neck.

We must pass over any further relation of the event, which made the house of Seymour mourners indeed. The body was borne to Ragland; but her husband was absent at her funeral, by fear of personal insult from the tenantry and dependents of her father, who had threatened it if he came amongst them.

Monk found himself at Hampton Court much oftener than he wished; inspections of troops at Hounslow and in Bushy Park, being always followed with a banquet at the palace. John Phelps's old friends were astonished at his sudden hospitality.

The sacred pledge he had given to the spirit of Lady Miranda was ever before him, steeling his heart, and rendering him totally indifferent to the charms of his hostess. At last, provoked at his insensibility, she gave him plainly to understand that she considered herself betrothed to him, and boldly asserted it to her father, as a reason for declining the addresses of Harry Cromwell, the general's younger son. The old gentleman, who saw in all Monk undertook, conduct, understanding, and consummate prudence, was well pleased at this intelligence; and astounded him one day, by remarking "that it would be as well that he should go himself to the Tower, and view the selection he (Phelps) had made, of all

the grandest coats-of-mail worn by former Kings of England."

"For what purpose would you disturb the panoply of deceased royalty?" asked Monk, suspecting that the velvet-capped citizen was under hallucination, or intended forming an armoury at Hampton Court.

"In honour of thy espousals, friend. In the tilt-vard will I have a renewal of a tournay, the last before I lay it into garden ground. Yea, jousting and a passage of arms shall celebrate the nuptials of my daughter, a veritable queen of beauty, as you confess, general. My predecessor, King Henry, had a tournay here; and, at a jousting before his daughter Mary and her husband Philip, two hundred lances were broken in my tilt-yard—and there will I have a passage of arms. The citizens held their jousts in Smithfield, did they not?-but, as I seldom mount any horse, save my sorrel gelding, Lionel shall ride in the lists for me, and challenge all comers. Let young Charley Stuart splinter a lance-he should have fair play."

This chivalrous proposition was calmly broached by old Phelps in the smoking-house in the garden near the towing-path (enlarged afterwards by King William to its present size); for Monk had learned to smoke the Virginia weed in Spain; and, when but a boy, had once taken an Indian pipe with Sir Walter Raleigh at Ashbourne. The smoke prevented a disclosure of his amazement; but the joke was a good one, and he waited in expectation of some further revelation. The old man puffed, and congratulated Monk - puffed and congratulated his daughter, himself, and everybody on the spproaching event; hinting, in little mouldering sentences, as the ale begat confidence, and unveiled his soul that men were mortal-ergo, that the general (meaning Cromwell) was so afflicted with the stone, that, some day or other, he would drop off the hooks; that, with his influence as Monk's father-in-law - a guzzle now and then at Hampton Court to the Corporation, and a little soft sawder to the Presbyterian nobles, Lord Say, Lord Warwick, Lord Manchester, and others, Monk might make himself King in time, getting rid of Ireton, Lambert, and other troublesome folks by attainting them of treason to the state, or taking them off as the Hollanders had lately done their old champion Barneveldt for disturbing the Church of God. "My possession here will be safe as a rock then. Kings have always lived here, and I begin to think that they should. My nights have been terribly disturbed of late-awful warnings, general," added he, in a tone suddenly sinking from the grandiloquent to the piteous.

Monk saw not clearly the concatenation between an assurance of quiet nights to old Phelps,

and his own usurpation of the crown of England; but he was well enough aware that, since the King's death, ambitious notions were mounting into muddled heads, and that kings elect, at their own or their friends' nomination, existed in all parts of the country. From occasional ovations of feeling, during the cross fires of party talk at Phelps's entertainments, it was clear that the split amongst the revolutionists excited much rancour amongst themselves. He had sat by, heard all, and said nothing.

"Last night, general, an apparition-horrid to think on! sat on my bed, and bade me 'Find a crown for the rightful owner of Hampton Court!'—as if I were not its rightful owner. The spirit took me by the nose with its red-hot fingers, and tweaked it: yet the demon was not a vard high. I shall be forced to leave the place, and go back to Bishopgate Street," said the little man, groaning at the remembrance of his nightly "Lionel cannot live here—he has a visitation every night, though we have watches with pikes and matchlocks. A fiery serpent, whose burning scales lighted the whole room, played antics one night close to my face in a watery cloud, and the little demon drank it up, serpent and all. Another time he touched a cup, and a flame burst from it to the ceiling. 'Begone, intruder!' is written in fiery letters on my bed-curtains every night,—to me, the lawful owner of this house and manor, bought with my own money. I've made my will, and made up my mind—you shall marry Bess, and have Hampton Court to yourselves. Bishopgate Street will suit me better; and I'll work on the Council and the House to give you the command of the army when Master Crummy goes—and that's to be King in a republic."

Phelps rocked himself in his chair, ground and sighed alternately, the very picture of de-

spair.

Monk resolved to leave Hampton Court that night, and prepared to do so without bidding adieu to Phelps or his daughter; not without recalling to mind the accumulated predestination and visitations, linking the palace with his o' destinies from the first hour that he set his f in it: the strange matrimonial negotiations opened seemed to realise them all. "Was he flying in the face of fate?—was he not de' the order of Providence by quitting the cha spot, peculiarly marked out as his own? not he return? To be master of this pla a brilliant destiny:" the royal blood in hi tingled at these reflections. He had alm solved to become the husband of E' Phelps; because owner of the royal palace. dience to fate, he might the easier res exiled Prince to his rights, and have t of surrendering it to him, and fulfil h

As these and a thousand similar conflicting thoughts crowded upon his mind, he approached the water gallery through the row of elms to the outer green court, beyond the stately square tower, which rose above the most gate. There it was, fifteen years before, that the eyes of Lady Miranda had rewarded, with the approving glance which ruled his after life, the exploit which saved that of the very Prince whom the spirit, at the moment it soared to heaven, had called upon him to guard. Strange coincidence !--too truly, the hand of God was seen in all this to be disregarded. "Shadows of unstable eminence, avaunt! - tempt me not!" he cried. "Thy towers again I see not, Hampton, until right and royalty reign therein!"

The moment this resolve had passed his lips, he felt relieved from a weight benumbing body and soul, and light as air galloped over Hampton green towards Bushy Park. By the gate over the moat, near the site of the present maze, he heard his name hailed, and turning round, saw Sir Jeffery Hudson and the jester peeping cautiously through an embrasure of that tower. Giving his horse to his orderly, he entered it. The gigantic porter of the late King bowed to him, and carefully closed the door. "There are especial friends of the King who desire one moment's audience with you, general," said the porter; and the next moment Mucklejohn ran

Jet the winding stairs of the tower, bearing Sir Jeffer in his arms. The former shortly told his that they had been concealed in the palace, by the connivance of Dr. Hammond, since the saming they had assisted him to convey the copie of Lady Denham to her chamber, and that they were busily engaged in a counter resolution.

"But you two—and pray in what way do you conspire?" asked Monk, smiling at the conceit.

Both the dwarf and the jester exchanged significant looks, and self-satisfied ones too—and then they laughed.

- "I have not time for jesting,—nay, I ought not to listen to you,—I bid you good morning," replied Monk, rather disconcerted at this inconvenient mark of confidence from parties with whose pranks he had no desire to be compromised.
- "You ought to give me something for my counsel," said Mucklejohn.
  - "How so?" asked Monk.
- "You have fled the dark lady," replied the jester, nodding his head knowingly. "I know all; and it is well you are bolting, or another dark lady would make you rue the day you went again to the altar."

Monk looked impatient, and as he walked towards the door, heard Jeffery say, "It will not do to let him into our secret, he's not ripe yet." The first person who accosted him at his lodgings in Coleman Street, was his drowned wife. He staggered back speechless with astonishment, believing that he saw an apparition, until undeceived by the grappling style of embrace with which she enclosed him in her stalwart arms.

"Have you nothing to say to your wife?" asked she, mortified at the stupefaction with which her better half hailed her restoration to He shuddered at her contact. his arms. last female he had enfolded in them was the divine creature who had seemed to impart what portion of her heavenly nature could remain on earth specially to him; worse than sacrilege was familiarity with aught less purified. Mistress Monk was angry, burst into tears and upbraidings:-but her husband stood motionless and silent; and, until the next day, was not sufficiently recovered from the agitation which her reappearance occasioned, to speak a word in reply to her loud remonstrances and entreaties.

The jester's remark flashed upon his mind,—he had had indeed a narrow escape of the penalties of bigamy. He now learnt that his wife and a sailor were the only persons saved from the crew and passengers of the transport, wrecked on the coast of Bute; that she, schooled to hardship, and resolved to try her husband's fidelity, had remained in a fisherman's cottage on that island for several weeks, concealing her name

until recovered from bruises received amongst the rocks on which she was thrown; when she quitted the island for Bristol in a sloop of the latter port. From thence she walked, as heretofore, to Salisbury, where she found her friend Beldame Butts, late the laundress of Hampton Court, and her husband, installed in one of the best houses in the close belonging to the Dean; he, in band and gown a ranting Independent divine, preaching daily to crowds in the cathedral, who flocked to that ancient temple of worship, to hear with silent reverence the outpourings of their minister; and it must be conceded to the zeal and influence of these irregular pastors, that ten times more worshippers were brought within its walls, than have ever since been gathered by the most orthodox university divine, employing the correctest rhetoric of written sermons. Our cathedrals were undoubtedly constructed for the worship of the many, but by the restrictive rules of their managing committee—the canonry -these edifices are now select indeed; hence the falling off of veneration of the masses for our Episcopal fanes. They raise their sublime heads, glorious monuments of piety and taste; but the scanty class usually found therein, is not composed of either the warm-hearted, the devoted, or the spiritual Christian. Her washingtub crony tried the self-satisfying doctrines of Antinomianism upon Mistress Monk, or, at least,

to make her a Brownist; but the latter listened to her theology with an ugly look, merely observing that sectarianism and soap-suds were both born of dirty water, and would dry up and be seen no more when foul weather passed away.

From Salisbury she had walked to Hampton Court, and there secretly making herself known to an old dame of the bakehouse, learnt of her husband's frequent visits to that palace, his anticipated speedy marriage to their young mistress, as well as the belief entertained in her own death. Leaving the palace by daybreak the following morning, Johnny, the jester, crossed her path. Mutual recognition ensued, and mutual undertaking exchanged to keep each other's counsel. Johnny, knowing her implacable hatred to the dominant powers, and unqualified and undisguised loyalty to the King, confided to her the object of his and his friend the dwarf's visit to the palace—a secret confided to none, save the porter and clerk of the kitchen. The dwarf had learnt from Lilly, who was alchemist as well as astrologer, and likewise from some French chemists during his sojourn with the Queen in Paris, several then little known chemical combinations, and with his confederates had plotted schemes for frightening away Phelps and his family, as well as any others who dared to take up their abode in the King's palace. Several experiments that are well known to all persons of liberal

education at this day, were cruelly played off with immense success upon the Rump member, his son, and guests. The dwarf, dressed with horns and a tail, with sulphur vest and cayennecoloured trunk, silk elastics, the regulation uniform of ballet diablerie, would glide into Phelps's room through a secret door in a sliding frame, known but to himself; with a tumbler of warm water, in which was a piece of phosphorus not bigger than a pea; carrying under his arm a small bladder of oxygen, furnished with a stopcock; then squatting on the bed where the fat and greasy citizen had wrapped himself in Sancho's "blanket of sleep," hit him a thump on the nose, who, starting up, would have by the stream of oxygen, forced upon the water a brilliant combustion under his nostrils, too dazzling for any eyes fresh from noon-day's sun, but absolutely overpowering and blinding in the dark. Two servants, who slept in his room after this first attack, more frightened than their master, screamed with horror, thought of the general conflagration, their minister, Peters' pictures of hell, and fired off their arquebuses at each other's persons, being the only moving objects distinguishable in the glare. Balls of detonating powder, a composition known but to learned chemists, scattered about the room, exploded under their feet with an appalling noise, which roused the household, and allowed the dwarf and his comrades to escape in the confusion.

Though Lord of Hampton Court and very rich, this tendency to mutual destruction amongst the watchers, naturally made the nocturnal occupation not the most coveted, though the most liberally requited one in the palace. One and all, after three sets of unhappy grooms of the chamber had riddled each other with bullets, and set fire to the bed-furniture with the wadding, declared against venturing into the bed-rooms of their old or young master. Neither Phelps nor his son could complain of monotony of torment: there was a change of performance ready the moment they woke out of sleep. Holding a plutonic goblet to his nose, containing two drachms of oil of cloves, Jeffery poured from another about the same quantity of spirit of nitre made with oil of vitriol, which instantly took fire. It would puzzle wiser heads than theirs, perhaps, to behold two cold liquids in a blaze; then with phosphorus was written on the bed-curtains the dreadful words which poor old Phelps narrated to Monk, and innocent platina wire was galvanised for the flaming serpent. No sooner had the combustibles of their guards exploded, and gunpowder smoke filled the rooms. than father and son felt the weight of the fistycuffs of Mucklejohn and the dwarf; and once on Master Lionel taking courage from an extra beaker of brandy swallowed over-night, and upsetting Hudson from his bed on the floor, and jumping

therefrom to attack the jester, the foot of the giant porter, (who had a particular grudge against him for bringing him from his sick-bed on a night we may remember,) propelled him like s bomb-shell amongst the bolsters he had rashly quitted. Hudson sadly wanted to give Cromwell and Ireton a benefit, when they slept there; but the porter had his reasons for leaving them alone. However, Lambert, Rainsborough, with Colonel and Mrs. Whally, were scared out of their wits, and vowed never more to pass a night in a temple, evidently dedicated to Satan. As a faithful chronicler of the day and night scenes at this palace, I ought, I know, to relate how were their "nights made hideous," to the interesting Misses Anne and Jane Whally, but I fear the raising blushes; because the cheeks and ears of these ladies grew uncommonly red when their visitations were referred to.

In these incessant, untiring attentions to Master Phelps's guests, Hudson and his comrades were warmly applauded by Mistress Monk, who laughed for a full hour during their recital by the jester; indeed, if she could have concealed herself safely anywhere, would have enjoyed nonothing better than trying her hand in paying the same civilities to Miss Phelps. She was at the gate-house a night that her husband lay in the palace, and with difficulty was restrained from accompanying Mucklejohn in his round of sere-

nades, to prevent any invidious distinction in her husband's case. She cared nothing for the rumours about Miss Phelps and her spouse, knowing his nature too well to entertain fears of his marrying her under any circumstances.

The next day after their meeting, Monk received orders from Cromwell, and repaired to Scotland; disclosing to no one what was now the fixed purpose of his soul; the restoration of the son of his late royal master. So well did he dissimulate, that Cromwell believed he had not a more devoted officer: and the Scots Presbyterians. now bitterly repenting their usage of the late King, and revolting against the fanatics and miserable creatures, whom Cromwell allowed to call themselves a parliament, considered him their most formidable enemy. He besieged Aberdeen, reduced Falkirk and St. Andrews, subjugated the whole of the north of Scotland, and was left invested with supreme military power, in that kingdom by Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, when Prince Charles retreated into England. It may be asked by those ignorant of the composition of parties, and their animosities at that period, how Monk, if loyal at heart to the exiled prince, could for five years of his Scotch command, show no disposition to sympathize with his misfortunes, after the battle of Worcester, or to aid his partisans Montrose, Sir Charles Booth and others, in their revolts in his favour. He knew

the rottenness of the supporters of the Covenant, with whom he resolved never to make terms save as an open opponent; though he had himself taken it from motives of policy, on his liberation from the Tower; for Clarendon remarks—"Monk shewed his superior understanding, by never attempting to rise by the enthusiastic, which was the thing which ruined Lambert."

It was the error of the Prince, to place confidence in these people, and attempt the character of the hypocrite beyond his capacity; to please them, he sat out long sermons, and made confession of his ungodliness, when taxed by a minister of the kirk with kissing the cheek of a fair and willing member of his flock, at his levee at Holyrood more majorum. In furtherance of Monk's secret purpose, his blunt shrewd wife was of the most material service. No one was ignorant of her opinions, therefore no one quarrelled with them: and she learnt the inclination of friends and foes, for there was no dissembling with her during the five years she reigned as sort of vicequeen of Scotland at Dalkeith-house, a mansion of the Countess of Buccleugh's; at which Monk's head-quarters were fixed. Her father and brother, the blacksmiths, were invited to Dalkeithhouse, and the latter, Bartholemew (or Bat as he was usually called) Clarges, employed by her, apart from her husband; and seemingly, though not really, without his knowledge, to

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epair to the Hague to the Prince, and assure his Highness privately of her husband's affection towards his person. The Prince was continually eplying to these professions of his brother-in-law, Clarges, "Confound the fellow Bat, I wish he would show his love by deeds as well as words;" but Monk, as we have seen, had a way of dealing with friends and foes, peculiarly to his own. was incomprehensible to all but his wife; and she gave herself credit for the illustrations of his principles, which, without her aid, might have been hid under a bushel. His brother Nicholas Monk and Sir John Greenville, his cousin, whom we remember at Oxford, passed to and fro between Dalkeith-house and the Hague; the General hearing all they had to say without committing himself to an expression that he might care of Cromwell hearing, and only smiled when his wife told him that the Earl of Nithsdale had prophesied that "Monk would restore the King."

## CHAPTER IX.

Phelps frightened to death by Ghosts at his Palace.—Lionel Phelps becomes its owner, which the Protector fancies, and obliges him to surrender to himself.—Apollion in a Gooseberry Bush.—Kills a Dutch Gardener.

MADDENED with Monk's rejection of her hand, and discovering that she had been making love to a married man, Miss Phelps's anger exceeded even the Homeric bouncings of Juno furibunda. The nightly visitations at Hampton Court began to be talked of; the hat-makers fancied they heard ghosts in sugar-loafed hats, moaning about the cloisters and courts, and they forsook the employ of the rabbit-skin leaguer. Cromwell, who was now lord of the ascendant, had taken it into his head to make war with the Dutch, and had sent Monk and Admirals Blake and Bean to sea to blockade the northern harbours. whilst the rabbit-skin leaguers loudly repented the success of their combination for throwing out of cultivation the arable land in the country; the stockinghole manufacturers too found, to their great astonishment, that there was such a course

of events as people having no further demand for their goods; in fact the obstinate nation, in defiance of Master Cobnut and Master Dull, would not wear more than three hats in a year, or use darning-needles when their hose were well mended, nor yet buy new ones. Master Phelps's secret grain store was beset by the mob, and burnt, and himself roughly handled by the lemocrats of Brentford, on his way to town. He was afraid to sleep at Hampton Court for fear of demons, who untiringly haunted him, and avoided Bishopgate Street and the assiduities of the dear sovereign people. He had not learnt, poor man, that people who in revolutions pulled down those above them, must not cry out at being themselves pulled down by folks below. No philosophic politico has yet found out the exact rank at which every one would like to stop; and as every one has a right to be consulted in a democracy, the problem remains to this day, alas! unsolved.

Phelps began to think, that taking to live in a king's palace at sixty years of age, and to be a man of the people, were not quite the felicitous rewards of human ambition he had imagined them to be. He told his daughter so; but she bade him never name such heterodox errors in her presence, so pusillanimous and unbecoming to a statesman. Her father's growing indisposition for greatness quickened her resolve to seize upon Sir

John Denham, and make him her own forthwith. There were, as we have seen, converging eccentric points in both their characters, and Sir John, with a fortune much impaired by the composition he was obliged to make to retain his estates, saw developing themselves like the love symptoms of a tigress, the inclinations of the lady, with great self-complacency and exultation. To cut a long story of their courtship short, they were married, and were invited by Phelps to leave Egham, and reside at Hampton Court. To be master of such a palace, and call it his own, was a realisation to Denham of some of his wildest poetic dreams of Utopia. He wrote more rhymes upon the advent of his hopes than I have room to insert, and it is said, sent to Nelly to invite her to take the place about the person of his new wife which she filled about that of Lady Seymour. Her reply was simply—

"You have at last found a wife who will be your mistress, Sir John Denham—she shall never be mine."

He found out, quickly, the truth of Nelly's anticipation; for his irritability, fancies, assumed privileges of genius, and wayward humours, were reduced to an uniform placidity of demeanour, as undeviating as if undergoing the discipline of Dr. Pressnitz's hydropathy, or Sir James Graham's model prison.

The day was fixed for the newly-married cou-

ple, with hearts beating high at their lofty destinies, to make, with equipages and six, equipages and four, and equestrian escorts, their triumphal entry into Hampton Court, from the Staines road, when it pleased the demons aforesaid to give a charivari to John Phelps, that frightened him to scamper away on his sorrel nag from his palace, before day broke, to his son-in-law at Egham, and there to give up the ghost at the feet of his daughter.

This spirited lady, deeply and duly as she was affected with the terrific causes of her parent's end, was not deterred thereby from her contemplated permanent occupation of the haunted palace. Sir John, from motives for which my reader may find a cause, trembled at going to Hampton Court, when reported to be haunted by demons addicted to frighten a man to death. He knew of one ghost who became so against his will, for a venial error of identity on his part, who might have occasion to solicit explanation; nevertheless, his ambition to be master of the palace overcame his fears.

In the course of this history it has been seen how important events grow from inconsiderable causes; and here we have to chronicle another remarkable instance of perverse fate. Thinking to gain General Monk, at the time deemed a widower, Elizabeth Phelps had refused Harry Cromwell, second son of the general, upon whom Parliament

had since conferred the title and honors of Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland.

Harry Cromwell was a noble young fellow, and in many respects would have proved a very suitable husband for Elizabeth. He was universally beloved, and she was pretty generally feared. Become Lord Deputy of Ireland by his father's appointment, and determining that Hampton Court should pass into his parent's family, and never become the patrimony of his rival; immediately on hearing of the death of John Phelps he proceeded to England, and persuaded his father to make it a rural palace for himself, as it had been for his royal predecessor at the head His mother seconded her son: of the nation. she had the strongest sense in the world, eschewing all ambition, and disliking the ceremony and state of Whitehall. An intimation was conveyed to Lionel Phelps that an offer of the palace would be acceptable to the Protector; to which he angrily replied, "that the tyranny of the King never went so far as to deprive a man of his house." The fear of his sister and of the Protector threw him into a dilemma; but he had soon little option; for a summons before his ungrateful brother agitators, Cromwell's council, to answer a charge of forestalling corn, was served upon him in the midst of his perplexity; and a heavy fine and imprisonment was only averted by a surrender of Hampton Court to Parliament at half the

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price his father had paid for it. The mortification of Sir John and his wife was great; their only consolation was a revengeful one, in a continuation of the nocturnal horrors to the new comers; so Lionel Phelps and his sister were added to the grumblers and plotters against the new government.

The Protector, upon whom Parliament conferred the title of his Highness, and upon his sons that of Lords, was presented with Hampton Court as a dutiful offering, by the state. Mistress Cromwell's request all the old servants of the King within it were retained, and to good Dr. Hammond she expressed herself in the most kindly spirit. This lady is known never to have interfered in the slightest degree with her husband's political or religious system; but we may infer they were not at heart her own, as all her children became royalists. Hearing that many clergymen in the neighbouring villages of Twickenham, Ditton, East Sheen, and Ham, were in distressed circumstances, by ejection from their vicarages and cures, for persisting to read the Liturgy, which her husband's party had abolished in all churches, she directed him to send twenty of their daughters to her, saying-" With the errors of the parents, whether of judgment or principle, I have nothing to do: that is a matter beyond my reach; but the young maidens shall not suffer. I will, as long as God gives me means, take into my house and find employment for that number in needle-work; it shall be their home: and Mrs. Cromwell did so until the Restoration. As unassuming in her palaces of Windsor, Whitehall, and Hampton Court, as at the old manor-house of Hinchinbrooke, she refused to be styled her Highness; was a woman of rigid principle and strict attendance on her religious duties, but charitable and sweet-tempered to all who conscientiously differed from her. Her frugality and plainness excited the ridicule of the Cavaliers: a scurrilous pasquinade of the day, entitled, "The Court and Kitchen of Mistress Joan Cromwell." is now before me.

Dr. Hammond, encouraged by this benevolence, ventured to observe to her "that the revolution had beggared thousands of clergy, and effected small reform in the manners of the people; that the palace chapel and neighbouring church of Kingston had been despoiled of many exquisitely sculptured shrines, which in his humble opinion gave a venerable character to them; eminently productive of a wholesome influence on the indifferent, and consolatory to the pious; and that Hugh Peters meditated further devastation in every cathedral."

"Cease complaining, good doctor," interrupted the lady; "from henceforth there shall be no wanton despoiling of the houses of God:" and true it was, that discouragement was given from

that hour to fanatic rage for destroying painted windows and ornaments. She desired him to bear in her name to Lady Vavasour and her neighbours at Ember Court the kindest messages, and sent to them the choicest products of the Protectoral garden, which began to rise to its former state under Queen Henrietta The head gardener was a Dutchman, Maria. sent as the most acceptable present to Mistress Cromwell, by the humbled States of Holland on the conclusion of peace made after Monk's and Blake's victory. He was a fierce tulip fancier, to the cultivation of which the flat parterres of Hampton Court are particularly adapted; and he would have spent the revenue of England to secure the most curious sorts. It was a pleasing sight to view Von Hybrid and Caleb Gravymeat purring about for hours amongst the flower-beds, lying between the formally cropt yews, griffins, obelisks, and peacocks; watching the bursting of a bud, and the development of the petals of a flower, with as much anxiety as Lord George Bentinck or Captain Rous would feel for the points of a Bay Middleton or Cotherstone colt.

During one of these pleasant floral musings, one day in May, Caleb heard a rustle under a gooseberry bush; it was too vigorous for a blackbird, and too stealthy for a dog. Mynheer Hybridemade a twenty consonant low Dutch splutter,—the Lutheran adaptation of an oath—(for the

States had not dared to send a gardener of unguaranteed godly manners to the court of her Highness the Lady Protectress)—and took up a stone to fling at what the delver judged to be a hen on trespass after forbidden fruit—the seeds recently sown. Against the diligent pecking and scratching of these exemplary bipeds. Mynheer waged lapidary war, calling them after the game-keepers' term for predatory intruders, in his broken English—die poaching fowls; and Mucklejohn averred to having beheld one of these rudely assaulted hens, being near her time, miscarry of a poached egg.

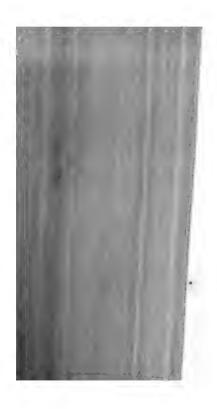
The stone was no sooner hurled by the Dutchman at the suspected quarter, than up sprung, as large as life, Sir Jeffery Hudson with an oath, in which there could be no translationable difficulty of 'entering into the meaning of its author,' or of the desires expressed in his countenance and tone, that the flinger of the missile should be off forthwith the shortest way, to the infernal railway station, and book himself to the 'terminus.'

The Dutchman thought he saw before him one of the sprites of the Zuyder Zee; imps, who flit about the salt marshes, and spoil the herring fishery.

Sir Jeffery, as we know, was ever irascible when his personal dignity was concerned. 'He darted at the Dutch gardener, who had fallen on his back in a fit of fright, and drawing his little rapier before Caleb could make a move to restrain him, ran him through the body in two places. This merciless requital of a comparatively slight injury, (though Jeffery's eye was nearly knocked out with the stone, and his face was already growing black and swollen) shocked Caleb greatly. What the consequences would be of this unnecessarily cruel vindictiveness none could tell—it was plain the murderous knight must make himself scarce, and pretty quickly, for the groans and cries of the wounded, and, perhaps, dying man, were loud enough to be heard in the north-west tower and galleries flanking the moat.

"Conceal yourself in that 'pavilion,' and I will send Anthony to you—holy Virgin preserve you! for I cannot, if this Dutchman is able to tell his tale and you are caught and identified.

Hudson disappeared without further warning, diving amongst the dwarf shrubs of the wilderness, and the rare young plants that had been sent to Queen Henrietta by the first settlers in North America, and by the Swedish, Russian, and Genevese ambassadors. Here he lay in safe covert, beneath the Virginia sumachs, blunt-leaved tulip trees, almond trees in full blossom, sweet gum trees, great flowering dogwood, and the elegant family of acacias, cypresses, white-



The discove been by for hun gently, Atreus tones. ear of c chrétien then on gender, exclusive spluttere Apollion the devil for corrol assailed o count of unable to so greatly "This tigation," face, thou spirits who smite his servants with the sword even unto death! a fast and humiliation must be proclaimed throughout the land for the sins hurtful to Heaven. Truly this victim of wrath must be a great sinner, and it is better that one man should perish than all of us be swallowed up."

The bleeding Dutchman was in an instant regarded with pious horror by all the gardeners, coachmen, grooms, and yeomen of all departments in the palace, who had flocked into the garden on the report of the devil's fatal visit. They cursed and reviled him with revived national antipathy to a recently hostile power. Anabaptists, Muggletonians, Independents, all of the Calvinist family, heaped upon him,—a Lutheran, every name borne by doomed objects of Divine wrath in Scripture history.

The calm pale-faced gentleman in black, whose apostrophe to the poor wounded man had created this revulsion of feeling against him, again approached with a dignified carriage up the long-walk from the pavilion we have before named. The crowd respectfully gave way; for all knew him to be John Milton the Latin secretary of the Protector, who was himself at this moment sitting in that quiet garden-house by the river, dictating the terms of a treaty with Denmark, for a clothing of elegant Latinity from the pen of the gifted scholar we have named;

who had, by the Protector's request, stepped out to inquire the cause of the hubbub in the gardens.

"It is his Highness's command that this man be carried into the long gallery, and that his Highness's surgeon report upon his wounds; but that he be not removed from thence until a council be summoned to hear evidence upon this awful manifestation of wrath:—was any one present?"

All were silent, and Caleb had his reasons for being an "unwilling witness."

" Caleb saw all," muttered the man,

"Caleb, in what likeness was the avenging angel? had he a drawn sword as in the hour he passed through Syria?"

"A sword — I feel it now," groaned the Dutchman.

" A sword," repeated Caleb safely.

"Was not higher than two feet—short as my watering-pot," groaned the gardener.

"Not higher than over-kept game—short as my pie-crust," repeated Caleb the cook, giving an involuntary professional term to the allegory.

" Horns and a tail," groaned the Dutchman.

"Horns and a tail," repeated Caleb, raising his eyes to heaven.

"The head of a dragon, and scaly wings. Oh, horror! what have I done to be thus cut off?" gasped the poor gardener in great pain.

- "The head of a dragon and scaly wings," said Caleb solemnly, perceiving the crowd hanging on his lips, for the wounded man was now regarded as no better than an escaped convict from the bottomless pit.
- "You will attend a council in the long gallery within two hours, sir; I go to direct the attendance of the Lord Keeper Whitelock, Ireton, and Thurlow." Master Milton having said this, proceeded to the palace.

Caleb attended the council, at which all the government people, who could reach Hampton Court in time, were present, with Lilly the astrologer, Hopkins the witch-finder, just returned from a triumphant circuit in Suffolk, where he had caused sixty poor creatures to be hanged for witchcraft.

The brow of the Protector looked black and threatening; this visitation to his palace could no longer be disregarded even by his strong mind. He had affected to disbelieve the nocturnal horrors of his guests, and ascribed them to night-mare, intemperance, and brains overheated with the belief in the immediate revelation he himself encouraged, to render them more the tools of his will. By flattering all the weak points of his followers, he gained their strong ones for himself. In this case he boldly expressed his disbelief in Caleb's statement, told him he was drunk, and suddenly broke up the council.

## CHAPTER X.

Lady Denham's revenge.—Anthony's digestive pills for the Fifth Monarchy-men.—The Dwarf's spectral horrors.

THE anger of Lady Denham against the Cromwells, for turning her out of Hampton Court, was implacable; she soon outstripped her husband in zeal for the royal cause. This was fortunate for the dwarf, who repaired to Egham, as Hampton Court, under the new regime, had become an unsafe hiding-place, and Dr. Hammond protested against personal annoyances to the mild beneficent wife of their tyrant. As to Mucklejohn, he made himself as much at home as under his late royal master, and went by invitation to the merry viceregal Court of Dublin, where for twelve months he amused Harry Cromwell and his jolly Cabinet, who ruled Ireland as Irish like to be ruled, with a shillelah in one hand and a glass of whiskey in the other; consequently, Harry was the most despotic, at the same time was better beloved than any of Ireland's former governors: arbitrary acts of severity that had brought his predecessor, Lord Strafford, to the block, were committed by him, no one complaining—for was he not the son of the man of the people?

I regret that Daguerrotype was not then invented, in which the light of his genius could write for eternity the crowding images of the gifted heart of Harry Cromwell's buffoon. Mucklejohn's presentiments "were all spirits, and are melted into air—into thin air."

He had not the spell of the philosopher of Crotona, who was said to have the faculty of writing on the moon what might be read in far places, and in all time. The flowers of his rearing were but for a night; the moons that were associated with his inspirations were but paper moons, seen only within the limits of the banquet-hall and masking-room, and cut up, it may be to-morrow, to light torches and chandeliers. His pride was to emulate the mighty jester, Dick Tarleton, who filled a larger space in the eye of his contemporary public than Burbage Allen, or even Shakespeare himself. All the honours of an extended popularity were his. His name was given to game-cocks, as in our day it would be given to race-horses; his portrait, with pipe and tabour, was the ornament of the alehouse, and more than two centuries after his death he still figured as a sign in the Borough.

Fuller asserts that when Queen Elizabeth was out of humour, "he could unbumpish her at his

pleasure." Like Tarleton, Johnny always raised a laugh when he poked his head into the room, and his flat nose and incipient squint were, as well as his pipe and tabour, a portion of his via comica. He mixed with the company, and attempted to excite merriment by any species of bufforery that occurred to him; no rank could escape his raillery and sarcasm. He sung his own, and sometimes Tarleton's jigs, a ludicrous metrical composition, like to the improvisation of the merry moods of the late Mr. Hook and the live Mr. Sloman, and to which he danced and best his tabour.

Nelly transferred her services to Lady Anabel, and flatly told her swain that no helpmate of his would she be as long as he served folks who had murdered the King; so he grumbled on with his father and the verderer at the palace; putting a crumb into his glass (as Cavaliers used to do). when he swallowed its contents, saving, "God send this Crum-well down." The star of the Republic seemed to rise, however, and the sun shone as brightly, the river flowed as sparkingly. and the full foliage and turf were as gratefully green in the days when plain-coated democrats. pacing these walks and gardens, consulted on and ruled the destinies of England, and a Huntingdonshire country gentleman was their sovereign owner, as we now behold these gladdening features of nature: and the visitors to the Lord Protector's levees here had as much pretension to be of the exclusive order of mortals as those who now throng its courts at the invitation of Queen Victoria.

Caleb was seated in his cabinet one Monday norning, as he was wont every week, with Anhony his son, the clerk-comptroller of culinary xpenses, allotting such repasts as his humour uled to the expected guests; for Mistress Fromwell, great in domestic economy, had every ailv arrangement marked out on the first day of the week. Cromwell, like a modern interoper on a blood-royal succession (Bonaparte) new the exact value of outward state, and was so wise to neglect it. His entertainments, we mow, were as fully magnificent, and his recepion of ambassadors as dignified and commanding & respect as those of any English monarch. The walls of Hampton Court heard sneers ad contemptuous laughter from the mouths of French, Spanish, and Dutch attachés and seretaries, if not from those of their graver di**dometic** superiors during reigns both before ad after the rebellion; but the most niggardly gudger of any good quality to the uncourtly **Linchinbrooke** Squire, (who left not the farm for politics till at forty years of age, when no change hais manners could be wrought,) dare not deny has never was a period of English history when wer country stood higher in the eyes of Europe, or our alliance more courted by its old monarchies. He entertained here alternately the chiefs of most adverse parties and sects, and succeeded in making them severally believe he was at heart of their respective peculiar opinions.

"Give me the steward's list, lad, 'tis as mottled as a fool's jacket. Heresy is as speckled as a Dorking hen. The true church is the garment without spot; they will be tired of variety and come back to the old uniform," grunted Caleb.

"But they tell you it is a scarlet one, and Babylonish in its cut, father," rejoined Anthony, handing him the list.

"This is a Brownist day; Jack Robinson's pupils have followed him through the mud too long to want appetites—they have huge ones, and a large swallow, Anthony, and in numbers they are legion; put down three sirloins, a haunch of venison, and six roasted geese, and garnish the table with pretty dishes of thy own conceit; they know not cayenne from black pepper. Tuesday the Muggletonians muster, after moming exercise, at Sergent Bradshaw's lodge in Bushy Park: put down three roast herons, curlew-pie, two hams, artichoke-pie, three legs of mutton, and a dozen fowls with neats' tongues, sausages, delicate botargos, and other such gullet sweepers (for I know one cropt ear amongst 'em who can eat a leg and the kidneys). Wed-

<sup>\*</sup> Now the Upper lodge in Bushy Park.

nesday the Fifth Monarchy-men with their vicar apostolical, Sir Harry Vane, and Master Praise God-Barebones, have a morning exercise in the chapel — the sacrilegious rogues! and in the evening pouring forth in King James's audience-chamber: put down red-deer pie, boiled sprods, boiled gigots of mutton, lobscouse, and a mess of stewed lobsters; 'twill help digest the doctrines that stick in their throats. Thursday come the Anabaptists, or Mennonites—plague on their hard names! with whom his Highness is uncommon sweet just now, since their address to the Prince; they must be fed like house-lamb. The grandson of their founder, Bockholdt, King of Sion, by one of his eleven wives, will be here."

"Say a roast swan, then," suggested the clerk of the kitchen.

"A swan! sacrilege! 'tis a royal dish. No, no," exclaimed Caleb, with horror; no dainties for such fellows: then they talk, talk, talk so during dinner, that I have no heart to take trouble in a dish. Men of taste never talk much at table: vulgar people do, for their food is not worth notice; they are fed, and that is all a cook need do for them. I don't mind going as far as a dandelion sallad, or some asparagus dressed in oil; but no farther, by our Lady o' Walsingham! In Wales the folks must do as the whales do, in Turkey as the turkeys do, and at Hampton Court as the cooks like."

- "Say, however, as they are our master's pets, a kid, burned capons, ducks, 'venison pasties, Putney salmon,\* and Chiswick smelts," said the clerk of the kitchen.
- "Friday is a family day. The old for has none but the elect about him. The Sanhedrim of the Jews was not closer. 'Tell it not in Gath, nor proclaim it in the streets of Askalon' what we do on Fridays, I overheard his uncle Desborough say, half-drunk some two hours after supper. They do go it strongly on that day. I like to see 'em, for I am reminded of the good old times of the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Goring," said Caleb.
  - "Who comes on Saturday, father?"
- "The French ambassador, the spy of the Cardinal, who bought for him all our best beds, carpets, and arras, hangings and glasses, after the King's murder, for his reverence's palais Cardinal at Paris; yet he was full of professions of sorrow—the hypocrite! He drove the Prince of Wales out of France to please our King Nolly; and Don Alonzo de Cardanas, the Spanish ambassador, comes, who bought all our best pictures, so that twenty mules could scarce convey them from Corunna to Madrid. His Highness would have the Rabbis, if they would keep their
- The annual rent of Putney fishery was then, three best salmon, caught in the months of March, April, and May; and smelts were in vast abundance.

Sabbath with Christians; but they will have the Muggletonians' day next week; and on the day after-let me see, the-no not the Quakers; plain George can see through a millstone as far as his Highness. It's diamond cut diamond; but our lord and master takes mighty pains to court this new sect. He told Fox, at Whitehall, his heart was with them. Fox looked at the Lord Protector in his keen dry way, as if pondering where that heart lay. Had he heard him as often as myself he might have known that he had one to get his speeches by. I told George he would be hanged in good company, for the Independents have lumped Quakers and Papists together in their last penal code. I can't help liking those self-denying, sturdy fellows; they have a smack of the monastery, Anthony; and if they weather out this century, their austerity, simplicity, and honesty will be to the Church as a grain of cayenne to mutton-broth, a savour not lost on the mass."

If Anthony wondered at his Catholic father's toleration of any of the mushroom sects that sprang up every day, Peter Pipe, who had overheard this outrageous supralapsarianism, the toleration of the unholy thing, that is, any doctrine save his own, sighed out twangingly, with an air of great affected sorrow and pity—

"Thou hast so long wallowed in the mire of Moloch, Caleb, that thou knowest not the steps

on the throne of the Lamb. There are many mansions, Caleb: thou and I have a wide gulf between us, even as between Lazarus and Dives. Old companionship, ere I was regenerate, softens my heart, and I do not utterly cast thee off; but speak not before me, as thou valuest my regard of that heathenish sect. I am in communion with that the world calls Antinomians; but what matters a name? we have the saving knowledge of acceptance. For these, on Sabbath-day, I will cause to be placed in the late Charles Stuart's dining-room the choicest canaries, burgundies, clarets, and champagne, sent as presents from the kings of France and Spain to our august Protector; but for the Muggletonians, I can afford but King James's old port; for the Anabaptists cider is good enough, unless his Highness is boisterous for burgundy; and for the Fifth Monarchy-men, who fool themselves that they are of the elect, there be much claret that wants drinking."

"If it be but pricked and sour I will find you some bellies it shall swell, who touch but barley beer in ordinary," said Caleb.

"Be not profane: are they 'dear men?'" inquired Peter.

"Not they, unless at their own price—I mean the Levellers; and his Highness will be clever to persuade them to leave Hampton Court before the week's out. Your ultra democrats

who insulted the late King at Uxbridge, is their leader, and John Lilburn; and his Highness slavers them over, though he would hang them both if he could find a pretext. Love had the impudence to tell him he should bring his family from Shoreditch, and live at the Tudor tower, and turn the hall into a meeting-house; for the palace was too large for a republican."

Peter Pipe frowned threateningly at this light talk upon "the religious world," as some sectarian Christians call themselves, by way of distinction from those whose

"Silent prayers and labours Heaven employs,
To do the good, while others make the noise."

Unheeding him, Catholic Caleb continued-

- " Saturday after, the Adjutators honour us."
- "Who are they, father?" inquired Anthony; for, though accustomed to hear sectarian cohorts of the queerest denominations announced in the great court on the Protector's reception days, this was one of too recent a growth to be remembered.
- "They are captains, majors, lieutenants, sergeants, and even corporals, who have a lively gift to foresee what laws Parliament will enact. Why? because they make it pass them at the pike's point. Old Coppernose assures them they are of the host of the shining ones foretold in

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the Apocalypse to visit the earth. They come in a dozen barges, psalm-singing all the way from Putney. They are the mutinous fellows who bullied Lord Essex into resigning by the self-denying ordinance jugglery. On Sunday week we are to be blessed with the Millenarians, Master Patience-always, Master Trib-Heaven."

- "Trib who, father? Trib is not a scriptural name, surely?"
- "'Tis short for 'Through much tribulation we enter the kingdom of Heaven.' 'Tis his name, I assure you, son."
- "These are all members of Parliament, and for two whole days last week the sittings were taken up with prayers offered up, first by one, and then by another, 'as they were found free to perform it,' as the phrase is. Colonel Pride is amongst them, the man his Highness King Nol knighted with a fagot. Our master has as great an itch for knighting folks as King Jammy. The corporation gave him a grand feed at Grocers' Hall on Ash Wednesday, and, like a king, he knighted the Lord Mayor, and made Colonel Lambert, the Ditton miller's son, a lord. Lord Lambert will be here with the Anabaptists, and Lord Keeper Whitelock of Bulstrode, in all the pomp of the seals, comes with the Brownists."
- "Is it true that his Highness preached yester-day?" asked Anthony.
  - "How should I know? no one saw me in a

heretic chapel in the old times, and now I wont humour them to play false in my old age," said Caleb.

"There was a strange sight," said Anthony. "Sawyer tells me, that six preachers militant tired the patience of their hearers; one calling up another successively. At last the spirit called up his Highness, who standing a good while with uplifted eyes, as it were in a trance, and his neck inclining a little on one side, as if he had expected Mahomet's dove to descend and murmur in his ear, and groaning abundantly, spent an hour in prayer, and half an hour on a sermon. In his prayer he desired God to take off from him the government of this mighty people of England, as being too heavy for his shoulders."\*

Caleb burst into a louder fit of laughter than he had indulged for several years. Peter almost sawed through his wine-soaked lips with his ragged teeth; for his command of gravity was not proof against this spiritual achievement of his master.

Before commanding into his presence the yeomen of the butchery, the spicery, the bakery, and other heads of culinary departments, his

<sup>\*</sup> These circumstances, like everything else narrated in this chronicle, are correct, and on the authority of contemporaries.

son, in a tone inaudible to the head of the wine-office, whispered—

- "On Wednesday the Fifth Monarchy men sup and sleep here."
- "Well," said his father, "they do; more's the pity that royal beds be laid on by 'em."
- "They shall never sleep a wink, father; leave that to Jeffery and Mucklejohn."
- "No violence to them, Tony; the porter broke the collar-bone of a member of the Rump in Phelos's time."
- "They and their beds shall have small acquaintance, or the old pretence for kicking holes in the sheets—that they were wrestling with an angel all night, like Jacob."
  - " How?" inquired Caleb.
- "Put some jalap in the boiled sprods and pea-pottage, and aloes in the red-deer pie, and a pint of strong senna in their night-stoups of ale," chuckled Anthony with a tearful eye of delight.
- "Go to, Anthony, go to, am not I taster, son? you've no mercy on your father's bowels."
- "Have you any bowels for garbage, father? What are these fellows but the garbage of the earth? Is it fit they should rest in a King's palace? Let me alone," Tony replied, winking his eye.
- "Shall we have any of the old members again who were dancing about here in Phelps's time?"

asked Dr. Hammond, of Smithsby of Hampton, the Protector's private secretary, who entered the room.

- "What, Dull, Borem, Duncutter, and Skinny? most likely not. Borem saw a breeze rising at home, and begged to be appointed governor of Virginia plantation; and as he was in his youth a slave-trader's cad, we could not do better than give it him. Duncutter and Ap-Moses, went back to their old quarters, the Fleet Prison, on our master's sudden dissolution of Parliament, where they are likely to remain all their lives."
- " Poor Jacob Behmen!" said Dr. Hammond.

  "I thought he had laid violent hands on a rich wife. All three were strong on that scent."
- "Dull was drummed out of Durham when the war broke out, and all the wheat-lands being by his advice laid into a rabbit-warren, as your reverence knows, the poor fellow lives by a job now and then of sifting shoddy and devil's-dust for the Barnsley clothiers. Cobnut was treated more roughly by his old friends. The Stockinghole manufacturers swore he had cozened them, so they gave him a ride on a mule."
- "Tis being cruel to be kind; healthy exercise for the man; I thought those league banquets made him gross," said the doctor with a benevolent smile.
  - "Healthy exercise forsooth, sir! a man who

mounts a Cheshire or Lancashire mule needs no doctor."

All laughed, save our doctor, who thought he should like a ride on a mule himself.

The exercise turned him inside-out—a sausagemachine could not renew his constitution more completely.

The doctor began to look mystified, but having read Pliny's Natural History, and Aristotle's Ethics in the original, disdained to ask for learning from the unclassical. No gentleman of "University education" turns his attention to anything so vulgar as the arts of life and construction of machinery. lived too long in a palace not to know that the lights of science "pale their ineffectual fires" before the or-molu lights of the fruges consumere nati — the profitless population. He had not heard that the Dee (steam not being up in those days) turned certain mills, and the mules were, and still are, the name of an active feature within them, which my readers well know is prettier to look at than to touch.

Forty of these Fifth Monarchy men sat down to dinner, this day, the number in honour of the forty days' fast of the Church; their mode of celebrating the number was to be sure a non sequitur to Scripture, though any one might have supposed that they had fasted forty years to watch the disappearance down their maws of pot-

tages, fricassees, sangrences, cabirotadoes, roast and boiled beef, sprods, red-deer pie, hams, frowdered beef; a world of curds after the Moorisk way, cheese, jellies and preserved fruits, delicately and imperceptibly titivated with Anthony's digestive aids.

They had a great bowl of hypocras, and wines of every variety, but still their stomachs were uncomforted. Pushing away a bottle of generous burgundy that had sparkled in the cellars of Cardinal Richelieu, Sir Harry Vane exclaimed!

- "'Tis Mirevaux wine; nothing can be misliked in it, but that it is cold, colder I say than the very ice, colder than the water of Nonacris, Dirce, or the Conthoporian spring at Corinth, that froze up the stomach and nutritive parts of those that drank it."
- "Drink once, twice, thrice more, brother," said Cromwell, "still changing your imagination, and you shall find its taste and flavour to be exactly that on which you have pitched. Nothing is impossible for the elect."
- "Nothing," said Sir Harry, hiccuping, and pressing his hand to his stomach, and the next moment was surprised to observe half a dozen on the opposite side of the table performing the same interesting caress, and Dr. Bates, Cromwell's physician, busy taking fees and writing prescriptions for the cholic.

Either the pea-pottage, or the capirotado, or

the sprods, or the wine, were wanting of sedative qualities, or the guests had enough of each other's society, for one thought a pipe in the pavilion would be reviving; and another, that a little fresh air was conducive to digestion; and all were disposed to take a turn, and finally seek their rooms. Here they were each duly furnished with "a silver pot to drink beer in," placed at their bed's-feet, being the identical one named by Sir Thomas Vavasour to Monk that Cavendish had told him he had seen used by the French ambassadors at Cardinal Wolsey's grand banquet.

"How like you the beer? Is it hopped to your taste?" asked Barebones of the senator who shared his room.

"It is very well hopped; but if it had hopped a little farther, it had hopped into the vinegar cask," replied his cummer with a dismal attempt at pleasantry.

"It could not hop into bitterer waters," replied the first, looking suspiciously down the mouth of the wine-pot. It is no earthly consequence to us, gentle readers, what ailed them, but I know that they walked about their rooms like chilly somnambulists until one in the morning, when Master Praise-god-barebones, and his bed-fellow, Colonel Sir Ephraim Pride (the fagot knight), having stretched their weary limbs and grumbling bellies on the bed, were vouchsafed a visit from the powers of air, which caused them to

grow pale and trembling when it was named, to the last day of their lives. Sir Harry described their appearance to be, one a lovely form shining and lofty as the archangel Michael clothed in stars, twenty cubits high, having great power, and covering the earth with his glory; whilst the other, small as a child, though proportioned as a man, who sprung from a fiery bush, bursting suddenly out in flames like that which Moses saw on Mount Horeb, on the back side of the desert. Both the senators screamed as loud as their sorely-used internals allowed them, loud enough to bring, in another instant, into their apartment nearly the whole deputation of their sect, who had been grunting and retching like themselves all night, dressed and half-undressed on the sides of their beds.

Rendered nervously susceptible for any supernatural spectacle from emptiness, and by their unusual freedom at this hour from animal grossness, they stood unscared spectators of the wondrous vision.

Then arose a volcano, in a very beautiful state of irruption; and, like the spectre of the Brocken, loomed amid the sulphurous vapour of green, blue, and crimson, the shadowy form of the dwarf sitting with arms folded amid a sea of lava. Now it happened that this diablerie, instead of frightening the Fifth Monarchy men, was so entirely corroborative of their visionary creed, and so gratifying and intoxicating to their fevered brains, that instead of call-

ing upon Heaven and earth to cover them, and dashing, as others had done, at doors, windows, and chimneys, in search of a hiding-place from instant destruction, they fell down before the celestial costumed giant, and with ecstatic shoutings of uncontrollable vigour of lungs chaunted their praises and glorification in the distichs of Stemhold and Hopkins.

"We will praise thee, Great One, with harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music," screamed one; and with præternatural saltation others pranced round the dwarf, in imitation of David dancing round the ark.

The moon had poured a flood of silvery light through the high and narrow casements until outshone by the dwarf's artificial volcano; but the greater part of the apartment was in shade, only relieved by the darker tint of the black oak wainscoting, or the heavy draperies of purple Y pres velvet around the bed, loaded with the dust of a century.

Sir Jeffery had rubbed his face with phosphorized oil, which gave to it a hideously frightful appearance. All the parts rubbed appeared to be covered with a luminous bluish flame, and the mouth and eyes as black spots. His confederates cast, from time to time, small bits of potassium into a large shallow vessel of cold water, placed purposely in the chamber, which caused a startling effect.

Things were taking an uncomfortable turn, for the military preachers jumped about with a forty St. Leon power, believing that the last day was arrived.

Sir Jeffery, the worshipped-against-his-will, heard, amidst the hurly-burly, roars of laughter, his allies, Mr. Progers,\* Anthony, and the jester behind the arras, found it impossible to suppress. This was the unkindest cut of all. The noise had brought from every room in the southern corridor its embedded tenants, who caught the enthusiasm, and hastened with jealous Antinomianism to join the elect. The room became crowded, but the angelic quadrille is formed, no more can be admitted; the circle of the elect held fast each others' hands, and kept out intruders from the privileged circle with the despotic exclusiveness of those modern queens of Sheba, the lady patronesses of Almacks.

Neither is there any escaping for the favoured objects of deification who begin to be alarmed at their prolonged apotheosis. It began to be too much of a good thing. At the same moment, to create a diversion in favour of his

\* Edward Progers, who is buried in Hampton church, died at the age of 96, from the anguish of cutting four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died. After the Restoration he was seventeen years M.P. for Brecon. The author knows an old woman in Staffordshire, aged 87, who is at this moment cutting an entire new set.

friends, the jester burst out in a voice of sepulchral tenderness a witch's love song which he had sung with great applause at Davenant's theatre at Blackfriags.

"Grim king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon doth waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away;
Then hug me close in your arms,
To you my respects I'll pay.
I'll court you and think you fair,
Since love doth distract my brain,
I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again."

The fanatics who had expected the song of the Three Children, or a heavenly welcome to themselves were taken quite aback with this stave: suddenly the room appeared filled with flame, and blue and orange blazing balls flew amongst them. A report as of a canon that shook the room, followed the next moment; they were left in utter darkness, for the lamps which they had laid on the tables, chairs, and floor, on their entrance were all extinguished. The whole household was aroused, and headed by Cromwell and his son-in-law, Ireton, proceeded to the southern wing of the palace in which his guests lodged. The corridors were crowded with persons in night-dresses, and not a few females darted about like

lizards, curious, yet timid; scared at the name of a ghost, yet dying to see what sort of a form the creature puts on.

" Make way for the Lord Protector," was shouted by the chamberlain in vain; the shirted inquirers were too thick in the passages for any substance having force less resistible than a canon ball to make a way. But Cromwell insisted on proceeding forwards: there was a rush all ways to effect a passage for his Highness, and it might possibly have been cleared, but one at the head of a staircase declaring he saw the little spirit standing on the shoulders of the tall one, both all on fire, and coming towards them, the rush down was tremendous. Zephyr night-garments too slightly tenacious, torn away past redemption in the scramble to escape, left bodies of about a score, not very personable, old and middleaged men, naked as when they were born, rolling, kicking and lunging forward, backward, sideways, upwards and downwards on the passages and staircases; and to add to the dismay and confusion of the same, all were in utter darkness, save where a brilliant fire ball fell rapidly amongst them at intervals, raising a shriek in its passage. Evesockets exchanged big-toes for pupils, mouthfuls of hair and other undesirable portions of their neighbours' persons were with the rapidity of bob-cherry dealt indiscriminately from the top to the bottom of the long and steep stairs.

The Protector quitted the scene of confusion and terror, when screaming was at its height, an the noise of bruised bodies and limbs bangings against the floors and wainscoting at the loudest. His bed-room door was slammed to with an awfun! rattle. No pang of real or pretended jealousv about Anne Boleyn ever threw his predecessor, Henry VIII., into such tantarums within these He put off his entertainments to the walls. Anabaptists for the next day, and was only persuaded by his family, at their gathering on the Friday, to receive the ambassadors of France and Spain, for the sake of appearances, and to prevent scandalous reports to the detriment of his moral courage, from spreading over Europe. be assured of no imposture, the palace was searched again and again, and even Lilly was consulted upon the best mode of driving away spirits.

Lilly was too deep in the black art not to smell a rat, though he knew not the performers, and too knowing to get into controversy with rivals so up to their business as these demons evidently were. He put on his barnacles and great fur cap, spoke of occultations, moons, paracelsi, false moons, and eclipses—always adding, that all the stars were united to bless the republican form of government under their wise Protector: to confirm him in these excellent principles Cromwell procured him a pension of a hundred pounds a-year.

These nocturnal visitations continued as long as Sir Jeffery remained in England; but he repaired to the Queen a few months after the wholesale fright on the night of the Fifth Monarchy men's last anniversary; for, in fact, none would remain in the palace at night unless attached to the household of the Protector, whose future banquets were consequently given at Whitehall. Sir John and Lady Denham revelled in the ecstasies of gratified malignity, and the latter commanded Sir Jeffery to assure the Queen of her conversion to royalism, and of her determination to serve the cause of her son, which she declared she could effect more than any lady in the kingdom.

## CHAPTER XL

The Marriage of the Protector's Daughtern.—Baldness of Dr. Hammond.—Wedding Feast.—The Ghoste again. —Warning to depart.—Death of Mrs. Claypole.—Hir Injunction to her Father.

During the next two years, Hampton Court was comparatively tranquil. Levees and entertainments were discontinued, and it became the favourite palace of Mistress Cromwell and her daughters. One day, about the expiration of this period, Dr. Hammond told Caleb that he had just been spoken to, about marrying a daughter of the Protector to a man Rich by name and Rich by nature, and who would be an earl before long.

"I thought Lord Falconbridge was to marry one of them?—'Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing.' He has been too long on the fire of the god of love, to have a drop of gravy left: he must be done brown," said the cook.

"I am to marry them both the same day," said the doctor.

"That's good hearing," quoth Caleb. "I'm

half sorry we played the ghost so strong; no feasts—no cooking, the palace deserted; things look as blue, and pans as rusty, as they did during the war, from the time his Majesty, (rest his soul!) rode here the night afore the battle of Brentford, to the day he came last to stay with us."

"You are to provide us a rare feast, Caleb. Mistress Cromwell will be extravagant for once, for her two daughters' weddings."

"Bless their hearts! they are sweet young creatures, as good as their brothers. The Lord Richard comes and talks with me, by the hour, His father has made him about old times. speaker of the house of lords, and the university of Oxford have made him their chancellor; and before he went to the lords, Hampshire and the university of Cambridge made double returns of him to Parliament; all of which dignities he turns into ridicule, when he gets a comfortable cup. He says, 'Curse em, Gravymeat! I wish they would make me plain Dick at Hinchinbrooke again. Who knows but things may turn arsie varsie, and I be snugly set up there? When folks have health and leisure, why should they get into a business that does not suit them? especially such a business as governing a nation? You must come down and cook a dinner for my friends at Hursley, Caleb, they 've strong appetites after a run with my harriers."

- "He's a fine, manly, handsome, engaging, graceful youth, but I suppose when his father dies, and they'll make him Protector, he won't say nay," said Dr. Hammond.
- "It will be sorely again his will then, and he'll lock the crown and sceptre up in a drawer, and be off to his harriers at Hursley," said Caleb.
- "Then will be our time, if we could get the general to move: the Monk in the north," said the doctor, with a twinkle in both his eyes.
- "Nelly Pipe tells me," said Anthony, "that a friend of hers here—you know who—she who is French lady's-maid to Mistress Clavpole."
- "What, Annette?" said the doctor, "the false Annette, who swore to go to France with her mistress the Queen, but came back here like a cat to the house when it was warm."
- "Annette says that Mrs. Claypole and Mother Cromwell are at old ruby nose, whenever they have him alone, to bring back the young King; and they tell him if he dies without doing it, his family will be ruined, for England will ever have kings, palaces, and pomp. Well, Annette has gone and told this to Nelly, and she to Sir John Denham, and he to the Queen, and they're all in spirits t'other side of the water."
- "Good news, if true," said the doctor; -- "any-thing more?"
  - "Yes; news comes back by the same token

that Lady Denham is in a fine way, lest General Monk should have a hand in bringing in the Prince, when his Highness goes to heaven; which folks say he will soon," said Anthony.

- "Ay, you rogues, and who has to answer for that?—he's got as suspicious and unbearable, since those visitations,—has ten bed-rooms prepared here, no one knows which he uses till he enters it—sleeps not at night, and goes about with armour under his clothes; ay, and never hunts in the park, save surrounded with his guards; yet he prefers Hampton Court to all his other places," said the doctor.
- "'Tis time the dose that has worked so well should be repeated," said Anthony, with unblushing confidence, far from decent, in an unprofessional man.
- "And why not?" said a voice they recognised as Sir Jeffery's, who sprung into the room from the arras that hung over the door.
  - "I am here to do it."

The valiant little knight was hugged by all round—they were delighted to have his courtly wee person amongst them recalling days of royal carousings.

- "I am just from Egham," said Sir Jeffery.
- "How did you enter the palace?"
- "In the old way taught me in my youth. Lady Denham, that beautiful hypocrite Lord love her grand eyes!" exclaimed the amorous little

knight, essaying to open his as wide as her"sent with her most particular love and congratulation to her friend Lady Elizabeth Cromwell a small cabinet of sandal wood inlaid with
pearl and marqueterie, which cabinet only arrived
half an hour ago.

- "What of the marqueterie bridal cabinet, Sir Jeffery? was there no trousseau of jewels in it?
  —no present within it for the bride!"
- "That there was—you could not have chosen a more elegant one yourself; you've a kindness for Lady Elizabeth, I know it, doctor."
- "Well, she makes you a present of it: she says she 'll be *rich* enough soon, and you can't be poorer; and I am the bearer of it."
- "You see Lady Elizabeth! Does his Highness know of your being here?"
- "You do, and that's better—the bridal gift is safe in my coat, breeches, and cordovan boots, and covered in with a Spanish beaver and falling feather—hah, ah, ah!"

In this laugh Caleb, his son, and Dr. Hammond united cordially as, on the latter asking "how he uncabineted himself—"

Sir Jeffery replied-

"Cabinet shown to Lady Elizabeth — Lady Elizabeth in ecstasy—no key—send for a lock-smith, says Mademoiselle Annette. No, no, says careful mistress Squint Eye,"—(Mrs. Cromwell had a defect in one eye,)—"find a key soon—let

us go to prayers. Off they walk as solemn as mutes at a funeral—Annette in the room admiring my house—pretty to look at, but too small to inhabit—won't do—so I put back the bolt—spring out—Annette screams—I pacify her — overjoyed to see me once more—promises me secrecy—give her ten golden angels—shut down the cabinet, and here I am through byways that shall be highways to none but of us."

"Glorious Sir Jeffery !-" cried they all.

"Now for business," said he. "I'm here at Lady Denham's express desire, to give these double married pairs a salute, with an epithalamium more musical than a marrow-bone and cleaver, as well as a wedding present. How can we manage it?—Tony, where is Mucklejohn?"

"Master of the revels, professor of single stick, fun and fighting, to his Lordship Harry, the Deputy of Ireland; for paddy loves to hear the sound of his cloghel peen on any pate but his own; and as Fin Mac Coul of old smiled grimly in the joy of battle, so his descendants shout lustily in the joy of cudgels—in bello gaudentes—prælio ridentes," said Dr. Hammond.

"'In ruxion delighting,
Laughing—while fighting;"

added Sir Jeffery.

"Since Harry Cromwell and Johnny Muckle



after the F tax-gi if he boys stead night ment, Charle Dr. H " T] under 1 keep th would a Lord O scores of The Serene Honoura estates of Falconbr mixture cence: th

of three hundred officers of rank in the army and the ministers of the Protector, and attested by Thomas Smithson, privy seal to the Protector, and George Tilson, opulent inhabitants of the parish of Hampton, in which it took place. The tombs of these two are at this day in the village church: our marriage registrars could not despatch the business more off-hand. Then, by a condition exacted by the brides and their newmade husbands, who were but dissembling Puritans, leaving behind them father Cromwell, brother Ireton, and the sectarian ministers, whose consciences allowed them not to hear a Church service, Peters, Prynne, and their followers tripped from the great hall down the flight of steps into the cloister adjoining the chapel. Dr. Hammond was at their foot, his countenance beaming with exultation at the triumph achieved by his fair young friends for his beloved, persecuted Church. Peters stood scowling in the cloister; a crowd of admirers were around him; his eyes glistened with fanatic rage as he exclaimed.

"Were not Korah, Dathan and Abiram, of the tribe of Levi, swallowed up, and all their house, for questioning the Lord's priesthood? Were not the sons of Eli, the high priest, Hophri and Phineas, utterly cut off? and Nahab and Abihu, the sons of Asron, died, because they offered strange fire before the Lord in the wilderness of Sinai. For this toleration of the idolatrous practices of malignants shall the phial of wrath be poured on our heads this day!"

This was uttered in a voice purposely loud enough to be heard by the trembling young creatures now kneeling before the clergyman in the chapel. Their betrothed grooms, who had not quite their brides' reverence for the religious rite to support them under hardly suppressed groanings and sneerings from the crowd led on by Peters, looked uncomfortable; and, what has the worst look of all, a consciousness of doing something they were ashamed of. Not a particle of this misgiving of its holy efficacy, or doubts that the customs of their fathers were not acceptable to their God, and would secure his blessing and protection in their new state of life, crept into the minds or hearts of Elizabeth and Mary Cromwell. When they willed, they had the resolution of their father.

"It is twelve years since I solemnised a marriage in this chapel; and I cannot be so blind as not to perceive, in this double union of such eminent persons, the hand of Providence encouraging me and my persecuted brethren to stand fast by the fabric which he will raise again in this land,—the one true Apostolic Catholic Church of England, purified by the martyrs from the superstitions engrafted upon it in dark ages, and which the Church of Rome have not grace and boldness like us to throw off."

This courageous speech the good doctor was warmed into making after a most feelingly and beautifully couched blessing was pronounced upon the newly-married couple at the conclusion of the ceremony, and was heard by some Antinomians and Independents, who had ventured to hear the Babylonish service, as they termed our Church's rites, for the sake of denouncing them at their next holding forth.

"A malignant!—a recusant!—a priest of Baal!" exclaimed half-a-dozen at once; their bitterness and polemic hatred with difficulty bottled up through the service, but now wildly uncorked by this last address, fled about like grand mousseau after a chop on its wire bonds.

The fanatics rushed at the doctor, seized him by the surplice, and dragged him down the steps from the communion platform, for rails had been removed by Sir Robert Harlow as unscriptural, as we have before stated.

What a few years had rolled by since this holy marble altar's base had been the bier of that beautiful corpse, who was watched through that still awful night, by the most favoured and trusted general of the idol of these very fanatics! and what a solemn vow against this idol, and themselves his worshippers, had been registered in heaven, at this very spot, before the heart which only at that moment ceased to beat! The young ladies, already overcome to tears, with the impres-

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sive tone of Dr. Hammond's benediction and closing address, fainted; the bridesmaids screamed, and the lukewarm interference of the bridegrooms was by no means as prompt as it ought to have been. The doctor had, they well knew, exceeded his duty, and had spoken treason, thereby compromising their father-in-law for his sufferance of the rite. Their interference therefore came too late to save the chaplain some severe contusions, and he was borne from the chapel by his servants, quite insensible.

- "This comes of tolerating malignants in the very house of the chosen Ruler of Israel," cried one.
  - "To the Protector," cried another.
  - "Down with them all!" cried a third.

This contre temps much damped the wedding feast, which Caleb, Anthony, and Peter Pipe had exerted all their talent to make a splendid one; nor was the spirit that had been evoked calmed, until Cromwell assured the assembled guests over their wine, that no limb of prelacy, after the morrow's dawn, should find rest or footing within his walls.

To his creatures, the Protector was sombre and mysterious, for in mystifications lay his influence; but to Lord Warwick, of whose alliance his heart was secretly, intensely proud, he felt to-day obliged to unbend—for Cromwell estimated the advantages of birth as highly as any man. He

wished to bind him politically, as well as by marriage, still closer to his interests, and his interests were the destruction of the monarchy. To his lordship he spoke freely to-day of the folly of compromise with their foes, and the necessity of consolidating the republic by strong measures of severity.

"But you will allow, that in serving the cause of the people, you have sometimes, in the name of liberty, called for measures contrary to liberty itself," said Lord Warwick.

"What!" said Cromwell, with a penetrating look at his more temperate ally-" What! are you talking to me about liberty? you know as well as I do, that words are like alarum bells, which we sound, to rally around us the populationcivil and religious liberty, tyranny of kings, oppression of the church, are phrases which agitate powerfully the minds of the vain and the unreflecting, and therefore we use them. are simply essaying upon mankind a new order of things: what we are doing we are divinely prompted to do, and our revolt is a continued succession of miracles! each age has its current of ideas, which can neither be turned aside, nor dried up: when these currents meet with obstacles, a contact takes place, and thrones and societies—in one word, the past is empowered by a force insurmountable. This is the whole history of what you, my lord, have been doing."

Lord Warwick regarded him earnestly, but did not reply.

- "There are moments, I confess," Cromwell continued, "when, in the midst of our new-born republic, I myself regret the ancient regime; but we must submit to the necessity of a regeneration: it would be easier to bring back the ocean to the shores it had deserted and left dry, than mankind to the time-worn and threadbare institutions they have abandoned. Since you provoked and commenced this revolution, it must be accomplished at any price. You began it with bills for reform in church and state; you must finish it in bloodshed and tears. is the law; revolutions are like asps, they sting only with the tail. We shall probably be destroyed at the work; but what imports that? the labour and the struggle are for us, and our children will reap the fruit of our toils. The existing generation must disappear; free men are not made out of ancient masters and old slaves."
- "Lord Warwick listened with terror: he turned pale, and for some time was silent. At length he rejoined,—
- "You are then for sanguinary measures?—As for myself I would stay where we are."
- "Revolutions commence with words, and finish with the sword. Every political change creates amongst those whose ancient privileges it disturbs irreconcilable hate and vengeance; a strug-

gle ensues, a struggle unto death, in which the new government must necessarily strike, or be struck down. You have studied Machiavel, my lord, and must know these things as well as I do. but are afraid to avow them."

Lord Warwick looked stupified.—Cromwell saw that he had said enough at this time, and in a milder tone added—

"You, my lord, unite to the enlightened understanding of a sage senator the intrepidity of a truly honest man; I only desire that you possessed the enlarged views and audacity of a statesman."

Many of the guests, and all those of rank, were as hostile to the sectarians as to episcopacy; and whilst waging war against the late king for his evident inclination to make the crown despotic, and the church popish, had no wish for any further change in church government, beyond that of the continental Protestant churchesespecially that of Geneva, upon which English temporarily, and Scotch Presbyterianism permanently, was established. Amongst these were the Earl of Warwick, Earl of Manchester, Lord Saye, and very many wealthy baronets and country gentlemen, who had reason to hate Laud, and some of the bishops. Like modern reformers, who have certi denique fines, they were willing enough that those who they very well knew would not have stirred but with the intention of securing a free trade in religion, should do their questionable work; and therefore offered no impediment to the rude assault upon the monuments in cathedrals, and now and then upon a fat prebend or so himself. They heard to-day, not without a smile of tacit approbation, the violent denunciation of some amongst them (a very small minority, as it always is in these cases) against Dr. Hammond, and those who had the boldness to avow themselves members of the Church of England.

Seeing that the Protector was in high spirits, and restless for some pretence of boisterous effervescence, Colonel Pride threw some candied apricots into a lady's lap, and wet her robe:—she was pregnant, and fell into hysterics. The Protector, whose character Mr. Jesse well remarks was a strange mixture of buffoonery, grandeur, and grimace, flung his napkin at Colonel Pride, Ludlow flung a cushion across the table at Ireton, and in two moments all the company were engaged in a scuffle: a set of ungovernably lively children were never whipped and sent to bed for half such a disturbance.

"What is that dreadful uproar?" asked, in a hurried voice, the officer of the Protector's guard, who had heard the squealing of the ladies, and the laughter of the men through the windows of the banqueting-room, whilst he was on duty in the fountain-court below. "Only his Highness at his gambols," said the master of the ceremonies in a grave voice, taking the matter as a natural feature in a protectoral feast.

It was in these exuberances that the great ruler of Britain counteracted the effects of intense thought, simulation, cares, and perplexities, involved in the despotic government of these realms, unassisted by any prestige of birth, rank, devoted adherents, or even a party, and surrounded with jealous, envious councillors. In his absurdities he fascinated the gravest, the austerest, to do as he did.

"Almighty power of the genius," said the pale-faced latin secretary to his neighbour White-lock, gazing with an expression of intense admiration upon their incomprehensible dictator, who, having now upset every dish on the table and broken much valuable glass and Sevres-china, presented him by Cardinal Mazarin, was sitting laughing loud and immoderately in the late king's state-chair, whilst a score of servants in his livery of mulberry and gold were replacing the shattered service with others as costly.

"Jack," cried the Protector, "give us a distich—after thy Comus fashion."

"Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity,
Braid your locks, with roses twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed, And Advice with scrupulous head, Strict Age, and sour Severity, With their grave saws in slumber lie,"

"Write an epic, and I will read it, which is more than I promised Waller there or any hymer. I only read thy verses and the psalms, Jack."

The secretary smiled; but said nothing, thinking that their "shout and revelry" wanted no stimulating strain from him. "I leave to thy kinsman, Waller, the laureateship, since he has renounced thy enemies," he said, glancing at that time-serving courtier, who, restless of the life of exiled royalist, had solicited the Protector to return to England. Thus called upon, and eager to exhibit his new-born alliance, Waller stood up, one hand placed on his hip, and the other directed towards Cromwell, to whom he addressed with a sonorous voice this improvisation:—

"Heav'n (that hath placed this island to give law, To balance Europe, and its states to awe) In this conjunction doth on Britain smile, The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent, By the rude ocean, from the continent, Or thus created, it was sure design'd To be the sacred refuge of mankind. Hither the oppress'd shall henceforth resort, Justice to crave, and succour at your court; And then your Highness, not for ours alone, But for the world's Protector, shall be known."

"Waller, thou art a sad rogue! Thou wouldst sing the same strains to Charles Stuart were he uppermost," said the Protector; then added, "Brothers in the Lord, good-night;" and, accompanied by his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, rose and quitted the banquet-room; the trumpets of his life-guard announcing his retirement to rest, as the signal for that of all in the palace.

The guests were no sooner conducted to their chambers for repose in the old cardinal's silk beds, than Anthony, the giant porter, old Gravymeat, and Edward Podgers, a native of Hampton village, and late page of honor to the King, repaired to Dr. Hammond's room. His reverence was asleep, and his attendant signed silence, whispering that the last words spoken by the Lady Falconbridge before she entered her bridal chamber, were an injunction against disturbance to the doctor's rest; and that both she and her sister had sent to inquire frequently how he was during the evening.

- "Has he heard that we are all to be sent to the right-about to-morrow?" asked old Caleb.
- "Not one of us dare tell him—it would break his reverence's heart—and—and—Mistress Crom-

well is master's friend, and both the young ladies," added the attendant confidently.

"But they will be going to their new homes to-morrow, sighed Caleb.

"But not Mistress Claypole—she loves the doctor, and he prays beside her bed often—she will not live long—such a sweet angelic creature! See, that poultice for master's head was made by her own hand."

"Let us leave our friend," said Mr. Podgerswe can talk out of hearing behind these wooden abbots."

The party withdrew on tiptoe to the further end of the legate's chamber into a recess on one side of the great projecting mantel-piece; the frieze of which was supported by carved oaken effigies of abbots of Esher Priory, a palace appertaining to Wolsey's see of Winchester.

Indignation and reproaches they knew were fruitless; their ejection was certain; but was it right civil or polite to depart without confirming Peters' prophecy? assuredly not:—their measures were taken accordingly, scrupulously avoiding disturbing the hymeneal couches, as well from respect to the fair spouses, "alone amongst the faithless faithful found," as from respect to the slumbering invalid whose lips had so recently blessed them. This was the last opportunity they should have of superintending the slumbers of the Protector's guests at Hampton Court; it

must not be lost. Nor was it lost; for the former fearful visitation was but a dress rehearsal to the confusion worse confounded of the 'wedding ghost night,' as it was called, when the awful story was told on Christmas evenings, for above a century afterwards by the dwellers for several miles round Hampton, both in Surrey, Berkshire, and Middlesex.

These unhappy marriage guests were not spellbound by a tarantula or Willis entrancements, round the giant and dwarf, as the Fifth Monarchy gentlemen were on the former occasion: but perfectly convinced of the real presence of a spirit of air, one and all sought in flight a hiding somewhere—no matter where—in the corridors, galleries, and rooms of this vast palace. Many ludicrous exchanges of apartments were made, scandals terribile dictu were propagated from untoward discoveries, a squeal in a decided French accent was heard in Annette's dormitory, and the sanctity of the marriage-chamber was not uninvaded by horror-smitten fugitives, unconscious whither terror whirled them. In the long gallery a supernatural yelling of bull-dogs was now heard, and a spectre huntsman, crowned like Acteeon, with fiery antlers, sprung amongst them with his deep-mouthed pack, each dog having a blazing star on his forehead. Pursuing down the gallery, a score nearly naked senators of the Rump and councillors of state, (they were the

very deputation from Parliament who had offered Oliver the crown,) he lashed their quivering bare haunches with what old Lenthall, the speaker of the House of Commons, declared the next day at Westminster was the whip of scorpions mentioned in Scripture; and, at the same time with an atrabilious look and twitch of the nose whilst rubbing the part affected with the palm of his hand, he declared the House adjourned for a week, to allow of an eradication of the poisonous stings still sticking in their sides. This wonderful cure was only effected by some blessed eintment composed of unearthly ingredients, in the first quarter of the moon; for which Lilly its compounder charged according to the rank of the sufferers, peers paying twenty pounds, judges fifteen pounds, privy-councillors ten pounds, and members of the House of Commons five pounds the gallipot.

The spectral huntsman and his pack now disappeared in as mysterious a manner as they entered; and in the absence of his blazing crest, the long gallery was in darkness. The members ventured to breathe, at least their teeth chattered and their knees smote each other; (this eventful night was the eighth of November, 1657;) when, lo! appeared, entirely across the gallery, a scroll on which were these words in large capital letters of fire—

## "TRAITORS, BEGONE FROM THE PALACE OF YOUR KING!"

This fearful warning burned brilliantly for some minutes: then seemed to fade away into an unmeasurable distance of darkness and unfathomable abyss. At this moment, Cromwell himself entered, wrapped in a superb gown of cloth-ofgold, lined with ermine presented to him by the grand seigneur. A chamberlain accompanied him, bearing a torch. He strode up the gallery unconscious of the trembling crowd clinging to each other at the eastern extremity. the torch-light flashed upon the group, the Protector started back : he had beheld no such sight since he drove a thousand unarmed men, women and children, into a barn at the siege of Limerick, and charged them with his soldiers, until all were slaughtered, like so many rabbits in a cage. Before he had recovered from his astonishment, the torch was snatched from the hand of the chamberlain—thrown extinguished on the ground, and a dim, misty light spread over that part of the gallery; and a fresh scroll with these words of fire, reaching from wall to wall, appeared :-

"THE END OF THY COURSE IS NIGH."

Cromwell, nothing daunted, called out in a firm voice,—"Be you from heaven or hell, false spirits, ye lie!"

## "I AM THE AVENGER OF THE BLOOD OF A MURDERED KING!"

uttered a voice; and at the same moment an illuminated English crown, apparently sparkling with diamonds, emeralds, and jaspers of inetimable value, seemed to descend from above to within a yard of the ground; then to move noiseless on in a line towards him.

Cromwell, who had advanced after uttering his hardy challenge, fell back in perfectly powerless trepidation upon his frightened guests, and finding his further retreat hindered, uttered, with parched mouth, and eyeballs starting from their sockets, an exclamation of despair.

"POLLUTE THESE WALLS NO LONGER WITH THY PRESENCE, AT THY PERIL!"

was uttered in a loud voice like a trumpet; and the next moment darkness and silence took the place of the scroll and crown.

It was a long time before any had courage to grope their way to the door: torches were procured, but no trace of the crown or the fearful words could be found. They slunk to their rooms, and next day departed.

Cromwell's irritability, suspiciousness, harshness, and moroseness, increased from that hour, so that at times he was unapproachable.

A year after this, Dr. Hammond was sum-

moned to Mrs. Claypole's room in the palace. In it were her parents and Mrs. Rich. She took her father's hand—drew it to her mouth, and kissed it.

"God Almighty bless you, father!" said his dying child, "and soften your heart towards this holy man and his brethren."

Her mother took her father's other hand, and said, "Sweet child, for thy father I promise thee their persecutions shall cease."

A single tear oozed from the leathern eyelid, and trickled down his bronzed cheek till it was drank up in the plain falling collar and band round his neck. This did not escape the notice of the fast sinking lady; it revived her, and from her poor thin lips was very distinctly heard, "Dearest father, promise me before I leave you to restore our young King to his rights,—my Creator, to whom I go, will bless you—England will bless you—I—" The words died away on her lips. She ceased to breathe!

Cromwell gazed on her face for a quarter of an hour; then, after a look towards his wife and surviving daughter, which spoke much mental conflict, quitted the room.

## CHAPTER XII.

Death of the Protector.—Further fulfilment of the Prophecy.—The washing-tub Embassy to Dalkeith.—Richard Cromwell Lord of Hampton Court.—Henry Cromwell's Abduction of Elizabeth Phelps.

- "Good Heavens! the Protector is dead!" exclaimed Sir John Denham to his wife, after receiving his letters from London, one afternoon. "I will hie to the Prince with the news. "Twill be worth a journey. The devil took the old rogue in the midst of that dreadful tempest last night, which laid low the finest trees in his park at Hampton Court; and my correspondent says the discontented turn their eyes to the general in Scotland curse him! he is to play the card, it seems."
- "Can he play it?" asked Lady Denham, "and has he the will?"
- "He has it in his hands, madam," said her lord, "and we cannot hinder him from leading from any suit he pleases."
- "If he play into your lead, we must pray for his success, then," said her ladyship; "I am sure I do."

"Have you so soon forgiven your wrongs, Lady Denham?"

"If I have wrongs, Sir John, you ought not to exist a moment without righting them. Pray hie to France or the Hague, and tell the Queen and the Prince that the general is the star of their hopes, said her ladyship bitterly."

Sir John smiled, hesitated, but, venturing no direct objection, was packed off for Paris; but his lady resolved that Monk should have no time to plan treason against the Republic, had he that inclination. Mounting her black barb, on which she had scoured the parks of Hampton and Bushy, she galloped over Hounslow Heath to London, and wrought from her relatives in the Council to command the general to disband the greater part of his army as no longer necessary, and to repair to London forthwith.

This order was entrusted to Captain Haversac, Governor of Basing, who set out upon his embassy to his late master in very consequential style. Arrived at Dalkeith-house, and about to approach his old master on terms of equality, his heart failed him; he felt not half so bold as when within the English borders. The more familiar medium of his old comrade, the late Sergeant Clarges, now Mistress Monk, occurred to him; and having demanded to see her, was ushered into the presence of that lady by her brother, the farrier, now become Captain Clarges, and a sort of master-of-the-horse to the general.

Mistress Monk was enjoying the congenial pastime of scolding half a score of Scotch lasses, who, with bare legs, and petticoats raised midthigh, were stamping upon clothes buried beneath a froth of soap-suds, which they splashed around them like flakes of snow sparkling in the sun. Above light-hearted laughter, chattering, and snatches of Gaelic minstrelsy, rose the stentorian voice of their mistress. Captain Haversac started at this spectacle of the dancing nymphs, each in her tub; and, from their liberal display of limb averted his eyes, as English modesty must invariably do, on first beholding the northern laundresses' substitution of legs for arms. To the curious in large-limbed ladies, such privileged expositions are invaluable; though the vulgar notion is, that any dress, even the flimsy muslin fold of "one exquisite gossamer garment, worn over her flesh-coloured tights," "Attract the more for what they do conceal." However, the Scotch are famous for bringing knowledge, real knowledge, not taught by diagrams, but anatomically, home to every man's door, with an army of professors and doctors from three or four times as many book-worm barracks, or universities, as their southern neighbours. Mistress Monk, too happy in her old occupation, paid no attention to the captain, but increased in vehemence and rancour her reprobation of Caledonian awkwardness.

"Let me take a turn among ye," said she,

tucking up her gown; "I will wash a dozen of the general's shirts with my fists while you are tickling a pair of stockings with your toes." With that she gave one of the stoutest of the ladies a shove, which capsized her out of her tub. and the soapy froth which covered dome-like its top. The rosy rotundities, exposed by this somerset have since been ungallantly compared by the greatly shocked Haversac, in pleasant metaphor, to "the upset of a couple of beet-roots from a barrow, or the sprawl of one of the shameless huge Flemish creturs painted by Master Rubens at Hampton Court for the late King." After the general's lady had kneaded amid the suds that officer's shirts into a hard consistency, resembling an oil-cake in a dish of trifle, and herself into a sweat, she exclaimed, "Now, lasses, don't be after saying you have not been shewn your work by one as 'd wash against any woman in the Tower Hamlets;" then, seeing Haversac, abruptly demanded his business.

- "I've a despatch for the general, and I must have a word with his lady, old wench," said he, not supposing for a moment that his comrade would descend from her elevation, or volunteer to any one what she had been.
- "Give it me," said she, snatching the packet from his hand. "Here, Tom (addressing her brother), spell this to me."
  - "D'-n it, old woman, this is above a

Mistress M, almost petrified at the assurpastime of scrownan tearing open a military who, with thigh, were a froth of soap," she exclaimed, as the captain them lik ds the free-and-easy gentleman, who Above seding to read an important and confisnatch sepatch, meant only for the general of voice settish forces. He snatched the letter from at the blacksmith's hands, but the next moment her d himself occupant of the wash-tub from avoice Macbuttock had been tilted.

w "Fold him up, there, under arrest, lasses, till I is give the word," said Mistress Monk, her language having the valuable adornment of a technical tinge both of laundry and guard-room. The bonnie lasses wished no better fun. Captain Haversac was not only held down by his sentinels twenty pair of arms, but was threatened to be trampled to death by their "small by degrees, and beautifully less" continuations.

"This says that the Protector's dead," said the brother. "And his nose, too?" asked the sister. "That we must break up here, and go to head-quarters," said the brother. "Gammon!" was the reply of the sister.

"That Lord Richard is Protector, and the Houses have taken the oaths, and swear like troopers to die for him," said the brother: "the general shall cut his finger off afore he put his

to any stuff o' the sort. Is that all?"

"Nothing more worth reading," said the bro-

"Then you may tell this gentleman, when he has done washing himself—but we won't hurry him, as cleanliness is next to godliness, and I like to see a young man nicely got up—that he may put this in his pipe and smoke it."

Mrs. Monk, having thus delivered herself. quitted the scene of her rincings and purifications on the bank of the Frith of Forth, and entered the garden of Dalkeith-house. Haversac was excessively enraged, and would have gone off to the next officer in command of the army, and shewed him a second despatch in his possession, addressed especially to him, ordering him, in case of Monk's shewing any dissatisfaction, or demurring to obey the order of the government, to supersede him in the command, and put his superior under arrest. Haversac knew, from what he had heard since his arrival in Scotland, that there was nothing this officer would be more de lighted to do, and obtain him (Haversac) promotion for announcing it. But there was a merry twinkle in the ex-farrier's eye: he had but one; the other was knocked out by a spark of red-hot metal, when shoeing a horse; and then his old comrades - their merry doings in Dublin - their separation at Nantwich - her extraordinary transformation from an effective soldier to a Tower laundress, and, finally, to a wife of the military general of Scotland. He longed once more to share, as they used to do, a pot of double beer, tidily tinctured with cogniac.

- "I am waiting to see the general," said he.
- "That was the general—at least the general's lady, and the grey mare's the better horse here; so you may retreat, sir," said Clarges.
- "I care not to see the general; but you don't mean to say that was his lady?" said he, attempting a conciliatory smile. "Who would have thought that was she? Tell her an old friend has a word she'd like to hear."
  - "I can bear your message, sir," said Clarges.
- "Tom, I want you," said an imperious voice over the garden hedge. "Is not that gentleman gone? Captain, what's your name, farewell! and tell the Westminster Rump the general's not to be had without asking prettily. My love to King Richard."

This pleasantry emboldened Haversac, who struck up a song of the guard-room in Irish, well known to them beth. From behind the hedge a voice involuntarily continued it; and, at its close, his soap-sud dipper rushed through the thorns, pioneer-wise, and grasped his hand. They knew each other instantly—the song was free-masonry. They entered the house: her best room was prepared for the captain; his wringing gar-

ments were quickly changed, and the first thing he did on rejoining his old acquaintance was to cast the second and secret despatch into the fire.

"Your husband may thank 'auld lang syne,' as the Sawnies say, for saving him from Edinburgh Castle, and another dose of his Tower experience; nay, his head, perchance," said Haversac.

General Monk received the despatch from Haversac very gravely; for he much disapproved his wife's temerity in risking the displeasure of the new Protector. By his directions, and with hearty good-will to obey them, Haversac returned to London with a glowing account of his reception by the general, his devotion to the Rump, and of the readiness he expressed to obey it in everything; and that the disbanding would commence the day after his departure by the Leith smack.

Lady Denham was proud of her stratagem, of the full success of which she doubted not, and awaited impatiently for news of Monk's expected disobedience being punished by the imprisonment she had provided for it.

Guided only by her passion of ambition and revenge, only stimulated on a new tack by the failure of her stratagem to draw Monk into a compromise, Lady Denham despatched her husband to Hampton Court to do homage to its new possessor, his Highness, Richard Cromwell.

Accustomed to obey his lady, arrayed in the rich dress of his old courtiership, he departed in a coach and six. When he arrived, no guards, as in Oliver's time, challenged all who entered the gates. Neither at the great gate, upon the Stone-bridge, the postern gate, the first great gate, nor the great gate coming into the base court, was a single soldier to be seen. He found the giant porter at the king's gate on the bridge, the "lord of all he surveyed." The coach was driven into the second court: all was as silent as in the days when war had left but a remnant of the court within its walls. porter who attended his alighting at the "gate coming out of the base court," the gate from which the stairs to the king's hall ascend, had lost the swagger of the palmy days of Oliver's reign, and stepped fearfully forward in his mulberry-coloured livery, as if questioning his right to wear it. Every one looked like caterpillars in a transition state. Sir John was ushered into a room, where, lolling on embroidered velvet, amid cabinets of the finest mosaic and tulip wood, with incrustations of Sevres porcelain, or-molu, rocaille clocks, and candelabra, and all the domestic luxuries of royalty, was Richard Cromwell, their lord.

Sir John bowed, but knew not what to say; for he had never been within the palace during Richard's father's lifetime, and had ever been an avowed royalist.

Richard, who was a mild, good-humoured man, saw his difficulty, and began to laugh.

"Sir John, you have sought the wrong place to pay court to a Protector. Come to see what sort of a thing I am, and whether I shall tolerate you malignants or fine you a few years' rent of your estates, as my father did? Is that it? How is my friend, the magnificent?"

Sir John was puzzled at this free unintelligible talk; a singular beginning to an audience with the head of the English government.

"I come, your Highness, to hear from your lips that the same clemency will be extended towards us adherents to the late King, whom I dearly loved, for his many favours to me, as in your father's time."

Richard again burst out laughing.

"Clemency!" said he; "I shall be a beggar for clemency myself soon: uncle Desborough and Lambert have done for me. By their counsel I've dissolved the Parliament, who stood by me, and quarrelled with Ingolsby and Whally, and other good fellows. D—n the council of officers! they worried me to death. My proclamation is the death-blow of my Protectorship: from the hour it came out, not a soul has been to Whitehall, and I have it all to myself here, you see."

Sir John had not heard of the success of Lambert's intrigue, and of the bullying of the council

of officers, who had usurped the government of the nation; for he had only returned a day from France, after taking the news of Oliver's death to the exiled Prince. He bowed again, with a view of retiring, doubtful whether he should congratulate or condole with the well-meaning individual before him, who was so evidently out of his place.

"I've scarce any power to make a colonel of dragoons, or a judge, but they bore me with forms. There, go—go, gentlemen; I would be alone with Sir John Denham," he said to three gentlemen of the protectoral household, who stood in the room. Sir John wondered what the Lord Richard could have to say to him; for, with the exception of exchanging some words when they had met hunting in the neighbourhood of Egham, Richard being a keen sportsman, their relative position prevented their meeting on familiar terms. The attendants withdrew.

"Was there not some old prophecy about this palace and its owners, neighbour; for I speak to you as a neighbour now?" asked he, earnestly, a smile playing on his cheek—then turned it off with, "My magnificent, your wife, reigned in her glory here once."

"There was; but I scarce remember it," said Sir John. "The verderer, Sawyer, often quotes it."

"The verderer-umph!" said Richard; "one

of the best men King Charley bequeathed to

He folded his arms, looked steadily at his visitor, and said in a fretful tone—

"I shall stay no longer here: the palace is haunted; we're under the ban of spirits; and if, as I hear, the prophecy of the prior of Esher foretold—let me see—

"Five courts the holy churchman plann'd Types of five changes of command;"

I shall not be in at the death; for I am but fourth proprietor from the blood royal. After the King's death, Parliament took possession.—

"The House sold it to foolly Phelps, lady magnificent's father; then my father had it, and kept it till his death, though Sir Anthony Astley Cooper sadly wanted him to exchange it for New Hall in Essex. My father liked this place for the same reason I like it—hunting in the hare park at Bushey. When he added to the park from the heath what an outcry was raised at Teddington! but he paid for the miserable land, and his successors will have the benefit of it. am owner until the House turns me out, and then I can go to Hurly or Hinchinbrook, and be happier. I've a curiosity to know who the next proprietor will be. Don't envy him: he'll be carried away by the devil. There, now, I've said enough for once. Come with lady magnificent and dine with me: it will be kind; I am lonely."

Having uttered this confession, the Lord Richard threw his booted and spurred legs on a costly embroidered divan, or canapé, and folded his arms. Denham regarded him with much interest. There lay a man to whom the public bodies, one and all, had sworn allegiance, whom every county had addressed with more devotion than his father had received, on whose nomination to the chieftainship of the land every thing seemed to smile; the inheritor of all the greatness and glory of his father, without the public hate; the condoled and complimented of foreign princes, the undisputed head of a great state. Yet with all these excitements to the heavenly sin of ambition-for Satan before his fall was celestial-with every appliance to nerve the hand that held the sceptre, vet so void, so incredibly destitute of this noble trait was the man before him, as to hail with joy even indignities and mortifications, provided they tended to remove him from the coveted aim of all other meu-power. Pure preference of ease and a country life, unmixed with the slightest degree of disgust, the offspring of satiety of magnificence, had never before, in modern or ancient history, actuated a similar desertion of what millions have perished to accomplish in every age, and but at last have grasped the shadow.—Sir John thought of all the kings and rulers from Lycurgus and Cincinnatus to Charles the Fifth, who left thrones for retirement, after holding a place in the nation's eyes, which all took care in their retirement to retain.

Whilst Sir John was philosophising, the ignoble Protector was snoring. The bay of a deep-mouthed hound was heard from the park; the Lord of Hampton Court immediately awoke.

"To the chase! what ails me that I slumber thus at noon?" (he had been up since four) "ho! there, my horse, and bid my equerries be mounted," he cried loudly, to be heard by the attendants in an antechamber. Pulling up to his hips his long boots, and fastening close up to his lace ruff the elegant green hunting coat he wore, he threw negligently on his head his plumed hat, and passing the absorbed poet with a pleasant smile, left him still more lost in admiration of his stoicism. Richard and his equerries galloped away to rouse the game with hound and horn, in the park. Sir John's surprise at this philosophy retarded his descent for some minutes; when he did, his carriage was not in the clock-court nor in the case-courtit was gone; the porters telling him that the Lord Harry required it, and had driven it off they knew not where. What power the elder brother shrunk from exercising, the younger as

sumed. The popular lord-fieutenant but the day before had arrived from Ireland, on his road to London. This morning he had been the round of his brother's kennels and stables, and expected to find him mounted for the chase. The equipage in the court was to his fancy he admired the horses, and by a sudden impulse for which he afterwards said he never could account, took the reins himself, and, unconscious of where they went, drove through Hampton Shepperton and Staines, to Sir John's seat a Egham.

pain from his complaint (the stone\*), he mounted the coach-box, and drove his six big thundering marcs, which the Duke of Holstein gave him, about Hyde Park; a good jolting carries off vexation. It breaks my heart to see this brother of mine go to sleep on the throne of this beautiful land, and let his palace, and the glory thereof, slip through his hands as i assuredly will. As I trod the terrace and tower

• Writhing under this painful complaint, the Protecto once jumped from his carriage in Hyde Park, bid hi coachman descend from the box, and drove six horses it hand à la Batty, on the rough ground from one end of Hide Park to the other. He was thrown from the both between the wheel-horses, and a loaded pistol in his pocket went off, missed the charioteer, and broke one of his horses' legs.

of Windsor Castle, our Windsor Castle," (a tremendous lash at the horses,) "and thought of Richard, of what our father bequeathed him, and which his indolence will lose, for our family, I could have thrown myself down the rock on which it is built."

These reflections roused his ardent, noble spirit to madness; he urged the horses to full speed, dashing round corners of lanes and guide posts at a fearful rate. Sir John's horses were never before so handled; they plunged forward, writhing under the lash with which Harry mercilessly flogged them. He was not cruel, but was now worked up to a pitch of exasperation.

"Sooner than our inheritance shall be dribbled away disgracefully, Richard shall send for Prince Charles, put him on the throne his father could not keep: let by-gones be by-gones, and I'll stab to the heart the first man who dares to gainsay his right." Cutting away at the horses, he found himself, in less than an hour, within the court-yard of Sir John's mansion. A flight of steps approached the door, Lady Denham, his old flame, was on their summit; but he flung the reins to the servants, who were staring about and peeping in at the windows of the boot and rear-light of the clumsy machine, for their master, and ascended them without perceiving her.

"What says our simpleton sovereign, dull

Dick? Fooled him to the top of his bent, so you pretend to do your wife, Prince Hamlet?"

"Harry Cromwell will stand by his own flesh and blood, so spare his feelings, my magnificent," said the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, raising his hat from his head, and exposing the handsome face that had been close to hers more times than once.

"Not Sir John-My Lord Deputy!" exclaimed the lady, colouring violently.

"Yes, here I am-how came you to expect me, and address me ere you saw me, my lady invincible?" asked he, for knowing nothing of Hamlet's chronicled remarks, or of Hamlet himself, he applied the name from some kindred vowels unto himself, in his hurry to mount the mansion steps. If he was unable to say how and why he had paid this visit to her in her husband's carriage, she had a much greater difficulty in affording satisfaction to a censorious world for quitting her home in it an hour afterwards with her old lover. To withstand the blandishments of the unscrupulous Ladv Denham, was more than the amiability of Harry Cromwell could achieve; Harry was a wise man, as well as a man of pleasure, but somehow he found that wisdom has a poor chance against the seductions of a handsome, alluring, and enamoured woman, bent upon misleading him.

"Entirely undirected by principle, she was already weary of her metaphysical husband, and had been heard repeatedly to declare, "that what the world calls deep-souled poets, are pleasanter to know in their works than personally. To share the vice-regal lodge with the idol of Ireland, was worthy of her ambition, and taking advantage of the frank, free-spoken cordiality of his address, she led him insensibly to the use, as he thought altogether harmlessly, of a tender phrase or two; then made a full, unblushing avowal of her attachment, a confession to which she said she was impelled by the ungovernable vehemence of her love.

They took up their quarters at the Cockpit, the site of the Privy Council Office, near Whitehall Palace, so much to the scandal of the councillors, who occupied the latter, after turning out his brother, that a loving remonstrance was sent to him from the Speaker of the House of Com-He was now for the first time aware of his own loss of credit, consequent upon his brother's forced resignation. Harry was alarmed, cursed his folly, and dropping something that Lady Denham took to be regret for her elopement to his arms, received from that lady a look of indignant scorn, to which her face had been a stranger since the night in the tent before Nantwich, when she detected a woman in the person of Monk's favourite officer.

"Fling back defiance in the face of the canting rascals!" she exclaimed, "or I quit you for ever."

In the midst of this stormy interview, Lord Lambert entered the room; and after a long admonitory prelude, full of grief, at the falling away of a son of the child and champion of the Lord's elect, bid him take his option, the surrender of his viceroyship or his adulterous connexion. Harry looked at his paramour, who had drawn herself up proudly: he thought she never looked more beautiful.

"Forsake a woman who has left her home for me!—no, you may take from me my rank, my office, my property, but man cannot unmake a gentleman unless he himself is a consenting party to his degradation."

Lambert placed a paper before him, to which Harry, without reading, wrote his name boldly. A triumphant sneer lurked on Lambert's countenance as he left the room the next moment.

"Elizabeth, thy love will be reward enough for all my sacrifices. I have ample fortune. Give thine to poor Sir John. A divorce can be quickly obtained. I will marry thee, and England shall not see a happier pair."

He had not to wait long for a response to this manly plain statement of his intentions and wishes. 'Twas not a blushing avowal lisped to the throbs of a happy heart, the return generally expected by exacting lovers.

"Coward, mean-spirited man! think you I, who once presided in the seat of a long line of kings at Hampton Court, have thrown reputation to the winds, to be rewarded with becoming the dutiful wife of a country gentleman, and sink into the littleness of a lady of the manor? I am not yours for such ends. Adieu." She swept out of the apartment.

Harry found too late that he had lost his high office for a prize which fled his possession. He shrugged his shoulders, took horse, and repaired to Hampton Court, to compare notes with his brother, the dethroned one, whose happy disposition banished the consideration of any matter that discomposed him. The English Diogenes was found dining in a very unprincely way in Bushy Park al fresco, where many a pic-nicker has since spread his damask.

"Sit down, Henry—'tis a poor heart that never rejoiceth. We are only playing the game of the rival roses over again, and the rascally Rump (which deserves well kicking) enacts the part of king-making Warwick. Who will have the palace next? Come, doctor, you're a malignant—and so am I now—and I care not who knows it. 'Charley over the water!'" For twenty years the chestnuts above them had not heard that name, save with hostile epithets. The broad leaves trembled throughout the tree, and a fine prickly fruit fell into the golden beaker of ale,



Muc lin, inspi to th In ton ( maste and happi ever a emine Lac condes " Was tion er suffere

## CHAPTER XIII.

Despair of the Royalists.—Monk offered the Crown and Hampton Court.—Upset of the civic Chariot with Mrs. Monk and the Laundresses at Twickenham.—Nelly Pipe's Wedding, and Escape of Monk from Assassination.—Elopement of Lady Denham to the Duke of York.

THE constancy of Monk was again to be put to a severe trial. He approached London with his little army.

"This palace will tempt him," thought Lady Denham; "it shall be his, at least for a time; its acceptance will ruin him with the royalists, and my relatives are too staunch revolutionists to allow any one raised by them to power to enjoy it long." Parliament had at this time a serious intention of pulling it down and selling the materials to defray the heavy cost of the funeral of their tyrant, which was conducted with greater splendour in Westminster Abbey than that of any crowned king or queen of this country. The body had lain in state at Somerset House, surrounded with heralds, attired in their various-hued insignia, pages, guards, and immense

wax lights, for forty days; a ceremony before heard of. Now Monk, in his slow prog London, was quartered for some days near where the Lady Anabel lay, and he could r pay the melancholy duty-none knew but self how melancholy to him, to her laid She was married to a nobleman worthy of one faithful to the King through all the tri and who, though now banished with all roi twenty miles from London, was secretly et in the late unsuccessful insurrections of G Massy, Lord Willoughby, Sir George Boof Sir Thomas Middleton, against Richard The interview was short, and few passed; Lady Anabel was unequal to conv with composure with the man beloved by Miranda: slowly, and in a low voice she " My sainted sister had a presentiment of hour of her death-nay, referred to it, the m before she appeared to sink into that slfrom which she rose to plunge us into dis that you would be the instrument of the act of justice for which my father, my hus and our friends have sacrificed blood and for

General Monk regarded the weeping lady with emotion, it was in vain to conera

She evidently expected a reply; but came, calmness regained possession of his fe—nay, he had command over himself, to astonished at this revelation.

"Pardon me, sir, I am wrong; I have touched upon very dangerous ground," she said tremblingly.

"You have, indeed, madam," he replied, and

shortly after left the room.

At the lodge gate Nelly stood before his horse.

"For my dear, dear departed mistress's sake, I must tell you. It is such pleasure to see you, sir. You will see Anthony, sir; you will have him sir, wont you, and his father, sir? though they tell me the place is shut up, and not above a score servants remain. We are so delighted, there will be no public sale. If my dear mistress had lived, and you had not married, sir, something or other supernatural like, was always telling us Hampton Court palace would be yours."

"Hampton Court mine! woman, pray let me open the gate, or let the lodge-keeper do so;

you are bewitched."

"No, sir," said she hastily, fearing to lose the opportunity of showing her early intelligence. "Sir John Denham, sir—I mean her ladyship; Sir John told me yesterday, as I was at Walton to visit my mother—that if that great royal palace was ever yours you'd owe it to his lady. May be, you'd keep Caleb and Anthony—" added the girl, stammering very unnecessarily.

"A worthy young man, Anthony; he was

with the late King, if I remember rightly, to the last—a sweetheart of yours; marry him my good young woman, you may play with him too long."

- "Shall—shall he not live with you, sir, and may I be with your lady?" with the least possible toss of her head, and a very slight, yet perceptible ironical emphasis on the first vowel of the last word; "you said you'd give me away, sir, if Uncle Pipe continued crusty," said she, rather more boldly, her little impudent face puckered with a smile.
- "Did I?" said Monk, not heeding her earnest beseeching look, and riding on.
- "Has Mrs. Monk been seen in Saint Albans this morning?" inquired the husband of that retiring lady, from Captain Haversac, his aide-decamp, on the former's arrival at that town.
- "Gone to London to prepare quarters for you, my lord. She left Saint Albans early—shall you march to-day?"
- "Not for two days yet, Haversac; but the quarter-masters must proceed to the city, to demand billets for my men. They shall not enter London, until the suburbs, Westminster, and the Strand, be cleared of Lambert's regiments.
- "I have information this morning of a great uproar amongst their officers, and mutiny of the regiment, quartered at Somerset House; they are

sent now to a distance, and all London waits you with impatience."

Mr. William Morrice, the general's secretary and agent for his Devonshire estates, was announced.

- "The sword-bearer of the city brings a letter for you, general, and the high-sheriffs of Hertfordshire and Essex beg an interview," said he.
- "Not a county I have passed through, since I left Scotland, but sends me deputations. What is it that men expect from me, Morrice?"
  - " Each has different notions," he replied.
- "Then some must be disappointed most grievously," the general added.
- "Many a man prays that Parliament will proclaim you king."
- "My good Morrice, the House has already offered me every power that the Protector enjoyed. Nay, Morrice, I will tell thee in confidence, the rascals have offered me the crown, but I will not accept a favour from the hands of the miserable usurping remnant; they may be well called the Rump. The sitting part is one-sixth of the whole, who have been excluded long before the King's execution, or the nation would never have to deplore that disgrace. Morrice, a free parliament must be called after I have made them dissolve themselves—the Rump is worn out, and a new tree must be planted when they meet;

then, then, ay then," said he, pausing and ching himself.

For some minutes he was absorbed in

thought.

"Master Lenthall, the speaker, is with Haslerigge, Lords Northumberland, Ward Manchester, and all moderate men; they these canting hypocrites," said Morrice.

"Why do they act with them?" remain

Monk.

"There is a rumour," said Morrice, "Hampton Court is to be offered to you—I ard Cromwell refused by the advice of Gel Lambert, to execute the conveyance to council, and the place unoccupied, is in a shing dilapidated state."

"Has he not?" said Monk hastily, as a sudden thought, "Nor shall he, Morri could you go to Hurley, in Hampshire?—'t better not yourself, though—is Sir John G: ville at quarters? He is not set out for I sels, I hope—tell him I must speak

him."

Whilst Morrice was gone to find the genkinsman, the former paced the room une: "Colonel Ingoldsby has quitted Lambert: sides, Richard is too indolent and fond of to desire restoration to the Protectorate. conveyance must never be signed," murmur to himself: "the prophecy, with what I n have witnessed, forbode a speedy end of the cycle, the tail of the serpent nears its head. Five changes foretold: we are on the eve of the fifth, which will be a lasting one, as all believe. If the republic take formal possession of the palace, down it comes for revenue. But Morrice says they would give it me; but fate decrees that its next owner must wear the crown—the crown of England—I—to me has been offered this crown—what is to prevent me from placing it upon my head? The Parliament to be called, will bestow it as readily as their predecessors. Why should I not? a descendant of a Plantagenet!"

In this temporary elysium, Monk indulged himself for a longer period than perhaps I have any right to disclose. But the crown is not within the reach of every man: it was within his reach, and he knew it. All revolutions have ended in a military dictator; and by a happy concurrence of circumstances, possession of his present power was forced upon rather than sought by him. His quarters were in an old house in St. Albans, looking upon the meadows where the great battle was fought, which concluded the bloody struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, for the possession of the diadem of England. Fields were not spacious enough to hold the heaped-up slain: channels were not deep and wide enough to hold the rivers of

blood that flowed from the contests for this very diadem during a period of fifteen years. Havoc, conflagration, and slaughter, had depopulated and desolated the fairest portions of the realm before it reposed undisputed on the head of its These green meadows, and the grey possessor. walls of the adjacent abbey, recalled him to the starting-point of his musings; and he could not but smile when the very extraordinary alteration of circumstances between those days and these in which he lived; which allowed him, the son of a Devonshire country gentleman, to be settling in a quiet parlour in the little town of St. Albans the question of succession which once in every previous century since the Norman conquest, had roused the fiercest passions of mankind, and deluged the land with its noblest and best blood. A mist lay upon the meadows, and he drew back from the casement with a slight shudder; for to his mind's-eve the well-remembered features of Lady Miranda as she lay on the altar stone at Hampton Court were before it, and their expression he thought was upbraiding and sorrowful. His ambitious dreams were in a moment dismissed.

- "Remember your oath," seemed to fall in sweet mellowed earnestness upon his ear.
- "I do remember it; and will, with God's blessing, restore my sovereign to his rights," he uttered with deep-toned emphasis, but loud

enough to be heard by Morrice and Greenville, who now entered the room.

"I heard you, cousin—thank Heaven for your resolution.—Nay, I heard all—and have known your heart long ere this, and so has Morrice; but I believe we are the only souls living that read it aright," said Sir John, rushing forward to grasp his hand, who was still the same hearty soldier we saw him at Oxford, before Monk's

capture at Nantwich.

"Your hands, gentlemen," said Monk, "your hearts are mine. Greenville, without delay, see Richard Cromwell—let him not assign Hampton Court—formally I mean; he must invent some excuse, or, if too lazy to think of one, make one for him. Tell him to demand the red-deer—the saints who form the council of state can have no pastime in the heathenish sport of hunting,—threaten them with a chancery suit—thy own invention will suggest one; then hie thee to Brussels; take this letter to the exiled Charles Stuart, the—"

The hearts of Morrice and Greenville beat rapturously; they looked into the general's face as if their lives and happiness hung on his next words—"The King!—why should I fear to say that sacred word?—tell him to remove to Breda without delay, and write me from thence," added Monk.

Greenville and Morrice were with difficulty

restrained from rushing out into the market-place and calling upon the soldiers, who were then drawn up in close column, to join them in cheers for their sovereign. Monk placed his back against the door.

"Swear secrecy of all that has this hour passed between us," said he, solemnly and firmly.

"If we are destined by God to carry out the great work, silence and caution must be its forerunner. Divulge a word, and we three are hanged, drawn, and quartered, before the end of the week, and the cause of good government, which only exists in a monarchy, perishes with us. There are in this realm many Syllas and Mariuses thirsting for the dictatorship, and triumvirs calculating their proscriptions. Speak but a word, I will have you both shot without trial on my own word. I value your regard much, but I love my country better."

Monk said no more—he knew he had created the desired impression.

Two days afterwards he prepared to march into London. At Barnet, Haversac galloped to the front of the column, covered with mud.

- "Well, what news, captain? are we to be stayed on our road by trembling suitors from Westminster—comes the House on its knees?"
- "Both Houses and the corporation, with every flag and frippery the city can rig out, will meet your lordship at Highgate; but my urgency is

of Mistress Monk; she bade me haste and tell you not to tarry in the city or at Whitehall, where the council have arrayed for you the royal apartments; but repair with the escort of at least one regiment to your own palace."

"My own palace!" exclaimed Monk, as-

tonished.

"Hampton Court, my Lord."

"'My Lord' me not any longer, Haversac, and bid none do it; (Monk had been made by Cromwell one of his peers of the upper House;) but what of Hampton Court?"

"It is yours, my Lord—your lady accepted it from the council in your name yesterday, and goes formally to-day to take possession, and see that the furniture she has commanded from every upholsterer in London be set in order for your arrival."

Monk's command over himself was never put to so severe a trial. He was not a superstitious man, but there was such a perfect consistency hitherto between events and their prognostications in the history of Hampton Court, and of his own career, that he had thrown himself entirely upon destiny, and awaited its issue.

"Haversac, I can trust you—you have served me long and well—hear me. I would sooner see my wife laid in her coffin, than reposing in the state-bed at Hampton Court; seek her without delay—tell her to fly not in the face of the Almighty disposer—tell her that the curse ofnay, nay, I am wrong, Haversac—"

"That is not the way exactly to change the purpose of your lady, unless she's mortally changed since—" remarked Haversac, significantly stopping short at chronology.

"You are right—I wrong your knowledge of her; no one living knows her temper better."

Haversac thought it was well for the honour of his general, that a knowledge of Mistress Monk's history was confined to a few.

- "She must not—shall not go to Hampton Court."
- "Then she must be stopped at all hazards, general!"
  - " At all hazards," said Monk.
- "May I take my troop of dragoons?" asked Haversac, looking up doubtfully into his commander's face.
- "A whole regiment—an army, Haversac,—stop her, or never see me again. Let her once enter the King's gate over the moat, and I quit the service for ever—ay, life too, if my Maker will vouchsafe such mercy."

The council, at the instance of Lady Denham's relative, Master Knightley of Fawsley, a worthy and influential sectarian, made the offer of Hampton Court to Monk, by a letter full of flattery and compliments, mournfully regretting also, that he had declined the title of King, and placing

their lives and fortunes at his disposal. This letter was entrusted to Tommy Clarges, who gave it his sister at Saint Albans, in the absence of her husband at a court-martial. Her brother, Tom Clarges, had no sooner read to her its contents, than she resolved to communicate nothing of them to her husband, but next morning was up before sunrise, and off to London, to prepare a surprise for her dear general; who missed her not until midday, when he had occasion to require an explanation on the disappearance of his newest helmet plume, and brightest cuirass, belt and sword. smiled at his wife's busy, unfeminine interference with his accoutrements, and thought of Joan of Arc ;—" old habits are too strong for resistance; for she doubtless," thought he, "has packed them up as she would a pair of scissors, or thimble, amongst what ladies call their things."

The manners of Mr. Thomas Clarges were congenial to those of Mr. Praise-god-barebones, and Colonel Hewson, the commander of the body-guard of the Committee of Safety, (the cabinet.) and the latter, who had been pot-boy in Huggin Lane, and subsequently a shoemaker, had aforetime invested Tom with the full power of plenipotentiary to his brother-in-law, of whom the colonel and his friend Mr. Barebones began to be daily more jealous. Had Tom superseded Mr. Lockhart, the republic's minister in Paris, he had outwitted Mazarin by his stolidity. No

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one got much from him at the Hague or in Westminster; "family interests are all my concern," he would say; and my readers will admit, if they have patience, that neither his father, sister nor himself, omitted feathering their nests warmly; Clarges street, and Albemarle street are some of the existing testimonies of the estates they acquired, on which their mansions were erected, and from whose owners their names are derived.

Mrs. Monk was in the fifth heaven of exultation, after hearing the letter read; she would have gone off into hysterics, but for her Scheidam specific. Tom was enjoined silence to her husband, and she set off like a good housewife to set a hundred charwomen to clean the floors, and as many more men to clean the windows before his arrival at their new abode, of which she had already imagined herself the possessor. On the pillion behind her servant, she could scarcely keep seat, so lively was the excitement of her mind. By way of sedative, she tossed off a pint of strong ale, at 'The Purse' at Barnet, where she was luckier than our friend Barneby, whose mishap may as well remain in his own lucid latinity. At Highgate she quaffed, after the custom of the place, the "the horn of matriculation," and her spirits rising as she passed through Holloway, another pot was drained at 'Mother Red Cap's.' At 'The Lion,' at Islington, a steeple-crownhatted, scarlet-robed red faced clear-starcher, who for many a long day had alternated Bucolic washhouse glees, varied with rather strong language against gentlemen who wear their stockings too long, with Mistress Monk in the liberties (or slaveries as the case may be) of the Tower Hamlets, challenged the latter lady from the Leonine lavatory. This was not to he resisted; the only addition Mrs. Monk asked to her bliss, was some one to tell it to; and here was a levy of old soap and starch comrades, with open ears for a friend's good luck, and open pockets to share it. In vino veritas should have been written in vino charitas, for Mrs. Monk, who was a horrid screw when sober, became a very spendthrift when intoxicated. Not only were the washerwomen, starchers and gofferers retained with a handsome sum, to provide for their travelling expenses, (which were not great, as they had never journeyed in their lives, save on foot,) but some particular friends of both sexes, with high recommendation, were engaged on the spot, to form part of the establishment of the new Hampton Court dynasty. All these were ordered, to their great delight, to be at the 'George and Dragon' at Twickenham by twelve the next day. The lady, then behind the horseman jogged off to the 'Axe' in Aldermanbury, amidst the cheers of every washerwoman in Islington, gentle Goswell Street, and busy Barbican.

The 'George and Dragon' at Twickenham be-

held a spectacle on the morning of the 28th February, 1659, such as it never saw before or since, until the era when her Majesty, whom God preserve! obtained the blessings of the proprietors of "pleshur-wans," Richmond steamers, coster-mongers' carts, and unhappy "one-'oss-phatons," by throwing open this palace to become a lounge for every shirtless biped in her dominions. In those days, considerations of humanity were not supercrogatory, and caravans containing twenty-four human beings were not seen shamelessly attached to two poor, willing, striving beasts, stimulated to a killing speed by the clatter of twenty-four pairs of lips and the lash of a drunken driver.

At the corner of the cross-roads to Hampton and Teddington (for folks then went to Hampton by Brentford in default of any bridge between London Bridge and Kingston), was a confusion of waggons, carts, and pack-horses, which, like the conveyances of pilgrims surrounding the car of Juggernaut, were spread out before and behind that glittering melodramatic property, the Lord Mayor's state-coach. Beside it, on the ground, was the general's cuirass, helmet, and sword, which had decorated its top, to add to the imposing and triumphal character of the procession.

This baggage-train, besides its living cargo, contained household utensils provided by the

thoughtful Mistress Monk for her new mansion. True to her educational predilections, this lady's chief associations with domestic comfort centred in a well-ordered wash-house. Duly, therefore, was one of the carts filled with mops and boxes of brown soap; another, with long-handled brushes, brooms, scouring brushes, crimping-boards, and sadirons; a third with dollies, or maids, buckets of every calibre, ironing boards, and clothes'-horses.

In woful confusion were these invaluable articles scattered throughout the whole length of the village of Twickenham, and on the road towards Brentford, through which the cavalcade had passed. Whilst the mistress expectant of Hampton Court and her female aides-de-camp were refreshing themselves at the 'Three Pigeons' at Brentford, some wicked magician must have loosened the wheels of the carriages; for, shortly after leaving that town, crash succeeded to crash, until the whole caravan came to a stand-still in Twickenham.

Tom Clarges, to give effect to the triumphal entry of "his sister and his sister's child, himself, and children three," had, through his friend Barebones borrowed this portentous equipage; Barebones telling the mayor the entry of Mistress Monk into her palace, prior to her husband's arrival in the city, was by the general's particular wish—and, to conciliate the general

of an army, in arrears of pay, was what the bankrupt government of Great Britain was ready, at that moment, to give their ears to manage.

The 'George and Dragon' inn, from bar to the topmost attic of its overleaning, grotesque fabric, was crowded to excess. Angry cries, passionate threats, and every note in the female gamut, resounded amongst rafters, and were echoed from wainscot to wainscot.

- "Oh, that I should have lived to see the devil's own imp!" screamed one nymph of the wash-tub.
- "To be touched by the old sarpent!" groaned another, who instantly fainted.
- "It will be the death of her ladyship," cried a third.

If the ladies of the waggons had cause for bemoaning the untimely check to their progress, who can depict the anger of the dethroned potentate, the Cleopatra of the day, who had been extracted from the capsized vehicle that lay hopelessly and immovably consequential before the 'George?' She lay roaring in the first-floor front like a mad cow, surrounded by her maids-of-honour elect, and ladies of the laundry, still-house, scullery, kitchen, confectionary, and fifty other important departments of her anticipated estate.

"The soldiers!—the soldiers!" was cried from that end of the cavalcade nearest Brentford; and the next moment Captain Haversac,

at the head of a troop of dragoons, rode furiously amongst the "halt of the caravan." If his object was to arrest the progress of Mistress Monk, it was anticipated by an unknown ally, quite as effectually as by a double line of cavalry. The linch-pin of the civic coach was absent without leave; which latter, like Humptidumpty after his unpleasant fall, was a pozer to "all the King's horses and all the King's men" to reinstate. To add to the catastrophe, the axle and splinter-bar had both snapped, owing to the violence of the crash: to raise the huge machine on its wheels was, therefore, hopeless.

The crest-fallen lady, now sad and sodden with the comforts of the Twickenham tavern, was lifted into a waggon, and the horses' heads turned back towards Brentford. The lion commenced predominating over the lamb, as the disheartened cavalcade passed the town-hall of that dirty little town—the scene of her first interview with her husband on that dark morning when the camp, of which she was a follower, broke up for the Irish campaign.

"The first word the general spoke to me was before that door, Betty," blubbered she, in as strictly a sentimental accent as Master Dodd's burnt brandy would permit.

"Oh, tell us; what spake the ginniral, when he popped the question?" anxiously asked Betty and Sukey, Liddy and Phillis, her maids-of-honour,



At Kens equipage, thoughtfu ance sake ridicule.

Mistres in the wal gusty wea ing as her and the re Her com Throughou stories con dwarf, aver the Protect the horses a long tail he jumped the prematu ly nurse, w] riage, twent

During t

and the Rump commanded him to proclaim it in a state of siege, and destroy its gates, posterns, bars, and chains. Greatly to the consternation of the Corporation, Monk did as he was bid, and laid low the gates and gate-posts, that not a vestige was seen save of one, the bar by the Temple, where two nail-studded rafts of timber were put up thirty years after, to rot and harbour vermin, under an ugly penthouse—and there they are to this day. In vain his brother Nicholas, Sir John Greenville, Tom Clarges, and his wife, beset him to make a move for the exiled Prince, since he would not make one for himself; but his impenetrability was proof against all importunity: he would disclose nothing of his intentions, only taking up the fruit of the past season, such as apples and pears, would throw them down, saying, "old, but not yet ripe."

To the grievous disappointment and mortification of Sir John Greenville, he actually accepted an invitation to dine with the Committee of Safety. In the morning of that day, Anthony and Caleb came to Whitehall with Miss Nelly Pipe, arrayed in white.

"Nelly will be having it," said Caleb, bowing low, "that you promised her when she married my son, to give her away, if her uncle fought shy, sir.—She is to be married this morning, if you will condescend to be father, otherwise Tony must do without a wife."

"Let us go, then; your daughter served a matchless woman; your son is an honest man," said Monk—" but it is near the stroke of twelve, and I dine at that hour with our masters at Whitehall."

"The wedding at Saint Mary Woolnoth was not over until past the canonical hour. It was one when he passed the Duke of Buckingham's house in the Strand; a noisy mob had collected, and much excitement prevailed.

"Thank God, you are safe, general!" said Sir John Denham, pushing through the crowd, with an appearance of much anxiety. Other congratulations poured upon him.

"An hour sooner, and you had been blown up: a machine contrived to explode as you passed in your carriage, has done its office for nothing, save killing a couple of its villanous managers," said Haversac.

"It's an ill-wind that blows no one any good, Haversac; a late wedding is better than an early grave; early hours were fixed purposely by the women for noosing us, because they know their only chance of us is when we are but half awake," observed Mucklejohn, who was in the crowd.

- "Are they both dead?" asked Monk.
- "One is not quite," said Haversac.
- "Bring him to me at Somerset House—I will examine him privately before I eat anything to-day."

The Council expressed great astonishment at Monk's preferring to examine a bungling firework maker, to partaking of their feast, for they affected disbelief in a plot. He was closeted with the survivor half an hour, and at the expiration of that, having desired the man's wound to be looked to, entered his carriage and returned home: a marked difference pervaded his manner to the Council from that moment. What he had learned was never divulged; but Lady Denham found it immediately afterwards most conducive to her health to accompany Sir John to Paris, and afterwards to Brussels, from which place the latter was despatched back again to England, upon the young Duke of York expressing admiration of her beauty.

The disappointment of her designs upon Monk produced a restlessness and desire for revenge, and a reckless eagerness for unprincipled conquests. Enthusiastic in her affections, she was quick in thought, resolute in words, and energetic in action; had the former been gratified, she might have been a powerful auxiliary to the man who aroused them; wounded and crushed, they were recklessly placed on any object that chance and ambition presented. Proud of the influence she soon acquired over the Duke, she actually drew him into a liaison without the power of escape; and being the first to publish it to the world, stamped it with the credit of an under-

stood affair, in the little Court of the exiled princes in Flanders. It was owing to the poison she daily instilled into the Duke's ear to the prejudice of Monk, with the prince his brother, that backwardness arose to confide their fortunes to his management at home: and incredulity to receive the representations of his sentiments, conveyed ceaselessly by Sir John Greenville, and the zealous Tom Clarges. That these insidious counsels were at last happily overruled, and the Prince consented to place himself without reservation in the hands of the man destined by Heaven to restore the monarchy, we shall see in the next chapter. To Sir John's importunities for his wife's return, she turned a deaf ear, and retorted upon him in a way that threw him into such a fever of apprehension and excitement, increased by rage and mortification at the surefooted progress of his early rival, Monk, to the highest position in the kingdom, that his mind survived not the shock, and he became afterwards a pitiable spectacle of imbecility.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Opening of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross.—General Monk declares to restore the King.—Caleb Gravymeat cooks the Grand Dinner at Sayes Court.—The King alights at Mr. Evelyn's, and enters London.—Raising of the oldest Regiment in the Service, the Coldstream Guards.—Hampton Court presented to Monk, who refuses it.—He is created Duke of Albemarle, and Hampton Court is restored to the Crown, according to the Prophecy:

"Five courts the holy Cardinal plann'd, Types of five changes of command."

"Why here's uncle Pipe—what's in the wind now?" said Tony Gravymeat to his wife as they sat within the deep bay casement in their house at Charing, which the late clerk of the royal kitchen had bought with his savings in service.

"Surely it is not Peter, to let his godly shadow fall upon us," chuckled old Caleb, who was enjoying his pipe at his son's door one delicious morning towards the end of May, 1660.

"What is the matter with uncle Peter!" exclaimed Nelly. "How he's altered!" and she ran towards her melancholy-looking relative, who

was with difficulty craning his shanks over a stile from the fields, now the site of the National Gallery, or national scandalry, as people indifferently call it.

Uncle Peter, the shadow of what he once was, entered his niece's house, sat down, sighed, and looked unusually sad. At that moment shouts were heard, and Peter sighed deeper.

- "Come, cheer up, uncle," exclaimed Nelly, there shall be always a home for you in Charing."
- "Darkness will again overshadow the land. Hath the blood of the saints been shed but for this?" he cried, wringing his hands.
- "No more of this, uncle, pray—your friends have had their way for twenty years. I hated those religious splits amongst us it broke up all fun and gossip in kitchens, house-keepers' rooms, and pantries, at Hampton Court and Richmond, and in every place I have lived at, so I am become of Anthony's faith; it is safest, for Catholics say no one can be saved out of it, and all may within it. Your friend, precious Master Windemall, set Billy Bynns of the Wick in the stocks on Hampton-green, for being seen through his garden-hedge, to give a little kiss to his wife as they walked amongst the raspberry bushes on a Sunday.\* He won't
- \* Heavier punishments than these were inflicted at this period for this desecration of the Sabbath, as it was termed, amongst the Puritan colonists of New England.

try that again, the brute!" said Nelly rather triumphantly; then sharply, but not angrily, added, "Shame! Tony, love, there's folk in the tap;" for the enamoured bridegroom gazing rapturously on his pretty little wife, found himself insensibly illustrating her prattle.

"How like you my son's house? will you trust yourself in a Catholic's cellar? I need your opinion of my tubs, and you must go with me to the 'Three Cranes' in the Vintry, to taste the wine I want to buy," said Caleb in a friendly tone.

"Why put you up that popish sign?" said Peter, at length drawlingly, gazing peevishly around him at his niece's new tavern, opened but that very day.

"Nelly wanted me to call it the 'Monk's Head," said her husband.

"Worse and worse—locusts and drones who eat up the bread of life," said Peter.

"I mean not the friars," said Nelly, "though father-in-law sings a song in their praise—O you you shall hear it—"

"But he has. Peter, dost remember my stave on that great day at Hampton Court, afore the break out? Come, Peter, don't moan the falling away of the land—the running waters are not all dried up. Thank the general, we shall have those jolly days again. Nelly wanted his head for a sign; but Johnny Muckle says, she'd have to pull it down again

in a week to letter it, the Duke of King-comeback's head; for his Majesty can't do too much for the general if he make him a duke—one good turn deserves another. So, to humour his old father, Tony calls it the 'Golden Cross,' in honour of the cross your friends, Peter, pulled down here in Charing twenty years since," said Caleb proudly.

"Nan Clarges, the laundress, a duchess!" cried Nelly, laughing at the absurdity of the idea.

"There's old Jack Rivier, the brazier of Holborn, come to congratulate you, Nelly," said her father-in-law.

"That I am," said Rivier, who was dressed in a green velvet doublet trimmed with gold, large bows of green ribbons at his knees and on his shoes. He threw up his hat, shouting, "King Charles for ever!—down with the Rump!"

All joined in this exclamation save Peter, whose face grew longer and his eyes more watery.

"You must come with us in our boat to Deptford. His Majesty alights at Master Evelyn's to receive the city addresses," said Caleb.

"Just let me glad your heart first; you remember the statue in bronze of the late King that was cast for Lord Arundel by Herbert le Sœur, and was pulled down and sold for old metal, by the roaring fanatical mob eighteen years ago, and that I bought it?"

"To be sure; but what of that? All the

old servants at Hampton Court bought gimcracks made of the metal as keepsakes," observed Caleb, after a long puff at his pipe.

"The devil you did!" said the brazier, hardly

able to speak for laughing.

"I would not part with my cross, made with it, for the world," said Nelly.

"Nor I my tobacco-stopper and handles to my baron of beef carving-knife and fork," ex-

claimed Caleb fondly.

- "Honour amongst thieves: good cronies, I must confess that the thousands of articles sold, as made from this statue, were no more part of his Majesty's image or horse, than they are of the cannon we shall certainly take from the French the next time we fight them," said the brazier, with the most unblushingly brazen face possible.
- "Oh!" groaned the Gravymeat family, looking daggers at the false brazier.
- "You'll forgive me when I tell you: the King is in my garden, horse and all, safely buried; for I knew the Lord would never suffer this fair land to be desolated by republicans and fanatics, and I've lived to see myself a truer prophet than Lilly. A thought has struck me, and my wife is not easy till I talk it over with you."

"Out with it then," said Caleb, not altogether pleased at the brazier's equivocation.

" Both my good woman and I think of having

him dug up, and brought in my metal waggon some morning early, to that bit of ground there opposite the Duke of Northumberland's gate; the King can't do less than put his father on a pedestal."

"And make your fortune, old boy; you're a sly one," said Caleb, punching the brazier under the ribs.

Jack Rivier did not deny the long-sighted impeachment; but if he had, stern history must give him the lie.

"How the people are pouring in from the villages, all bound for the city, to cross the bridge to Deptford, or take water at the stairs! I must venture in the throng myself, if I am crushed to death for it. Holy Virgin! I praise thee for letting me live to see this day," said Caleb, crossing himself devoutly.

Uncle Peter of course would not accompany the gala party, so was left in care of the New Tavern, whilst they took boat at Hungerford stairs for Deptford, to view the triumphant procession of the King into his metropolis, after a banishment of eighteen years. The river was covered with barges and vessels of all sorts, full of people; a sentiment of universal joy pervaded the whole.

Near the water's edge, Caleb was plucked by the skirt of his cloak; he turned round savagely, for he was in no humour to be interrupted to-day by importunities of any kind. A female stood timidly behind him, in attire of the primmest precision cut; over which was a coarse large cloak; its hood entirely covering her head.

Muttering half a word angrily, he turned towards the stairs; his coat was again plucked.

- "Good wife, an' thou hast wares to sell, I have no money to lay out: it is unseasonable; go thy ways," cried he hastily, thinking her some itinerant dealer.
- "As you value the prayers of the called, Master Caleb, save us from the man of wrath," was the answer from beneath the cloak.
- "Marry, good wife, I must be the man of wrath myself, if thou detainest me; there, leave me."
- "Knowest thou not thine old mistress, Caleb? Was not my husband like to the centurion? did not he say to one, go and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh?" and here her words became inarticulate from agitation.
- "By the mass, mother Whalebone!" cried involuntarily the startled Caleb, addressing the supposed person by the nic-name she was known by amongst the old royal servants, when for a short season her will was law amongst chamberlains, stewards, grooms, and yeomen at Hampton Court palace.

The contents of the old hood was more agitated.

" Mistress Whal ..., no, it cannot be else, in the name of Saint Thomas a Didym you, to stop me now, of all moments in the

"Father, we are waiting; Taylor has a half-a-dozen fares for your sake," cried I impatiently, from the boat into which the had leapt.

"Anon, son-anon, son," cried Caleb.

"By your hopes of mercy from above-o ment, Caleb," uttered the female voice, stru in the effort to be intelligible. " I am the tress Whally, and you know the rest. husband's life is in danger-my children us-save us !"

He was now under the broad shade of of plane trees fringing the domain of the of Buckingham, overhanging the palings surrounded it, the site of the streets bear grace's titles, George street, Villiers street, street, of Alley, Buckingham street, the a gap in these fences, crouching close to wh the inside, were two frightened girls, whos varied the crazed tone of the elder's entreat

"The colonel must take the rough and s of rebellion. He, who sat in judgment King, must expect the wrath of the King's said Caleb, striving hard to look stern ar sistent with change of circumstances, for the first day, for nearly twenty years, that words could be heard with impunity in I

streets; but while his blood tingled with the exultation thereof, his eye twinkled with the tear of compassion.

- "You know that my husband had ill-will of Hugh Peters and General Ireton for his kindness to the King at Hampton Court," sobbed Mistress Whally.
- "Where does he hide?" asked the melting Caleb, hesitatingly.
- "He's just gone in a boat to embark for the New World; but he'll be taken—he'll be taken."
- "Don't frighten yourself; he'll have twentyfour hours' start. The King will have too much to do, receiving homage from hypocrites and trembling traitors and trimmers to think of regicides until to-morrow, or the day after."
- "God bless you, Master Caleb!" said mother and daughters. "Oh, could you give us a lodging for a few days, till this hurricane of the turnabout weathercock populace is blown over, and get poor Sukey and Mary places—they'd work hard—indeed, they would, for you, Master Caleb," said the former eagerly.

"Now I think o't, Mistress Jenny might come to my son's new tavern as barmaid—she's a likely-spoken, merry-eyed lass."

The afflicted family, so eagerly beseeching a moment before, were silent, and hung down their heads.

"Sukey can go, Master Caleb, and Ann can be chambermaid. Do let them, for my sake," begged their mother.

"Why not my favourite, Mistress Jane?" asked Caleb, rather impatiently.

"Don't mistress us any more — our day's over; we must work for those who were pleased to serve us. God's will be done!" ejaculated Mistress Whally bitterly.

"Then plainly, Jenny, I say, where is she?"

"Oh, Master Caleb—one of the great ones of our side, who talked the loudest of his love for the masses—I wish he had kept his attention to the masses."

"I wish you all had, most devoutly," said Catholic Caleb the wag.

"Oh, the deceitful hypocrites! Only think, Master Caleb—Duncutter the Chartist, Cotton-twist the leaguer, Phelps the leveller, Ben Ap-Moses the lofty purist, with Peter Borem, or Peter Bilk, as they call him, their butt—to ensnare the daughters of brother patriots, too; had they been cavaliers' girls, the sin had been less. Oh, my lost Jenny!"

"And sister Laura, and the four deaconesses of Behemoth chapel," ejaculated Susan.

"And sister Mary, and those three modestlooking girls at Hackney," groaned Ann, who, with her sister, were indebted to their repulsive features for escaping the individualising attentions of the patriot pets of the Misses of the masses.

"Well, well—least said, soonest mended; there, go and quote down your griefs with a runlet of muscadel at the new inn yonder by the Strand yard—you'll find an old friend. Tell Peter to make you comfortable; and Nelly shall find work and maintenance for your daughters, if—if they will smooth down the proud stomach."

Caleb descended the stairs to his impatient party in the boat, and turned a deaf ear to their rallying curiosity upon his tête-à-tête, which they could only see partially through the trees of the duke's plantations.

Old Taylor, the water poet, never pulled more lustily; every one on the water was in the highest spirits, cheering and singing as if they felt that the event of this day was to put a period to the calamities of twenty years; calamities which, fickle-minded people, they had brought upon themselves.

Since the triumphal return of the five members to Westminster, the river had not beheld such an animated spectacle. Flags waved from every tower and steeple on its banks, whilst the bells from London's innumerable churches rang thrillingly through the bright air. Caleb's illumined oily countenance, guiding the boat which was pulled by his son and Taylor, the river bard, made him the very picture of Bibo

in the catch when he wakes in Charon's

"When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said
That he would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead."

Barges gay and gilded with armorial streamers, and filled with the wealth and beauty of the cities of London and Westminster, passed them noisy with mirth and music on their way from the Temple to the river Ravensbourne, which falls into the Thames near where Sayes Court then stood.

A splash followed by a loud laugh was heard athwart their bows.

"Help, help, good people, we sink! we sink! Will no one help us? For pity's sake, rescue your old friends. Do you not know us?—you called us once the saviours of our country—leave us not to perish!" were cries heard amidst shouts of ridicule from the merry parties who filled the boats that shot through the water.

"Leave the mudlarks to shift for themselves."

"Let them ask their brothers, the rats, to help them—" and such-like heartless replies, were all the poor floundering wretches received from the crews and passengers of the boats and barges shooting by them.

The hapless party were some of the very

gentry who had ruled England during the reign of every thing for every body, and were going on board of a vessel bound to America.

"Pride will have a fall," cried Johnny Muckle, as the once all-potent Colonel Pride raised his bemudded head from the bed of Limehouse shallows.

"Is the mud as soft as the cushion of thy high court of justice, lawyer Bradshaw?"

"Any message for your wife and daughters, colonel? send word when we shall see you again at the palace," cried he to Colonel Whally and Bradshaw, who with other great men of an age of glory, alas! gone by for them, were struggling in vain to obtain a footing and wade to the bank.

"They stand a better chance of being hanged than drowned: let 'em alone, Will," cried Caleb, seeing the kind-hearted, gigantic porter who was in another boat, with old servants of the King's father from Hampton Court, preparing to throw off his doublet and plunge to the rescue of the miserable strugglers in the water.

Like a Triton amongst the minnows, Will Evans was the next moment in the river, and up to his hips in its muddy bottom, grabbing at the slimy creatures which his lofty stature and herculean make enabled him easily to do; and afterwards pitching them gently upon a loose timber raft that was moored to the bank.

<sup>48</sup> If the rateals are wise, They 'll keep their diagnise, To blind folk's eyes, And save a surprise,

When a reckoning is call'd for murder and her-

was sung out in a nasal significant underby Johnny Muckle. To one struggler he c out, mockingly, "Turn stage-player, and e Wall in Pyramus and Thisbe; thou art al lutely ready rough-east with mud;" and to a ther, "Take the advice of a friend—dive da again, and forget to come up."

This counsel the poor mud-bedecked fugiti Whally, Goff, Dirwell, Pride, and others, far followed, as to leave the floating deals the one farthest from the shore for a coal ba from which they scrambled to a second; every one was too much absorbed by the citement of the King's approach to heed the farther.

A boat full of gaily dressed gentlemen is state of rather uproarious merriment pulled shore; and as they sprung out, one of them cognised Caleb. It was Mr. Evelyn of Sa Court, near Deptford.

"Hail most excellent artist," said the acceplished traveller; "most gladly do I welce thee, because thou art a right staunch and rechef du cuisine, and hast suffered like my frie and self in the right cause; secondly, because

I have an entertainment in honor of this day, in which I would enlist thy talent. Bid thy friends welcome. They shall remember the twenty-ninth of May, 1660—it is a day of jubilee at Sayes Court, at my relatives' at Wotton, and at every other manor-house of the loyal and true-hearted.

On the lawn in front of this manor-house, the most zealous friends, the deepest sufferers by the late civil wars, were this day assembled, because it was the resting-place nearest the metropolis for the King, prior to his entry. Neighbours and friends flocked in every minute. Evelyn's gardens at Sayes were renowned for their hollywalks, yews, lime-groves, and hornbeam bowers. From St. Cloud, St. Germains, the gardens of Florence, and the gardens of Montpelier, he had adopted features for his own; and being possessed of wealth, indulged in every horticultural eccentricity, with which continental gardening was at this period rife. This once paradise of English gardens is now crossed by the Greenwich railway, and covered with a dense mass of buildings.

"Wonders will never cease! To think that the general who frightened the city, destroyed its ancient gates, that plain taciturn man, Cromwell's crony, should outstrip the nobles of England, and us old royalists, who 've lost all in the cause!" exclaimed Evelyn to the party who surrounded him. "The most profound of plotters could not have managed half so well. Honesty is the best policy. The day Parliament met he prevented us going to any business; takes us all by surprise; just quietly says, 'Sir John Greenville has a letter from the King to the House, and moves that he be admitted.'—Not a Presbyterian amongst us dare say, nay: the fact is, Master Evelyn, we who had not heard the name of king so long, and who were weary of these distractions, jumped in very gladness at anything like a fixity of tenure in a master," said Denzil Holles, a Presbyterian.

"And where is there any fixity, save in a monarchy?" asked old Lord Leicester. heard Sir Heneage Finch, with my own ears, tell his Majesty in his speech, on being presented to the King as speaker in his first Parliament, "that a monarchy was the best of governments, the nearest resemblance unto the Divine Majesty which the earth affords, the most agreeable to nature, and that in which other states and republics do easily fall and reverse into the ocean, and are naturally dissolved into their primam materiam; and that as we live under a temperate climate, the laws are temperate, yielding a due observance unto the prerogative, yet preserving the right and liberty of the subject, that which Tacitus saith of two of the best emperors, 'res olim insociabiles miscuerunt imperium et libertas; and if time or corruption of manners breed any mists or grievance, or discover any defects in the law, they are soon reformed by Parliament, the greatest court of justice, and the greatest council of the kingdom, to which all other courts and councils are subordinate."

"Sir Heneage is a prerogative lawyer, too," observed Denzil Holles, drily; "the privileges he claimed for Parliament, and which the King admitted, Parliament will never forget. chief justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas shrugged up their shoulders when they heard that henceforth they were but second-best, and the bench of bishops have found out the drift of privilege to their cost." Rampant royalism felt itself somewhat scandalised by these constitutional commentaries of the thoughtful Holles; and supercilious glances were exchanged between those resolved to keep no terms with the party who, for twenty years, had kept them down. Grateful as the concentrated essence of ginger is to a chill or cramp in the stomach, was rosy-gilled Doctor Hammond to these damped spirits: when, ore rotundo, he remarked-

"National councils are of human invention, but kings are part and parcel of the heavenly economy of creation. The King never dies!"

"'The King never dies.' It is the excellence of the monarchial government, that the supreme authority suffers no interruption; that the su-

preme place is never disputed, and that even in idea the slightest interval of hesitation or delay cannot be observed.

- "It is in this respect particularly, that this government has power over men's minds, and keeps ambitious spirits within bounds. Monarchy is the empire of right, of order, and of regularity. Everything in monarchy ought to be exactly regulated, and nothing ought to be delivered either by choice or forgetfulness, to the uncertainty of events. Under such a government, in fact, royalty is the support of the state; and when this support happens to fail, all gives way; and as soon as it appears to totter, all is in commotion."
- "Bravo, doctor! a right royal sermon! I will wager Tom Killigrew twenty pounds thou wearest the lawn sleeves by next week. Mitres and coronets will fall in showers; and a wound at Naseby or Worcester will be an estate," said the Duke of Buckingham.
- "If men could be content with the legacy of wisdom that Solomon has left them, riches and contentment would make us all as merry-looking as your grace. Did Hugh Peters ever preach from this text? 'My son, fear thou the Lord, and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change; for their calamity shall rise suddenly, and who knoweth the ruin of them.' No; but if he spoke truly now, he would wish

he had discoursed upon it every Sabbath-day of his ministry," said Dr. Hammond, compassionately.

"Some say that this meek general of ours, who has turned round on Hugh and his friends, kept the King's letter in his gipsire a week; and others, that he wrote it himself," observed Holles, rather sneeringly.

"And at his wife's dictation, peradventure," exclaimed a voice amongst the crowd of gentlemen, on the bowling-green. It was Johnny Muckle's.

Denzil Holles resumed—

- "Sir Harbottle Grimstone, our speaker, put the question of sending an answer: we carried it with shouts, and Greenville had five hundred pounds voted him to buy a jewel, to wear in commemoration of his mission."
- "Why, Greenville was voted to death by your same House, not many months before," said Lord Leicester, shaking his head.
- "The general they say was so cast down at his wife's escapade at Twickenham, that he vowed to retire to Devonshire, and farm his estates, after he had seen the House vote their willingness to place the King on his father's throne; but she cried so bitterly, and from a termagant became so suddenly so submissive, that he consented, just to please her, to receive the King at the water's edge, at Dover,

and, having knelt down and kissed his Majesty's hand, take sloop from thence, and sail for Exmouth," rejoined Lord Leicester.

"A lucky impediment truly for his fortunes! for the King on landing, let him off not so easily, made him a privy councillor, and obliged him, instead of sailing off in the sulks to his sheep and steers, to enter the royal carriage with him, and come on to Canterbury, where he was made master of the horse, gentleman of the bedchamber, first lord of the treasury, and a knight of the garter, with Lords Hertford and Southampton; and created Baron Monk of Potheridge, into the bargain." remarked Holles.

"I hope some one will take charge of the baroness—her laundress-ship will be demented with conceit," said the young Duke of Buckingham.

The contrast between the dresses of the King's followers, and those worn by the gentlemen who received them and their master, after their exile, was very remarkable. The ribbons, lace, feathers, and finery of the beaux, who came over with Charles, sorely astonished the sober-minded English of that day; their full-blown foderics obtained the ascendant during the intoxication of joy that succeeded the gloomy days of the rigid stiff-starched Puritans; and every man outdid his neighbour in extravagance, in order to show his perfect freedom from all restraints.

The shouting which had been heard in the distance became louder, and the immense concourse of people who filled the road from Deptford to Southwark rolled like the waves of the sea. All London was out that day,—London always ready to shout and scramble for places to view the entry of a new king, the execution of an old one, or the pompous funeral of an usurper.

The carriages stopped, and a young man sprung lightly from one, of whose person not half-a-dozen of this immense crowd were cognisant. He was the King; leaning on the arm of Monk, who descended from the same carriage, his Majesty entered the gates of Saye's Court, where the aldermen, and officers of the City Militia, headed by the mayor — the brave old Sir Richard Gourney, again chosen chief magistrate as a reward for his loyalty, knelt on the pavement. Most of them merited little personal favours from the returned exile: he knew it — but, on all alike, smiled graciously, and on all alike conferred the honour of knighthood.

The King, whose manly features, fine dark laughing eye and complexion were glowing with unalloyed triumph, held out his hand to them to kiss with an air of playful sternness. Every gentleman at Saye's Court had the like honour. The Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Hertford, the venerable Lord Leicester, stood by the King,—the latter proudly regarding his

protégé the general, now the observed of all observers. Lords Warwick, Manchester, Northumberland, Saye, Halifax, and other peers, who had in the beginning of the civil war sided with the Long Parliament, headed armies successfully against the late King, and had returned to their castles in diagust, when Denzil Holles, and the moderate members were driven out by the ultra reformers and democrats, were as graciously and smilingly received, as if they had never deserted his father. Monk fell back modestly as these peers approached; but the young King seized at the cuff of his coat as he slid behind Lord Hertford, and drawing him forward, said, with a loud voice, "Honour to whom honour is due. To this man, under God, do I owe my crown. Baron Monk would escape us, my lords. The blood of the Plantagenets must not be so requited by its sovereign. I call him to the highest rank in the peerage of England, and must assign him the further task of naming the titles he will accept. We must have our revenge of thee, general-thou kep'st us for months between hope and fear - no mouse by cat was more infernally treated. We have heard of some old prophecy about our palace of Hampton Court, and know that our trusty and well-beloved champion hath refused it,

<sup>\*</sup> Louis XVIII. repeated at the Tuileries these very words, of the Duke of Wellington, after his restoration to the throne of France.

when he might have possessed it with the very crown which he hath placed on our head. Let Hampton Court be the seat of the Monks to the end of time,—it is thine by grateful, royal grant, general. Do we not hear that thou hast a lusty rib, well built for breeding knights of the garter?" added the King, with a pleasant laugh and wink of his eye to the Duke of Buckingham and Leicester, and appearing to look anxiously about amongst the youngest and handsomest of the ladies, who, waving their handkerchiefs, filled every window and balcony of the mansion.

The general, who had knelt at the feet of his prince, at the commencement of this address, was raised by the royal hand. Words of acknowledgment, which were struggling for utterance, would have been wholly denied him, but for an assurance he received from catching the blue eye of Lord Hertford; immediately he became conscious of his daughter's spirit hovering above his head, regarding him with a celestial and tender smile of approbation. His tongue was in a moment loosened, and in a more impassioned tone than any one had ever heard him speak, and looking full into the King's face, earnestly and affectionately, he said,—

"Overwhelmed with thy princely favours, mighty monarch, and, unworthy to accept the least of them, permit me in return to lay this ring at your Majesty's feet, and beseech you,

Sire, to wear it in token of moments of mysterious and awful revelation to your sainted father, in which I was permitted to share. In the palace of Hampton Court his royal favour first shone upon me, at the instance of your Majesty, whom Providence permitted me to be the happy instrument in preserving.

"The seigniory of that princely palace and the crown of England are indissoluble. The hand of Providence has been too plainly shown in all its late vicissitudes, to be wilfully slighted by any but a traitor, and long may it remain a precious gem in the diadem of your Majesty's august race!"

"We accept the omen," exclaimed the King, with grateful emotion, "and here do we swear, that in commemoration of thy loyalty, singular disinterestedness, and patriotism, that Hampton Court shall ever remain in the crown; and we do here publicly commend to our successors, as a memorial of thy bright example, to make this especially the palace of our people; to which, whether their Sovereign be absent or present, they may resort without any making them afraid."

Shouts of applause, which were heard at Black-heath, followed this speech of the King.

"Thank God my old eyes are preserved to see this day!" was uttered in tremulous, yet thankful fervid tones by the venerable patriarch of Ham, still the untiring fond narrator of the

ancient glories of the palace, old Sir Thomas Vavasour, who was seated on the lawn, in an arm chair, propped up with pillows. With an effort of expiring nature, that struck all with reverent admiration, he cried, raising his hands towards Monk's head, which was still bent before the King, " Let me bless thee, issue and last shoot of a royal house. Our days behold again the noble deeds of that right loyal stock. Neville, great Earl of Warwick, a Plantaganet on the female side, descended from John of Gaunt, refused, like thee, the crown of England, offered him in troublous times, like those we have just passed through - to place it on the head of a defeated prince: thou hast taken peaceful means to achieve this happy end -be thine own more felicitous than his!"

Lords Hertford and Monk were much affected: the former turned away his head—paternal ties, for the dear one who departed from sight, for ever, at Hampton Court, were vividly recalled—he could not avoid perceiving the general's emotion, and whilst taking him by the hand silently, tears trickling down his aged cheeks, he thought how she might have been preserved, and how justly proud he would have been to see her at this joyous moment the wife of the man whom he had, in an evil day, discountenanced, and rejected as a son-in-law.

When the cheers, which were reiterated again

and again had subsided, the light-hearted King exexclaimed to Monk, "For thy bashful duchess's appearance at our Court at Whitehall I hold her brother to bail. Trusty Mercury, most laconic of message-bearers, come forward."

Captain Clarges fell at the feet of his Sovereign.

- "Arise, Sir Thomas Clarges, Baronet, of our united kingdom," said the King, smiling.
- "Our Tummus a Sur, a Bar'nut, and my darter a raal duke's grand duchess! Lor'! it's a mercy my wife, the woman shaver of Drury Lane's not above ground, or she'd be for cutting all her customers' throats for joy," screamed in a hurricane of exultation, the jetty-muzzled old blacksmith, stamping the ground with both feet in his excitement, working his arms up and down like the fins of a tipsy turtle.
- "A progenitor living, hast thou, Clarges? make him known to us," said the King.
- "My father—Nat," said Sir Thomas drily, at length, with amusing backwardness—for he was a man of title now, and for the honour of aristocracy was resolved from that moment never to be communicative on the subject of his parentage.

At the mention of his name, down went the blacksmith in the presence, like a hamstrung hippopotamus, and had lain there until the King departed, but for a smart rap on his shoulders from the royal sword: something like—" Rise up, Sir

Nathaniel Clarges," being imperfectly articulated under the dark moustachies of the laughing monarch.

Does any one ask was the banquet at Saye's Court worthy of its accomplished master, and of the occasion? we reply, Caleb cooked it; though all his parental authority was unable to detain his son, after the royal procession to London had started. It was Anthony's opening dayfriends would flock in to the 'Golden Cross' by hundreds-Nelly would hear of nothing of the Old Caleb's appeals to his son's ambition and love of glory, the height of which he must compass by assisting the serving up of a dinner at the best appointed kitchen in England, to the table of its most refined and fastidious gourmand, were vain; to these his wife with significant elevation of brow, rejoined, "that Annette had promised her to step into the bar of the 'Golden Cross' after she had dressed Lady Denham for a restoration ball at Mulberry Garden" (whither this bold lady had the effrontery to go attended by servants in the Duke of York's livery). To which her husband added-

"Ay, and all the surviving servants of Hampton Court in its royal days, (few, alas! for twenty years, have thinned their ranks) have promised to look in and drain a tub of merry stingo to the success of the 'Golden Cross,' Charing Cross, the health of the King, the Duke of York, and Gene-

ral Monk; and a revival of the ancient glories of our beloved palace."

After receiving the dutiful homage and congratulation of the high functionaries of the city, whose favour was then appreciated by English monarchs to that degree, that the good opinion of an alderman was accounted as dear to royalty as that of a peer, the King mounted the most beautiful white charger that could be found in his dominions, which had been searched out for the occasion.

"Brothers of York and Gloucester," said he, "ride ye on my left hand, and, general," (addressing Monk,) "mount your black charger, and quit not my right. I lay an embargo upon you until I am safely enthroned at Whitehall."

This fresh testimony of affection to his restorer drew forth immense applause from the people, and the ladies looked as if they could have devoured their darling, chivalrous monarch—

"— ut litus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret," exclaimed Dr. Hammond, glancing delighted towards Monk.

The cavalcade was now outside of the gates of Saye's Court, on the road to Southwark; when the young King suddenly reining up his prancing charger, burst into a loud and uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"I shall die, general!" he exclaimed. "Oh, oh, oh, was there ever such a sight?" then

losing all command of himself, placed his hands to his sides, and fairly gave way to another fit of hilarity.

Brother James of York at last caught the infection, and was fairly off; as was his brother of Gloucester, the Duke of Buckingham, and all the younger nobles and gentles around the King. The elder ones looked askance at Monk, and, to avoid a visible convulsion, pinched themselves.

"General, what amazonian field-marshal, what revived Boadicea, what British Minerva, have you enlisted in this day's honour?" said the King at an interval of mirth.

"We will ride forward, Sire," said Monk, appearing not to hear the King's inquiry, and pressing his knees on his horse.

"Yet 'tis not kind to you, general, to begin the sports with burlesquing the service. Have our subjects a masque to entertain us all the way to Southwark? Truly, I think it be mine own fault alone that kept me so long abroad, since every eye hath welcome in it."

This remark was a relief to Monk, who made a suitable reply, to engage the King's attention, and might have succeeded, but for Sir William Davenant, who pushed every one aside, right and left, until he reached the Duke of York, into whose ear he whispered with parasitical eagerness, "Tis she—the duchess, laundress, and corporal; Tell the King."

The duke, to whom Lady Denham had told the most extravagant stories, at Lady Monk's expense, gave a sort of howl of delight, and in two words made his brother acquainted with the joke; who averted his attention immediately from the husband to the wife. The feelings of the former were not to be envied when he saw further disguise was hopeless, and that the King had turned his horse's head round to where the lady in question was energetically gesticulating and vociferously rating certain stupified captains of London Train Bands, who, even prior to John Gilpin's, days were more knowing in tin tacks, small wares, and bobbin, than in tactics and platoon exercise.

The Train Bands had turned out in honour of the King, and so turned were their heads by the taps of the various hostels on the road, from the 'Shoulder of Mutton,' beyond Shooter's Hill, every one of which they had scrupulously drained dry in honour of the day, that in the mad attempt of their colonel, who was only blind drunk, to form a hollow square before Saye's Court, round the royal equipages, to keep off the populace, they had got clubbed together, into what was an irretrievable and awful mess.

Lady Monk, with many other ladies in their carriages, being on the road to view the imposing spectacle of the King's entry into London, became a spectatress of this sight, so excruciating to

the eyes of a disciplinarian. The first glance at the chaos set her teeth on edge, - the next moment saw her spring from the vehicle into the midst of the mêlée, and her bony hand shaking vainly the arm of the oblivious commander. Vain, alas! was all she uttered about wheels, halfwheels, right-abouts and form front,-he was too far gone to do more than fix his green glassy eyes in utter vacuity, upon his drill-sergeant. In justice to Lady Monk, we must state that she was perfectly sober; and nothing short of her educational zeal for the honour of the service, so grievously tarnished at its first introduction to the King, would have induced her to break her promise to her husband not to act in any way unbecoming the peerage to which she was just The pure ardent disinterested zeal and love of military order, that prompted her motions, with the fire that flashed from her dark angry eye, as she used every term ever made available on parade-ground, or in guard-room, to rouse shame in a poltroon, not only greatly amused, but delighted the King; and pushing his horse on to General Monk, who, vexed and frowning, was biting his lips a little in advance; grasped his bridle-hand, and exclaimed with hearty good feeling, "A well-chosen helpmate for a general. I know now why Colonel Monk's regiment have merited for ten years the palm of the English army; and we will please her ladyship by pledging our royal word, that when we presently disband the troops of the usurping government, that her husband's corps alone shall remain intact, and shall bear the name for ever, of "The Coldstream Guards," from the village where you, helped by your warlike wife, first embodied it from Hazlerigge's and Fenwick's regiments.\* You see, I know the history of your doings, and the doings of all of you, though I have been kept away so long," added the King, with a sweet conciliatory smile, laying emphasis on the words "kept away."

The royal cortège passed on to London, amid the almost frantic acclamations of joy from all classes; eager spontaneously, to hail in the stability of the throne, the only true happiness and prosperity of the people. Amnesty for the past, and anticipations of a bright future, were the only reckoning the proscribed exiled King sought with his late rebellious subjects, and there was no loyal heart in Great Britain but felt proud at beholding a subject's constancy rewarded in the person of the hero of this tale, when he took his seat in the House of Lords, and in the cabinet of his sovereign, as Duke of Albemarle, Earl of Torrington, Baron Monk, of Potheridge, Beauchamp, and Tees, with a grant of seven thousand a year.

\* This interesting regiment, the oldest by far in the British army, was thus raised, for garrisoning Newcastle, and Berwick on Tweed, in 1650.

He lived to place his sovereign on the throne unfettered with conditions, though he might have imposed any, and in possession of as much power as his father ever had; and to see the Court re-established in all its former splendour at the palace, whose history we have traced from its earliest period. Subsequently, when the plague in its most horrid, most destructive forms ravaged London, and all persons of rank and fortune fled the metropolis, King, Queen, Lords, and Commons, remaining close at Oxford during the pestilence; the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Craven, Selden Archbishop of Canterbury, and our friend Dr. Hammond, created Bishop of Salisbury, alone remained during the whole of this dreadful period, constantly engaged, night and day, visiting the pest-houses, guarding the property of the citizens, comforting the sick, and administering to their wants from his own private resources.

To chronicle the bearing of the camp-follower-corporal-laundress-peeress, after her elevation, is a task to which I am unequal; unwilling to raise unavailing regrets in my readers that Lady Miranda, the beautiful, the high-minded, the refined, should have fallen a victim to her sensibilities before the accomplishment of the great object of her heart—the restoration of her prince to his rights, by the hand of her lover; and that the high honours and wealth which a grateful sovereign, and an approving people ceaselessly poured

upon him, were not shared by her, who, above all others, seemed created to enhance their value.

That the duchess possessed the homely virtues we must fully acknowledge, and my readers can judge how far they influenced and assisted the long conceived and cautiously executed plans Practically acquainted with doof our hero. mestic and military minutiæ, she was the last to be deceived by subordinates; perhaps the only English duchess whom servants could not cheat, and the first lady of a commander-in-chief whom aides-de-camp could not mystify. History records that, under her thrifty administration, her husband became possessed in less than ten years of estates worth a million sterling, and that she lived to see her children married into noble families.

In his grace we have seen the value of stedfast faith, in the higher influences of a redeemed nature, foresight, reserve, and public virtue, with a never shrinking sacrifice of self to a sense of duty as a husband, or a statesman.

In Lady Denham, the want of early discipline is fatally visible, with the consequences of a vague feverish system of religious education. In her husband, the result of too much self-reliance, and the danger of yielding to the guidance of human impulses; which at last brought on mental alienation.

In Lady Miranda Seymour, the effects of ex-

## THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

cessive sensibility, and an over estimate of others' virtues, from her own inherent high standard of purity, whilst passing a life full of holy duties; and in all the minor actors of the great drama of the interregnum—that the pursuit of ideal excellence and human perfection in religion and politics, apart from sober retrospect of past ages, conducts and will conduct to the temporal and spiritual ruin of the finest minds.

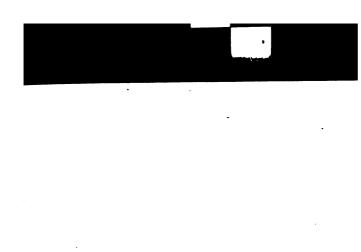
THE END.



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